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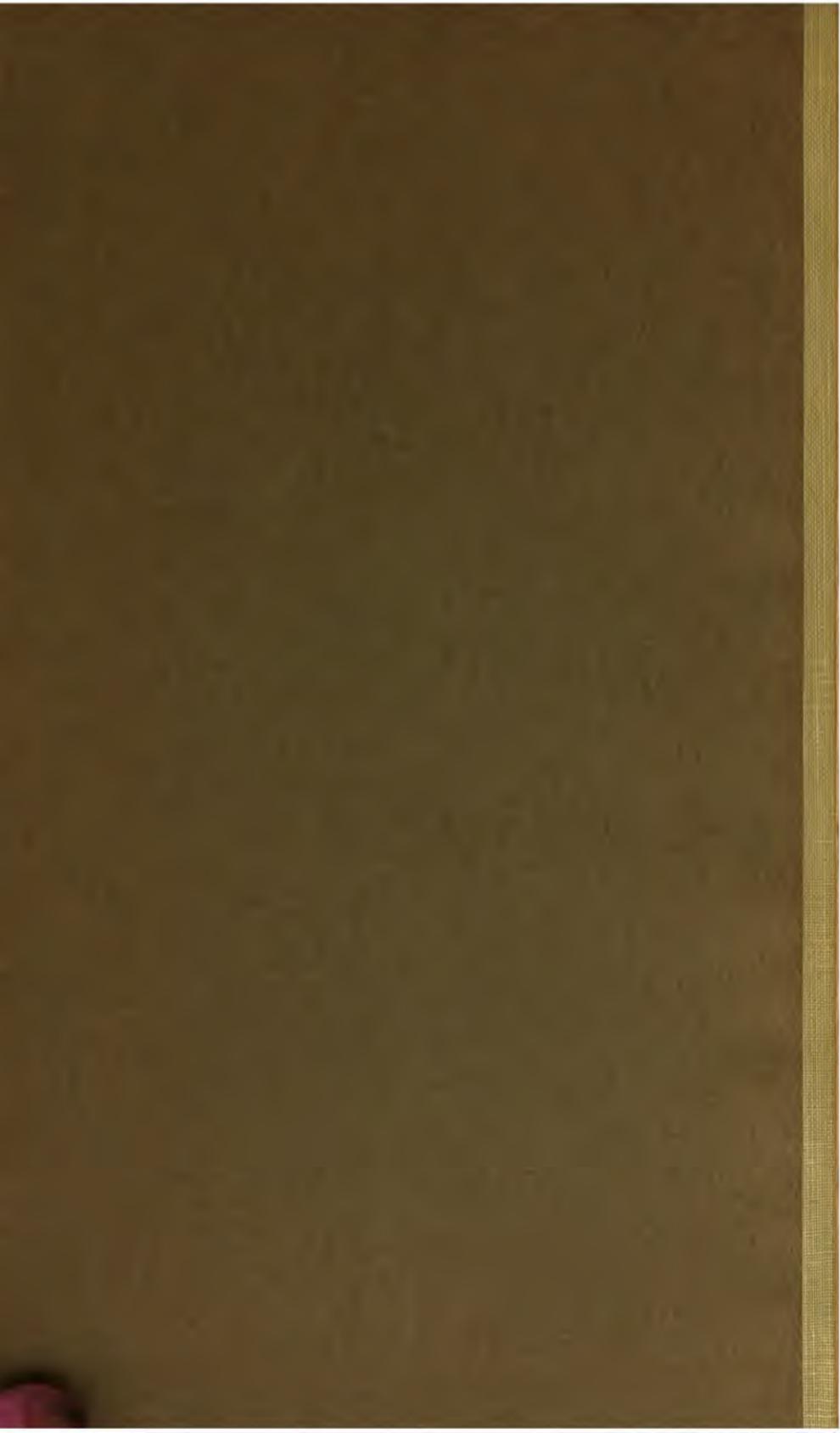
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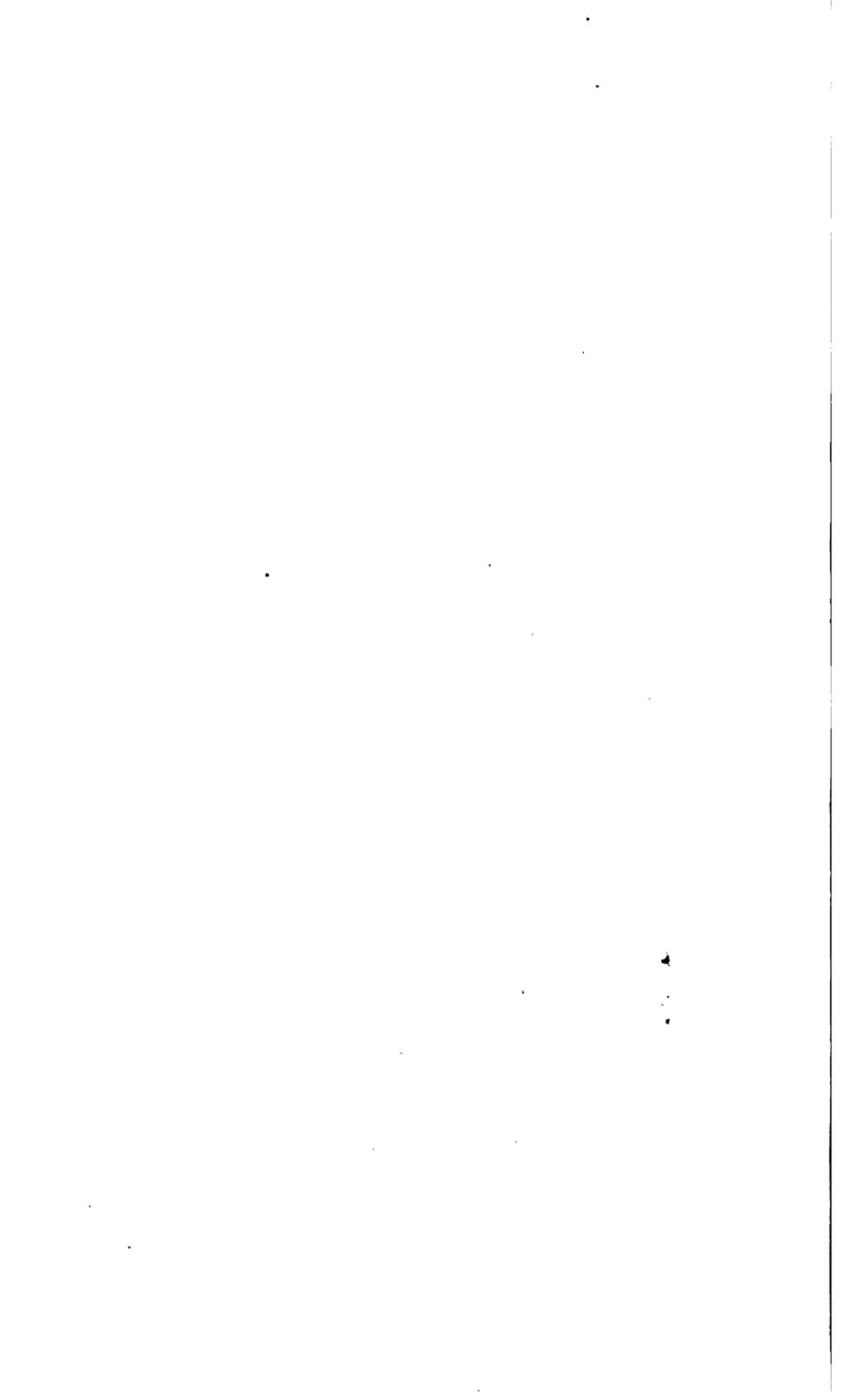
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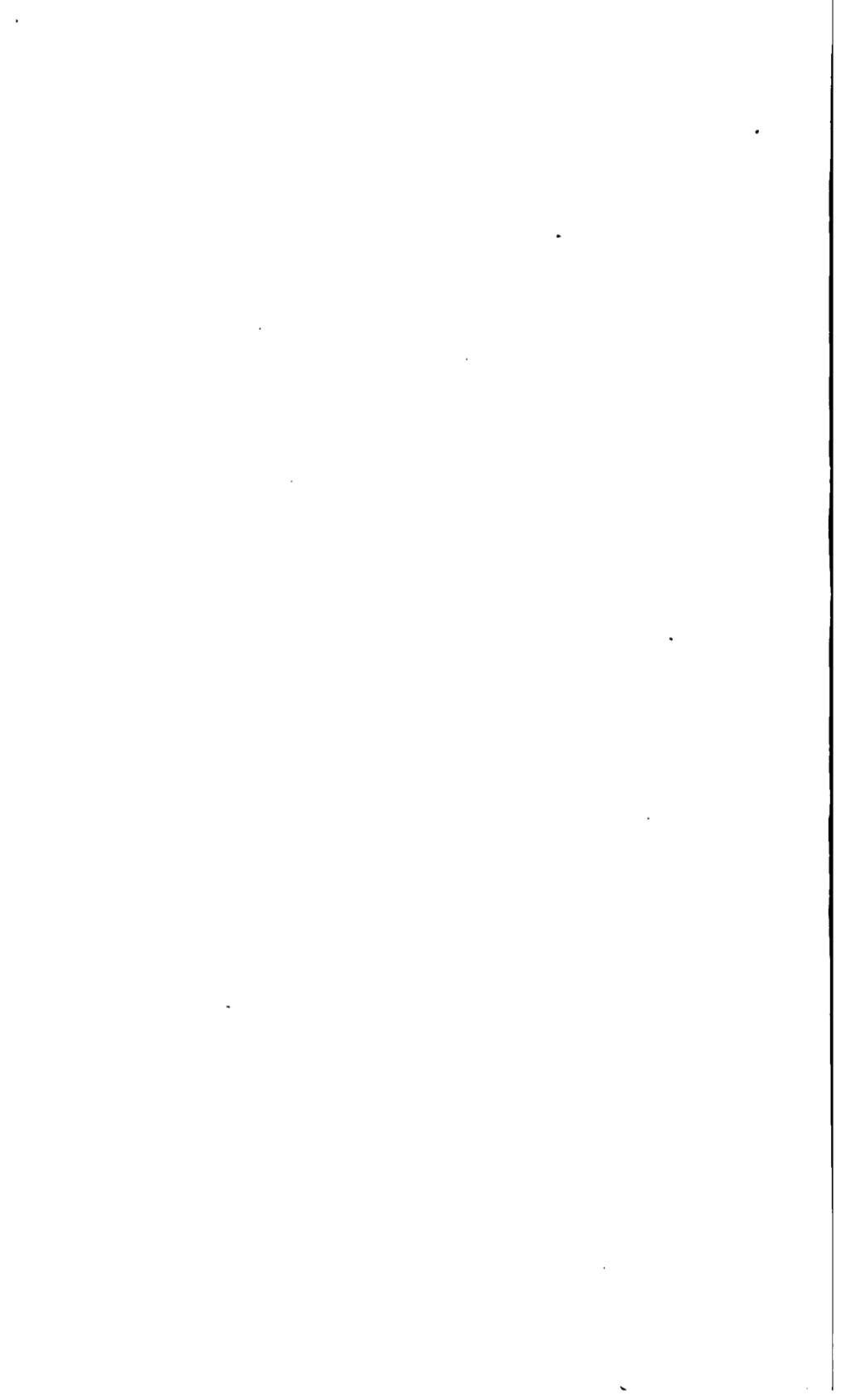
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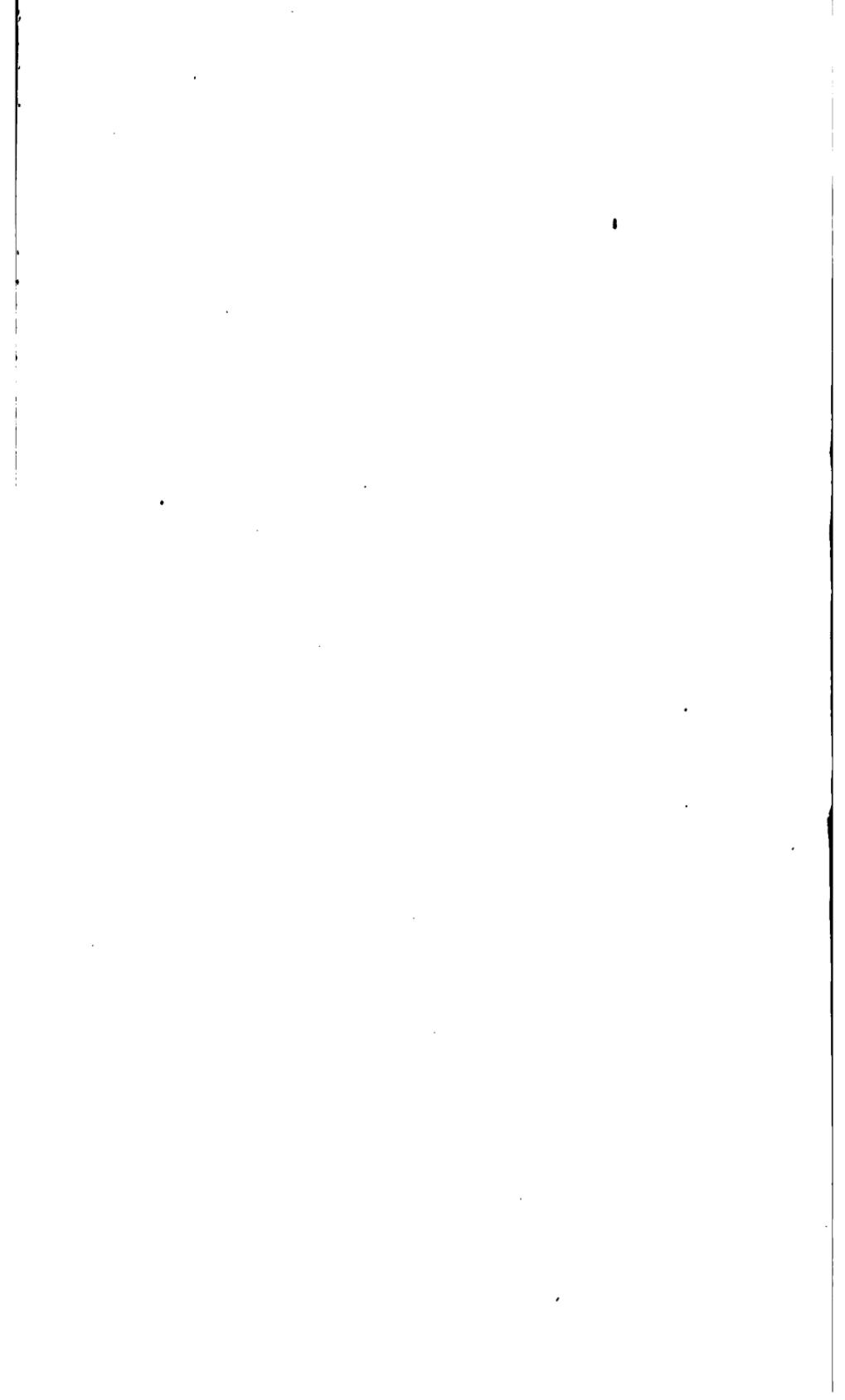




C O B
(TAVISTOCK)
EVANS.







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OR,

TAVISTOCK AND ITS VICINITY.

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HOME SCENES:

OR,

TAVISTOCK AND ITS VICINITY.

BY RACHEL EVANS.

*Illustrated with Engravings from original Drawings, taken
expressly for this Work.*

"The waies through which my weary steps I guyde,
(In this researche of fair reality,)
Are so exceeding riche, and long, and wyde,
And sprinkled with such sweet varietie,
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, enchanted with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travel quite forgot thereby;
And when I 'gin to feel decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and cheers my dulled spright."
Spencer's Faerie Queene.

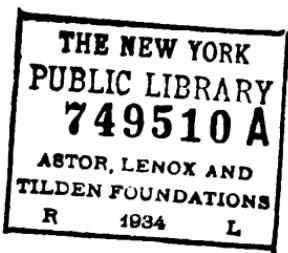
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Tavistock:—J. L. COMMINS.

1846.

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DEDICATED,

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TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD,

WHOSE KINDNESS,

IN ALLOWING HER HONORED NAME TO BE INSCRIBED

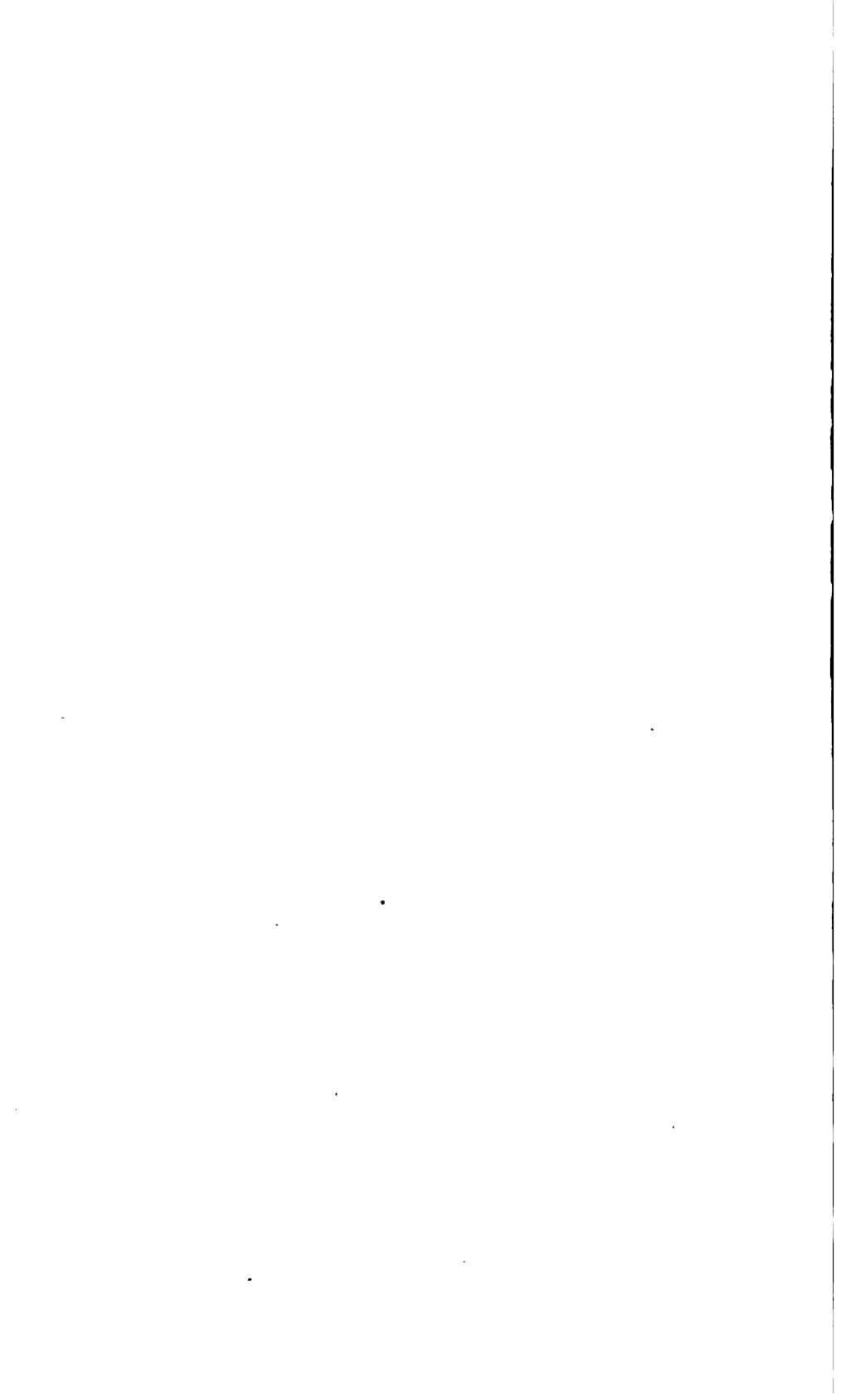
ON THIS SIMPLE PAGE,

IS THUS GRATEFULLY RECORDED

BY HER GRACE'S MOST HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Ansdern 14 May 1934



INTRODUCTION.

"He who in any way shows us better than we knew before, that a lily of the fields is beautiful, does he not show it as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty—as the handwriting made visible there of the Great Maker of the Universe? He has sung for us, made us sing with him, a little verse of a sacred psalm."

Criticism on Hero Worship.

IN introducing my kind readers to the work now presented to their notice, I feel bound to enlighten them respecting its aim and character. To begin with a few negative qualifications; our manual is not exactly a *guide* book, neither is it a *road* book; nor a continued narration of personal adventures;—it wants the *sober solidity* of the one; the accurate measurement of the other; and the piquant interest of the third: and yet it is somewhat composed of all three. To find an appropriate term, we may call it *an odd volume*,—one that will probably be cast out from the library, to lie on the drawing-room table; or be transferred from thence to the summer's seat;—and we wish for our "*Home Scenes*" no higher station than the familiar haunts of domestic life. If this little work prove attractive, a large proportion of the credit must be ascribed to

the Publisher, the skill and good taste of the Artist, and to the valuable contributions of literary and scientific friends.

It is doubtful if my part will be acceptable to all who read. The sketches are disjointed, imperfect, like the notches on Robinson Crusoe's stick; they have been composed at intervals, in snatches of time caught from more toilsome avocations. I have only been able to proceed gradually, adding here a little and there a little, as my memory or my leisure furnished me with materials. It would perhaps be wrong to anticipate criticism by saying the book is incomplete; but in my estimation of the things described I find it to be so. Yet if it should have contributed to render one individual more satisfied with the world about him; or have excited one feeling of gratitude for the blessings which a bounteous Providence has lavished around us, the desire of the authoress will not have been unfulfilled, nor her labor have been in vain. It is her full persuasion that we may find scenes at home as lovely as those we seek abroad. The Almighty has not created a fairer land than our own. It may fail in sublimity; but it loses, in comparison with others, nothing in beauty. The peculiar charm of English scenery,—that air of propriety and comfort which harmonizes the features of the landscape, and hallows our home, is more felt than acknowledged. We take pleasure in that which we know not of,—and often forget our transient real happiness in the business and cares of daily life.

“The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature which is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.”

INTRODUCTION.

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But this may not be; we must return to the peaceful enjoyments of nature—

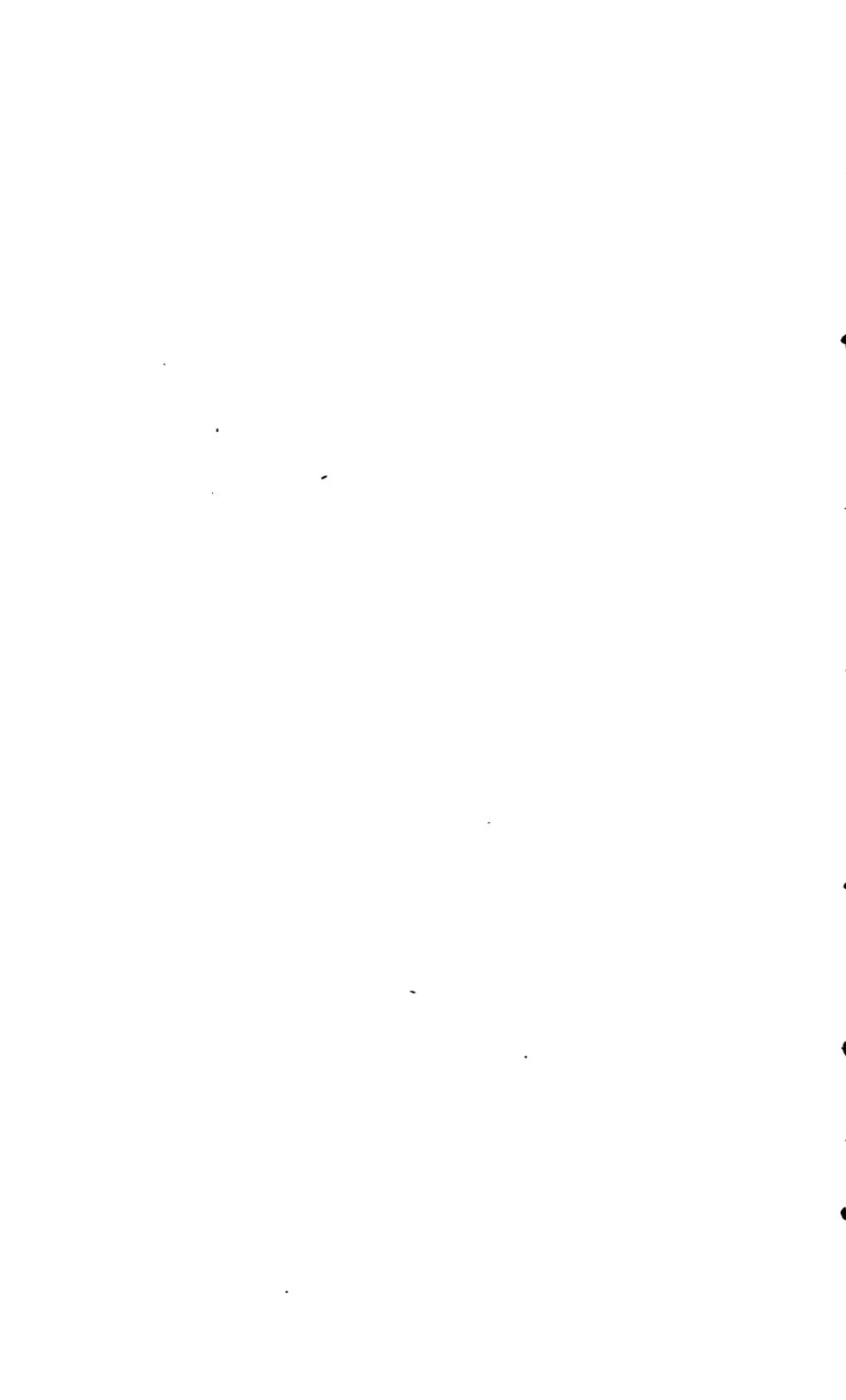
“Knowing that *she* never did betray
The heart that loved her. She can so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.”

WORDSWORTH.

One word with regard to the *rhymes* which are scattered through this volume. On being requested to write the book, I was intreated, to render it entertaining, to introduce amusing passages which might enliven the tedium of the way. In having followed up this direction, I may have deviated too far from the prescribed track, and have laid myself open to censure from those who never stop to gather the flowers in their path. For this, and all other errors, I crave forgiveness, subscribing myself, with due submission, the Reader’s most humble and obedient servant,

R. E.

Dated, Parkwood.



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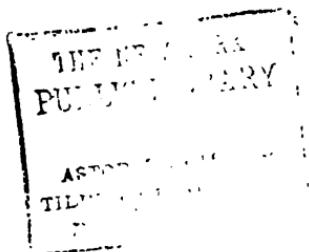
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*St. Mary's, York.
as it stood, before the alteration.*

SECTION THE FIRST.

Tavistock.

LOCAL ATTRACTIONS—HISTORICAL NOTICES—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN, WITH ITS VARIOUS BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS.

“The duteous river laves
Fair Tavistock ! thine Abbey's mould'ring walls,
And flows complaining by.”

CARBINGTON.

HE home of an Englishman connects itself with his dearest interests and affections. Bid him describe it, and you instantly command his gratitude; sympathize with his admiration of it, and you make him your friend: it is his heart's best treasure; and every thing connected with it is viewed through the magnifying medium of the association which endears to him one favoured spot. I will not stop to explain the untold yet deeply felt charm of local attachment.

“Ad ogni nccello
Il suo nido par bello.”*

Time urges me onward to scenes which will repay even an uninterested spectator for their survey, however slight and casual that may be.

* “To every bird
Its own nest appears beautiful.”

The vale in which Tavistock is situated is rich in mingled attractions. The Tavy, in its devious course through field and woodland renders fertile every spot of ground within the influence of its liquid stores. On either side of the river small eminences frequently appear, dotted with trees, and backed by the noble tors of Dartmoor, frowning in barren grandeur on the quiet beauty of which they are themselves totally destitute. From the marshy waste innumerable little tributaries take their source and after dashing and foaming through their rocky channels, precipitate themselves by a thousand mimic cataracts into the larger stream. Amongst these the Walla, celebrated by the poet Browne, claims our first notice as "bride of the vale." Whether some secret converse is carried on, in subterraneous caves, between the two rivers, we cannot presume to say, but certain it is that the Walla, after visiting the narrow vallies of Kilworthy and Ina's Coombe ; losing itself in the shady retreats once haunted by the pixies ; and practising sundry vagaries of a like nature, at length emerges into broad daylight and is married to the gentle Tavy in the centre of the vale. A gay affair is that never-ending wedding, for thither resort "the coy beauties of the meadow" displaying their richest bloom, and sweetest fragrance. Much more remains to be said respecting these wandering rivers, but it becomes us now to return to the town of Tavistock, which we shall consider as a central point of the attractions of its neighbourhood. This place is rendered venerable by its undoubted antiquity. Tracing its history to the earliest times, we may suppose from its sheltered and agreeable situation that it afforded a principal residence for the Dan-monii* or inhabitants of

* The Rev. W. Evans gives me the derivation of this word from the

South Devon. "The Chief," says Whitaker, "usually had his abode on the hill side, with a group of dwellings for his serfs, near the river below it; and a road wound along the valley between them, gradually ascending to a beacon* that overlooked the whole." The name of our town intimates its great antiquity, it being derived from two words in the ancient British language; Tavy or the river *Ta*, to which the Anglo-Saxon termination *stoke*, denoting a settlement, was added. It is probable that the inhabitants of this British village or town practised the sacred rites of their religion in the neighbouring moor or forest, specimens of druidical circles being observed in various parts of the moorland district; some of the most perfect are near Merrivale bridge, about four miles from Tavistock.

At Putor, (five miles from Tavistock,) is said to have been a court of judicature. These courts were held in the open air, as well as their religious assemblies, and on eminences to which all might have access and hear and judge of their proceedings." At Crockern tor on the Walkham, (about eight miles from Tavistock) was another court which has since been the place of resort for the tinners to hold their councils; a hewn granite stone was termed their parliament table, while the president's chair, and jurors' seats of the same rough material were disposed around. These courts were called Berghmotes, in Anglo-Saxon; or meetings of miners, usually kept on a hill. Stream works for tin, the remains of which are still visible, were common on the moor. The stannary courts were afterwards held at Tavistock one of the four

Welsh as *Dan mon, under the mountain.* The word Dwn—or Devon is translated deep valleys.

* As if to corroborate this *supposition*, the ruins of a beacon are still to be seen on Cock's Tor, which commands the vale of Tavistock.

stannary towns ; the prison was at Lidford. Until of late years it was the custom to open the court at Crockern Tor, and then to adjourn to the town. These interesting remains of ancient jurisdiction at Crockern Tor are now destroyed or carried away.

It appears that during the sway of the Romans, the Dan-monii with their neighbouring tribes maintained a rugged independence in the west.

The name of *Hengist*-down in the neighbourhood of Tavistock, would give us leave to suppose that the Saxons under one of their celebrated leaders, attempted to penetrate into the fastnesses of "The deep valleys." Warlike instruments have been dug up on the down, and several barrows have been discovered which would intimate that a battle took place there between the Saxons and Britons, but other accounts attribute the occasion of their being in that spot to a later encounter between the Saxons and the Danes.

In the time of Athelstan the Dan-monii were driven beyond the Tamar ; and Tavistock became the residence of a Saxon heretoge or *Earl*. Hordgarus or Ordgar is the first of whom we have some notice. Mr. Kempe in his "Antiquities of Tavistock" ingeniously supposes the manor of Hurdwick near Tavistock to have been the seat of the famous earl ; Hurdwick being made a contraction of Ordwick or Ordgar's wick. Be that as it may, it has been imagined that the beautiful Elfrida, (daughter of Ordgar,) so celebrated in her fortunes and her crimes, was wooed and won, first by the favourite of the Saxon king Edgar, and then by the king himself, in this very spot. It is needless to repeat at full length the story of Elfrida, so well known in historical narrative ; we would only add that Ethelwold the favourite of the king, and first husband of this faithless woman, is said to have been slain at "Wilverly (by some Warwell) on the forest of Dartmoor," which would fix the event in

our neighbourhood. Tradition relates that in after years Ordgar was admonished in a dream to dedicate a portion of land to the service of God. Accordingly he founded and endowed the noble abbey of Tavistock.

“Una badia,
Ricca e bella, non men religiosa
E cortese a chiunque vi venia.”

ARIOSTO.

Stately buildings arose on every side, the monastery was solemnly dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. Rumon, and a colony of Black Monks* or Benedictines was speedily assembled to occupy the favoured spot. Ordgar was assisted in the completion of his pious work by his son Eadulphus or Ordulph, who appears to have been a second Samson in strength and ability. He was of gigantic stature, and is reputed by Prince in his “Worthies of Devon” to have performed prodigies of valour. At one time, when travelling with King Edward the confessor, he wrenched off the iron bars of the gates of Exeter, with the greatest ease imaginable, while with his foot he broke the hinges and laid the gates open. He is also said to have stepped across rivers ten feet wide!! a very useful accomplishment in a country in which rivers were plentiful and bridges few.

It is not surprising therefore, that our hero should have prosecuted his father’s wishes in a style of magnificence, which would seem to belong to a later age. Lands and benefactions were heaped upon the monks of Tavistock, until their monastery exceeded all others in the county in wealth and power.

It would appear that Ordulph had partly in view to

* Oliver. Risdon calls these Black monks, *Augustines*, and says “the abbey was dedicated to St. Mary and St. Burien; St. Rumon being only spoken of as ‘Bishop of the place, interred there.’”

provide a splendid burial place for himself. His bones were collected in a stone Sarcophagus and laid in the cloisters of the abbey ; one arch of which still remains over what is said to have been "Ordulph's tomb." The Sarcophagus is preserved through the care of the Rev. E. A. Bray in the vicarage garden. Some large sized bones are still exhibited in the parish church as those of Ordulph. Ordgar was also buried in Tavistock Abbey in "a splendid sepulture." Here too according to Malmsbury "lay Edwin, son of King Ethelred, treacherously slain by the Danes, whom, for his regardless deportment or otherwise, they called *king of the churls.*"

About thirty-eight years after its erection, Tavistock abbey was destroyed by those fierce Northmen, the Danes, who, coming up the Tamar, landed on a spot now known as Danes' Combe, and proceeded to ravage the country, spreading terror and devastation, whithersoever they went. It is not to be supposed that the rich abbey with its hoarded treasures should escape their rapacity.

"The step of the destroyer fell
Around its holy altars."

The sacred edifice was attacked, and almost levelled with the ground, whilst the robbers went on their way, pursuing their plunders as far as Lidford, reckless of the maledictions of the untenanted brotherhood who viewed with horror their sacrilegious deeds. Dearly did the marauders pay for their merciless incursions, when the day of retribution came. The horrible massacre of the Danes when the unholy spirit of persecution directed in one hour the slaughter of a countless multitude, will ever stain the annals of Ethelred the *Unready*. Yet could greater mercy or lenity have been expected from the son of the murderess Elfrida ? In the mean time, Tavistock

abbey was restored to more than its original splendour by the exertions of Livingus, its second abbot, as well as by the benefactions of several private individuals amongst whom the De Edgecombes shine conspicuous. From this period the monastery appears to have enjoyed varying prosperity under a succession of Abbots ; who were more or less distinguished for their virtues and vices. "The Kings of England from the Conquest at least were reputed its founders and patrons." Henry I. granted to the Abbots the entire jurisdiction of the hundred of Tavistock, and a weekly market and annual fairs, and invested them with other privileges. The monks appear to have derived much revenue from levying a toll on every article brought into the town to the market or fair. They enforced many strict regulations to prevent theft and deceit ; amongst others "every person was required to take an oath at the toll gate before he was permitted to pass, that during his continuance in the fair he would neither lie, steal, nor cheat." In the 13th century during the reign of Edward II. the conventional church was rebuilt, which is said to have been 378 feet long without including the Lady's chapel. It was finally taken down in 1670. In the same year Bishop Stapeldon dedicated the parish church to St. Eustace. Under the amiable and benevolent abbot, Robert Champeaux or Campbell, who lived at this time, the Abbey seems to have flourished greatly. One charitable act of his is still recorded, namely, that "he appropriated the whole profits arising from an estate called Westly-deton (granted two years before to his abbey, by Sir Odo Le Arcedeakne), to the providing of the poor with clothes and shoes ; the annual distribution of which was made in the cloisters on the 2d November, the commemoration of all the faithful departed."

Of the two immediate successors of Campbell little

good is said. John de Courtenay who presided in 1334 "had very little of the spirit of a religious man. He was passionately fond of field sports, (probably often favouring with his presence the hunting seats of Morwel and Leigh,) was very conceited and foppish in his dress, and a most incurable spend-thrift. During his government discipline seems banished from the convent ; the ancient refectory was neglected, the monks choosing to enjoy secret feasting in their private chambers. From the neglect of repairs, the monastery was falling into a dilapidated state : and moreover was overcharged with debts." In 1450 it appears that the abbot John Dynynton obtained from the Pope the privileges of a bishop in using the pontificals, and bestowing benediction at mass and at table. But the power of these proud and ambitious monks arose to its utmost height in the early part of the reign of Henry 8th. Richard Banham was created a mitred abbot, and "was admitted a baron of the higher house of parliament" in 1513 : nor was he contented with such dignity but aspired also to be exempted from all episcopal visitation. After various disputes with the Bishop of Exeter, Hugh Oldham, who excommunicated him for contempt of his superior authority ; Banham, by dint of assiduity and perseverance obtained from Leo X. a bull of such ample and extraordinary privileges as completely to exempt the Abbey from all episcopal jurisdiction, and to place it under the sole and immediate protection of the Holy See. "As an acknowledgment of such sweeping liberality, the Abbot was annually to pay to the Apostolic Chamber, on the feasts of Saints Peter and Paul, half an ounce of gold, i. e. twenty shillings of lawful money of England."* While the Abbey was thus heaping up

* Oliver.

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Frank C. Landis

to itself riches and honors, the storm of heresy arose which shook the proud seats of catholicism to their very foundation. The monk of Wittemburg in his solitary cell, pondered on the simplicity of gospel truth as contained in the Holy Scriptures, until his whole soul was imbued with its majestic purity. He threw off his monkish garb; took the Bible as his weapon of defence, and came forth from the strong-holds of bigotry to denounce the errors of the Romish Church. In vain the Papal See hurled its anathemas at his devoted head; in vain the Inquisition questioned and denounced the validity of his doctrines.—Luther stood unappalled; strong in the might of truth; and the fire kindled in the cell of Wittemburg spread through the countries of Europe, consuming in its course the splendid pageantries, which threw a false glory over papal superstition. Our English Reformers caught the spirit of the times. The tyrannical caprice of Henry 8th, who renounced the power of the Pope, from motives, and under a pretence as far removed from religion as his conduct was from purity, favoured the introduction of Luther's heresy. It was the policy of Henry for a time to promote the Reformation, and the royal fiat went forth, that all the monastic institutions of England were to be devoted to pillage and destruction.

Tavistock Abbey shared the fate of its contemporaries. It was surrendered in 1539, by its last abbot, John Penry, or Pyryn, to whom, with compunctions generosity, the plunderer granted a pension of £100 per annum, while nineteen of the inferior religious brethren obtained salaries at the same time. The revenues of the Abbey at the period of its dissolution were rated at £902 5s. 7d. per annum; which appears a very small sum, considering the value of the estates connected with the monastery.

The manor of Tavistock, with the site of its noted

abbey, was vested but a very short time in the crown, being almost immediately transferred to the Russell family, ancestors of the present noble proprietor, His Grace the Duke of Bedford. A copy of this magnificent grant, which I have been permitted to see, commences as follows: "The King to all to whom, &c., greeting; know ye that we for certain causes and considerations us especially moving, and in consideration of the good, trne, and acceptable service heretofore done and bestowed upon us by our well-beloved Councillor, Sir John Russell, Knight, Baron Russell, otherwise called Sir John Russell, Knight Lord Russell, of our especial grace, &c., do give and grant to the said Sir John Russell, Baron Russell, and to the Lady Anne, his wife, all the house and site of the late Monastery or Abbey and Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Ramo, of Tavistock, in our County of Devon, now dissolved, and all the church, belfry, and cemetery of the said late monastery, and all our messuages, houses, edifices, granges, barns, stables, dovecotes,* &c., &c., &c.

Before entirely quitting the subject of the abbey, it is but fair to its monastic inhabitants to state that from its earliest age they were liberal patrons of learning. The conventional library appears to have been well furnished with valuable works; amongst others the famous charter De Libertatibus comitatus Devon, granted by King John, and its confirmation by his son, Henry III. were preserved in the abbey.

The study of the Anglo Saxon tongue seems to have been cultivated by the monks with much assiduity, a Saxon school having been established in Tavistock at an early period, in which there were regular preceptors in

* One of the "dovecotes" here mentioned is still standing on Morwell Down.

the Saxon language ; but such an institution was suffered to remain after the conquest chiefly as a matter of interest and necessity. "The religious could not otherwise have understood their original charters." Risdon mentions that "lectures were ever read in the Saxon tongue, which so preserved the antiquities, laws, and customs formerly written in that language from oblivion." One of the earliest printing presses was erected in Tavistock, and from it issued a Saxon grammar; also Walton's translation of that "Boke of comfort," Boetius de Consolatione ; "emprented in the exempt monastery of Tavystoke in Denshere by Dan Thomas Rychard, Monk of the said monastery. To the instant desyer of the right worshypful esquier Mayster Robert Langdon, anno d. MDXXV. Deo gratias."

"The Confirmation of the Tynner's charter" was another work printed in Tavistock, in the 28th year of the reign of Henry VIII. An old house situated near the church, and demolished not long since, was called "the Prele," a word which indicates that the Prelum, or Saxon press, was probably fixed on that spot. Several of the Abbey walls still remain, monuments of its fallen grandeur. There exists a spacious arch at the principal gateway of the abbey, surmounted with a tower and spires : it appears to bear traces of the times of Henry VI. A room in the gateway once served as a prison ; it is now converted into a Public Library. The Refectory or Abbot's Hall is still perfect ; but its handsomely carved oak roof has been concealed by a white-washed ceiling. Another building with turrets and pinnacles remains near the gateway.

" O ye who dwell
Around yon ruins, guard the precious charge
From hands profane !—O save the sacred pile
O'er which the wing of centuries has flown
Darkly and silently, deep shadowing all
Its pristine honours—from the ruthless grasp
Of future violation !"

"After the suppression of the Abbey, a chapel was erected within its enclosure, and licensed for the celebration of divine worship at the request of the noble Lady Dorothy Mountjoy, on the 10th of March, 1541-2."*

"Three other chapels had existence in the time of the monks. That of the Maudlin chapel attached to an hospital for leprous men and women, stood on the site of the old parish workhouse. Bishop Brantingham granted in 1370 an indulgence of thirty days to all persons who should contribute to the Lepers' House of St Mary Magdalene, at Tavistock.

St. John's chapel appears to have been a small oratory near an hermitage on the south bank of the Tavy; the holy well is still to be seen with the remains of a cross at its entrance. St. Margaret's was a small chapelry also dependent on the abbey. Mr. Bray thinks it stood near Tavytown, now Mount Tavy, the seat of John Carpenter, Esq. There was also at Fitzford, about a mile from the town, a small (private?) chapel, dedicated to St. George."†

Tavistock seems to have materially suffered at the time of the destruction of the Abbey: its character for learning was lost, and its grammar school, which at one time had been of high repute, fell almost into disuse. "In 1540 an act of Parliament was passed for rebuilding houses which had fallen down and decayed, and at that time remained unre-edified, lying as desolate and void."‡ However, in the prosperous reign of Elizabeth it appears to have recovered from the shock,

* Oliver.

† From Notices of Tavistock and its abbey, by A. Kempe, Esq., F.S.A.

‡ Lyson's Magna Britannia.

consequent on the confused times of the Reformation.

"From the deserted domes new glories rise ;
More useful institutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarged, and new civilities,
On fresh foundations build the social plan."

WARTON, on the Monasteries of England.

Individual merit shone forth ; Judge Glanville and his son Sir John Glanville distinguished themselves in the law ; Sir Francis Drake enrolled his name as one of the greatest navigators of his country, and Willie Browne sang his sweetest pastorals by the Tavy's side.

The Grammar School was patronized by Sir John Glanville, who gave an estate at South Brentor producing £25 per annum for the better maintenance of a poor scholar at either of the universities. We must not omit to mention that John, Earl of Bedford, in 1552, had bestowed for two hundred years the amount of dues gathered for him within the borough, for the support of the Grammar school.

In the time of Elizabeth we hear of various noble houses belonging to different persons in Tavistock. Judge Glanville had a handsome residence in the town, while the elder branches of his family lived at Holwell, in the parish of Whitchurch. His son, Sir Francis Glanville built Kilworthy, on a barton of the same name. The family of Fitz also had a goodly mansion in the neighbourhood of the town, of which the gateway only remains. Tradition connects with this spot the misfortunes of the last heir of the Fittes, whose tragical history has been made the subject of one of Mrs. Bray's interesting romances. The only daughter and heiress of Sir John Fitz married four husbands, the last of whom was Sir Richard Grenville, who distinguished himself on the Royalists' side, in the time of Charles I. It appears

that Sir Richard garrisoned his house at Fitzford, but it was taken by the parliamentary forces under the Earl of Essex, with two hundred prisoners, some cannon, a considerable quantity of muskets, and plate and money to the amount of £3000. After this, Essex encountered a fierce resistance on his march into Cornwall, from Sir Richard Grenville, at Newbridge, on the Tamar, (about four miles from Tavistock). King Charles was at this town with his army on his return from following Essex into Cornwall, on the 8th of September 1644, and thence he sent a message to Parliament on the 9th. After vainly summoning the town of Plymouth to surrender, the King again returned to Tavistock, and marched thence by way of Okehampton to Exeter.

The exertions of the Parliamentary men at this time must have been prodigious in the west ; opposed as they were by some of the most active and staunch Royalists. Their motto, "God with us" is still remembered ; the feeling of the period has been pourtrayed in the following lines :—

" GOD WITH US."

THE MOTTO OF THE *Devonians* IN THE STRUGGLE DURING THE
CIVIL WARS.

God with us,
Our God with us :
Firm our strength shall be,
Who will dare
Oppose us where
Such a guard may be ?

Let on high
Our standards fly,
That the world may see ;
Lo ! his arm
Preserves from harm,
Those who dare be free.

Despots fly!
Our God is nigh,
Sword of might is He:
God our host,
We proudly boast,
Let th'ungodly flee.

This our word,
Afar is heard,
Over land and sea,
Wher'eer we go,
In weal or woe,
Still our souls are free.

Raleigh, Drake,
And dauntless Blake,*
Wandered fearlessly.
Let such names
Support our claims,
And our armour be.

God with us,
Our God with us,
Shout for liberty.
Devonians all,
Repeat the call,
God our victory. R. E.

In January, 1645, Sydenham House, a garrison of the King's, in the parish of Maristow, near Tavistock, was taken by Col. Holborn.† In the month of June of the same year, the fatal battle of Naseby was fought, and a succession of misfortunes befel the Devonshire Royalists, owing partly to the cruelties and oppressions of Sir Richard Grenville.

In 1646, Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.)

* The naval hero of our sister county Somersetshire.

† Lyson's *Magna Britannia*.

resided for some time at Tavistock ; probably during the rainy season, which gave rise to his frequent observation in after years, "that he was sure it rained at Tavistock when there was but a cloud elsewhere."

Among the persons of note in Tavistock at this eventful period may be mentioned Sir John Maynard, an eminent lawyer, distinguished as much for his patriotism as for his integrity ; who, for some opposition to the despotic will of the Protector, was committed to the Tower, while the Judges who had allowed him to argue the release of a prisoner obnoxious to Cornwall, were told "that they should not suffer lawyers to *prate* what it would not become them to *hear*."

At the commencement of the commonwealth, Tavistock had to boast of having for one of its members of parliament the celebrated John Pym, who by his firm, and upright conduct gained the greatest ascendancy over the factious in those troubled times. While Cromwell triumphed in the field, Pym ruled the senate ; and by his eloquence and dignified demeanour, reduced to order the most turbulent spirits of the day. At his death the nation mourned his loss, and showed its sense of his lofty virtues by defraying the expences of his funeral obsequies.

Tavistock has also reason to be proud of having returned as one of its borough members the great and unfortunate Lord William Russell, who suffered death in the time of Charles II. Algernon Sydney and Lord Russell were at the same time sacrificed on the altar of constitutional freedom. Supported at his trial, and in his latest hours by the exemplary fortitude of his wife, the noble Lady Rachel, Lord Russell met his death as became a disinterested and unflinching supporter of English liberty. That spirit which led him to the block has ever animated his revered and highly honored successors, on whom his mantle has descended in each



Shill Shand.

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succeeding generation ; “ *Che Sara, Sara*,” the motto of the Russell family, shows the inevitable consequence of their ancestor’s fame.

To return to our town :—when the plague raged at Exeter in 1591, the summer assizes were held at Tavistock and thirteen criminals were executed on the Abbey Green. About the same time a market and fair were held on the moor above Merivale Bridge. In 1626 the plague appeared in Tavistock, and committed great havoc, raising the mortality of that year to five-hundred and seventy-five persons. Mr. Kempe records a petition sent to the Right Honorable William Earl of Bedford in 1677, petitioning for the lease of “ a little cottage much ruined, with two little garden plotts to the same belonginge, called by the name of St John’s Chapple, bought in by the parishioners of Tavistock in the time of the late contagious sickness, and by them converted into a pest-house ;” signed by John Cudlippe, Portrieve, and others.

In 1674, the name of Nicholas Watts occurs in the annals of our parish : to encourage the independence of those poor persons not receiving parochial relief, he bequeathed the rents of certain lands and houses to be devoted to their benefit ; a portion of his wealth was to be appropriated to the assistance of a poor scholar of Tavistock, in maintaining himself at the University.

During the course of many years from the commencement of the last war with France, Tavistock was a dépôt of prisoners, who were chiefly naval and military officers, on their parole of honour. It had then much the appearance of a foreign town, as the inhabitants were induced to converse, with those strangers in their respective languages, French, Spanish, and Italian. This increase of residents advanced the interest of trade in the vicinity, and at the same time tended to soften the asperities, previously felt against those who were liable to be considered as national enemies, while in fact they

proved themselves on the broad scale of humanity, worthy of being treated as neighbours and friends. Their residence was also the means of circulating more general intelligence in the neighbourhood. The vicinity of the prisons likewise proved of material profit to the town ; many tradesmen being made rich by supplying the various articles of consumption for the prisoners. At the proclamation of a general peace in 1814, Tavistock was not behind in its rejoicing. Bonfires blazed on the various heights ; many houses were illuminated ; and a dinner was held in the open air at Many Butts ; about two miles from the town.

Since that period the place is much improved in size and appearance, although its trade has varied with the fluctuations of the mines, as well as from other causes. The tin works of the neighbouring moor, to which we have already alluded, were carried on in very early times. From the conquest to the reign of Edward 1st, mining seems to have been conducted chiefly by the Jews. When, by a decree of the warrior king, these devoted people were obliged to fly the country, the interest of mining for a period declined, but Edmund, the elder son of the king, and Earl of Cornwall, willing to restore what produced so large a proportion of the revenues of his domain, made some important grants to the miners, which were confirmed by the King by a charter in the 33d. year of his reign." * At this time, when the peculiar laws and customs belonging to the Stannaries were chiefly established, we may perhaps be given leave to suppose that Tavistock was made one of the four Stannary towns ? In the reign of Henry 6th. we find that the Beer Ferris mines (at about eight miles from Tavistock) were worked ; as John Bottwright, their

* From "The Introduction to Risdon by J. Taylor Esq."

governor, complains "that Robert Glover at the command of Roger Champernowne took away a certain quantity of ore, and made profit of the same without anything allowed to the King, to the King's damage of £100"—Queen Elizabeth, with that spirit of enterprize which alone can ensure success in any great undertaking, invited over Germans, who in that time, as at present, seemed to enjoy superior instruction in the useful sciences, and employed them in searching for the mineral treasures of the kingdom. Mr. Taylor thinks it probable, that Houghsetter and Thurland two of these Germans, worked mines in Devon for copper as well as for lead and silver. "Evident traces of ancient works have been discovered on a copper lode at Crowndale, near Tavistock; and it is very remarkable that the name of this place, so very unlike most others in the neighbourhood, is similar to the names to be found in many of the mines in Germany." Risdon, who lived in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives a melancholy account of the "*Spadiards*" or daily labourers in tin works, with whom there is no labourer in hardness of life to be compared; for his apparel is coarse, his diet slender, his lodging hard, his drink water, and for lack of a cup, he commonly drinketh out of his spade or shovel, or some such other thing." In the early part of the eighteenth century the lead mines of Mary-Tavy about four miles from Tavistock, were worked for more than thirty years. Active exertions, in pursuit of mining have been made in this district chiefly under the superintendence of that well known benefactor to the neighbourhood, John Taylor, Esq.

The profits to the adventurers from many of the mines have been enormous. Great Wheal Friendship in the parish of Mary-Tavy has afforded an almost continual flow of prosperity. The application of the steam-

engine in drawing water from this and other mines has proved of the utmost service in forwarding their works. About the year 1803 a canal was cut through Morwell-down which intersected some valuable lodes of copperore. Later still, a shaft has been sunk near the canal almost within the precincts of the town. Indeed, various parts of our immediate vicinity abound with tempting riches for the scientific and speculating.

A number of strangers, chiefly from the county of Cornwall have been brought to Tavistock for the purpose of working the mines. They possess the acuteness of perception together with the chaunting dialect, peculiar to their native district. Our agricultural laborers are far behind them in quickness and intelligence ; " notwithstanding they be both of strong body, able to endure all labours and pains ; who upon the holidays and times of leisure, give themselves to such exercise and pastimes as do rather enable their bodies to strength than otherwise, as Shooting, Wrestling, and hurling with a ball ; whereunto they are so inured, that for their activity in that manly exercise, these western men excel all others of the realm : and albeit these laborers be of the most inferior degree, yet they are *liberi homines, of free condition no villains nor bond slaves.*" *

* Risdon. These last words of praise for exemption from feudal vassalage could not, it appears, be extended to every parish around, as worthy Master Tristram confesses that in Whitchurch near Tavistock there were formerly bondmen, "anciently called Villains, and the women Neifs." He records a deed of the manu-mission of one of them, and thinks "there are some no doubt, never manumitted, though concealed. But seeing we are all children of one father, servants of one God, and subjects of one king, it were very uncharitable to retain our brethren in bondage." In reference to the miners, it may be said that notwithstanding Risdon's assertion they are a short-lived race, much addicted to consult their medical attendant whom

"*Artificers*, and *Mechanicks* are here likewise, as in other places, trained up in trades, who (or some of whom) are excellent in making cloths, called Denshire kerseys." Tavistock appears to have enjoyed great celebrity for the manufacture of serges, or "perpetuanoes" a particular sort of which are called Tavestocks or western dozens. "Westcote, writing in the early part of the seventeenth centuery, says, that before the reign of Edward IVth, only frezes and plain coarse cloths were made in Devonshire; and that one Anthony Bonvise an Italian, in that reign, is said to have taught the art of making *caries* (kerseys), and the women to spin with the distaff." In 1463 (during Edward IVth's reign) the inhabitants of Tavistock petitioned parliament to be exempted from the operation of an act which prohibited using flocks in the manufacture of woollen cloths, stating that the cloth by them could not be otherwise manufactured on account of the "stoberness of the wool.* The woollen trade in this as well as in other districts has of late years much declined.

The principal manufactory is now at Horrabridge, four miles from Tavistock. An extensive iron foundry has been conducted for some years in our town where are manufactured anchors, agricultural instruments, and a variety of edge tools. It was originally established by the late John Gill, Esq., one of the most enterprising and liberal benefactors of this vicinity.

Tavistock now has the advantage of frequent communication with the neighbouring towns in consequence of the improved state of its roads, owing to the unceasing exertions of our truly liberal and energetic representative

(generally) they remunerate by a monthly payment, left in the hands of their Captain or Superintendent.

* Lysons Magna Britannia.

in parliament John Rundle, Esq. in conjunction with our late munificent patron John, Duke of Bedford.

Travelling which even within our own memory was performed with difficulty and inconvenience, is now rendered easy and delightful by means of new lines of road, winding through some of the most picturesque and romantic scenery of the district. Specimens of what the roads once were may yet be seen in various parts ; goods could be conveyed along them on pack-horses only ; the grandees of the land were obliged to forego the luxury of their cumbrous coaches ; dames were contented to jog on pillion behind their squires ; and even the sheriff could only display his grandeur and rank by the superior and costly caparisons of his steed. At Sydenham near Tavistock are still preserved, fresh and untarnished, the gorgeous trappings which adorned the horses of a former sheriff and his lady when they went forth to meet the judges in solemn state. The roads continued impassable for carriages even in the reign of Queen Anne. Few farmers had any thing in the shape of a cart ; merchandise and various sorts of goods being carried on the backs of horses in crooks, such as we see used by the turf cutters on the moor in the present day. Risdon in his time complains that " the ways are cumbersome and uneven, amongst rocks and stones, painful for man and horse ; as they can best witness who have made trial thereof. For be they never so well mounted upon horses out of other countries, when they have travelled one journey in these parts, they will in respect of ease of travel, forbear a second."

No coachmaker was known in Plymouth till the reign of George 3d. The first coach was of course a subject of wonder and curiosity, although * "it was a large

* From a Lecture on Travelling in Devonshire, delivered at the Plymouth Athenæum by H. Woolcombe, Esq.

clumsy concern, drawn by four wagon horses which never ventured beyond a sober walk." Stage Coaches were established in this neighbourhood at a very late period. At the present time a mail runs to Plymouth every morning, returning early in the afternoon, and a stage coach proceeds from Plymouth through Tavistock to Barnstaple every alternate day: besides which numerous Omnibusses pass through the town in every direction; and a line of road has long been surveyed for a railway. In consequence of the intercourse which now subsists between Tavistock and other places, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, which at one time were very primitive, owing to the isolated situation of the town, are much changed. From the present facilities of access to its scenes of interest, a great influx of strangers takes place in the summer season, which gives a new impulse to trade. A taste for building has likewise been diffused, and respectable dwelling-houses are now arising in every quarter. We may particularly notice those on the Plymouth road. A new Grammar School in the same direction, built and chiefly supported by the liberality of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, well deserves attention. Its substantial granite walls: its picturesque gable ends, possessing interest at every point of view; the depths of light and shade presented by its irregular projections; then its gothic windows, and tall graceful chimneys, render it worthy to ornament a town of far greater pretension than our own.

The neighbouring Hotel with embattled walls, built of free-stone raised on the place, is a noble structure corresponding in all respects with the Abbey remains grouped around. A ball-room occupies the whole length of one side of the Hotel, whose windows overlook the venerable relics of antiquity, yet preserved through the good taste of the Vicar, the Rev. E. A. Bray, within the garden which surrounds the Vicarage house. Betsy

Grimball's tower is most conspicuous with its ivy-mantled turret. A tradition belongs to this spot which Mrs. Bray has interwoven with her tale of Fitzford. Beneath the archway of this tower is the small stone Sarcophagus which contained the large bones supposed to have belonged to the giant Ordulph. Many architectural fragments are preserved with the Sarcophagus, and in the Vicarage garden are two of the sepulchral stones which belonged to the Danmonii, the earliest inhabitants of the place.

The improvements in the parish church forwarded chiefly by our late worthy magistrate J. Carpenter, Esq. have rendered it a building of no mean appearance; its fine new roofing, and the handsome stone mullions of the windows are especially to be admired. This church as we have before observed was dedicated to St. Eustacius, and "was erected within the cemetery of the Abbey Church." Within its walls are two ancient monuments of interest to the curious spectator; one representing Judge Glanville in his judicial robes, with his wife arrayed in the splended attire of the reign of Elizabeth, kneeling beside him; the other ornamented by two figures supposed to represent Sir John Fitz of Fitzford and his lady. Near the baptismal font is Erasmus's Paraphrase on the Gospels; which, (showing the value of books in those days) is confined by a chain. Little remains to be noticed in the Parish Church. The other religious edifices consist of a handsome Independent Chapel, a Friend's Meeting house, a Methodist Chapel of large dimensions, and a pretty Edifice built in the Abbey style by the seceders from the Wealeyans. The Unitarians hold their worship in the ancient refectory of the Abbey, where until of late years a stone pulpit was remaining from which the Monks were accustomed to be exhorted during their meals. Another building of handsome elevation has of late years added importance

to the Town of Tavistock. It is the Workhouse of the district, which contains within its walls, the indigent poor of twenty four parishes. It stands in the North West part of the Town, on a sheltered slope of land, and consists of connected buildings around a square, ornamented by an entrance porch, which gives unity and beauty to the whole ; and with its neighbouring porter's lodge effectually ensures security from ingress or egress without due permission from the governor or his delegates.

The markets next claim our attention : a new Corn-Market has been erected in the centre of the place where are extensive sales of corn every Friday. Its neat granite colonnade has been admired by competent judges. There are also ancient but tolerably spacious shambles for butchers' meat, but by no means sufficiently so for the present population of the town. A separate market for butter, poultry, and eggs, and another for fruit and vegetables, are held under covered piazzas, but there is no provision for the Fishmongers, whose stalls are only separated from the Abbey Church-yard by a low wall.

One good extensive market-place embracing every thing brought for sale seems to be an accomodation very much needed, as a considerable number of the frequenters of the Tavistock market, some from probably a distance of nearly forty miles, are compelled to expose their wares on open stalls, and on the ground in various parts of the town. The weekly market is on Friday ; the fairs are held on the second Wednesday in the months of January, May, September, October, and December ; there are also great cattle markets on the second Wednesday in March, July, August, and November. An Agricultural Society has been lately formed. Prizes are awarded to such as excel in the various departments of husbandry, and much good is likely to result from this institution, which already has given birth to a spirit of experiment and enterprize hitherto unknown in this district of

Devonshire. In alluding to things desirable for the town, it may with propriety be stated, that a Guild-hall or sessions house of a commodious size, together with a prison on the best, that is, the most humane principle, to supersede the present old, decaying, inconvenient structure, would be hailed not by the public only, but by Magistrates and others who have to hold courts therein, as an essential benefit.

Tavistock derives considerable advantage from enjoying the most generous support and patronage in every beneficial institution from the high family to which it principally belongs. Liberality of sentiment, and freedom of opinion have been always encouraged by the noble house of Russell. The electors, as has been already shown, have been particularly happy in their parliamentary representatives. The power of returning members to parliament was first exerted by the people of Tavistock in the reign of Edward 1st. By the passing of the Reform Act the elective franchise has been extended to the £10 householders of the parish : the number of qualifying tenements under the new law is 380, the Portreeve (elected at the annual court-leet of the lord of the manor) is the returning officer. The members returned at the last election, in 1841, were Lord Edward Russell and John Rundle, Esq.* Of the physical advantages of Tavistock no one can doubt. Its salubrity of climate has rendered it the frequent resort of invalids, who have been restored to health by its bracing air, and instances of great longevity have been frequent among us. As in the days of Risdon. "The climate of this part of Devonshire is sharp, yet healthful, giving appetite both to labour and rest. For when our forefathers lived frugally, and were pleased with what was sufficient to content

* The latter has since resigned and is succeeded by J. Trelawny, Esq.

nature, they were strong people, lived many years, and could endure any labour or travail ; surely the country is temperate, and freed from extremities of cold : the frost and snows are not here so piercing, nor of such continuance, as in the inland countries. “The climate has changed for the better even since the time of Risdon, for the country being no longer “full of brakes and briars,” but generally in a state of cultivation, the temperature has altered accordingly. I find, however, from a work* kindly furnished me by the author, that the extremes of heat and cold are said to be greater at Tavistock than at Plymouth, although the mean temperature of the year is but slightly different, being rather above 50 degrees. The average quantity of rain falling in the year is about 45 inches. This great amount of moisture is supposed to be owing to the attraction of the clouds by the neighbouring eminences of Dartmoor.

“Hills from three to six hundred feet in height, rise in continued succession in the vicinity of Tavistock ; these are frequently enwreathed with cloud.” But we can scarcely regret our proverbially rainy climate, since it clothes with verdure the environs of our town, and makes beautiful the surrounding country.

We would intimate that the advantage of a cemetery away from the town is great, as conducing to health and comfort. The dissenters have set an excellent example, by choosing a delightful spot on the bank of the river between Vigo and the Abbey Bridge, in which they are at liberty to inter their dead. It occupies the site of a beautiful field once the scene of many a bull fight and wrestling match. By excavating a lower portion of the hill, which rises precipitously clothed with plantations

* Remarks on the Parish Registers of Tavistock, Devon ; by C. Barham, M. D.

above, a tolerably large piece of ground has been acquired, which is laid out in walks and grass-plots as a garden ; a raised bed of flowering shrubs in the centre adds to the pleasing illusion. And here amidst flowers and verdure, in a peaceful retirement, broken only by the singing of birds, may lie the beloved forms of those endeared to us on earth. Let us hope that ere long the injurious practice of burial in the centre of a populous town may be altogether abandoned. A few large cities are adopting the plan of choosing the environs for their cemeteries. The frequent recurrence of infectious disorders in consequence of the malaria, arising from a crowded church-yard is a sufficient warning to care for the welfare of the living, as well as for the peaceful interment of the dead. Fortunately our own church-yard is open enough to prevent the return of contagious disorder.

"The Cholera though twice or three times introduced into Tavistock, did not take root, nor spread beyond the persons attacked ; an exemption the more remarkable as the neighbouring town of Plymouth was most severely visited by this scourge." *

A constant supply of water is furnished to all the town by pumps or conduits.

Among the charitable institutions of this place is a Provident Society, established in 1835 by the Rev. Edward Kempe, it has since been continued by the exertions of those ladies who have shown their interest in its welfare, by taking upon themselves, in their various districts, to visit the humble dwellings of the poor. There may be likewise mentioned with approbation,

* In the late epidemic (in 1842) which spread through the whole county of Devon, very few fatal cases occurred in Tavistock, although circumstances at the time were unfavourable to the health of the town.

a Dorcas Society for supplying the necessitous with articles of clothing. An almshouse was founded by one of the Courtenay family for four aged widows, among whom an annuity of £8. 12s. is divided. The amounts of several benefactions called the Ford-Street charity producing £120. per annum, were settled by act of Parliament and vested in the Duke of Bedford for various purposes, in fulfillment of which an almshouse has been erected for fifteen poor persons, who receive each £3. per annum in quarterly payments; and from the same fund the sum of £5. is paid quarterly as a portion to a poor maiden, on the day of her marriage; two poor boys receive annually £7. 10s. each, as an apprentice fee, £30. is distributed among the poor; £4. 4s. is payable to the Master of the free Grammar-School; the residue is expended in repairs.

A general dispensary was established in 1832, for the relief of the sick-poor of the surrounding district: it is supported by subscriptions. There are numerous benefit societies which are ably supported; one of these is composed entirely of individuals who abjure the use of fermented liquors;—it has the appellation of the Rechabite Society—Zoar-Tent. Here too is a Temperance Society which presents a numerous list of members. Their meetings are held at the Temperance Hotel, a *modern* antique worthy of the house of Glanville, on the site of whose ancient mansion it stands.* The increase of intelligence among the working classes is visible to every eye. By the assistance of some gentlemen a Mechanics' library and reading-room has been opened, which undoubtedly increases the enlightenment, and con-

* Sufficient remains of this residence to show that it must have been of noble dimensions. The family Arms were to be seen a short time since, emblazoned over one of the chimney-pieces.

sequent happiness of its members. We must rejoice in the increase of information and good sense among our poorer brethren, for where intelligence is most rife,—where reason is most cultivated there will ever be found habits of the greatest industry, and there will ever dwell the greatest comfort and peace. In reverting to the intelligence visible among the lower classes, we must not forget to mention one who has distinguished herself above all the rest of her townspeople by literary merit, we refer to our poetess of humble life, Mary Maria Colling. To her kind benefactress Mrs. Bray she is indebted for being brought into public notice. Her fables in verse published in 1830 have won the admiration of the great and learned, and even our poet laureate did not consider her simple effusions beneath the praise of his pen.

Mrs. Bray affixed to the fables an interesting account of her life and parentage. Such an introduction was certain to procure for the modest authoress sufficient patronage and support.

Tavistock indeed owes much to Mrs. Bray for bringing forward its most interesting points of scenery as well as the principal objects of note in its vicinity. By her able fictions she has thrown a charm around the neighbourhood which few places are privileged to possess. Every spot is connected with some curious association : the legends of old have not been suffered to fall to neglect : Mrs. Bray's masterly descriptions have brought our landscapes in the vivid colors of reality before our view : her minute perception of peculiar customs, manners and language, has made us better acquainted with our poorer neighbours, than even by having dwelt all our lives among them.

For the many years of labor devoted to an illustration of our *home scenes*, let us be allowed to offer her our humble meed of gratitude and praise.

To return to our institutions ;—The grammar-School, so high in repute under monastic rule, but which could boast of nothing but the name in later times has lately received under the patronage of the Duke of Bedford. A Mathematical and Commercial school is also established under the surveillance of a committee of Gentlemen ; * the increasing population of the neighbourhood can well support two such institutions, which are commonly found in all the respectable towns in Scotland.

There is a British-School maintained principally by charitable subscriptions.

The National School is supported in a similar manner. Sunday Schools are attached to all the religious communities. The first in Tavistock for children and adults was established at the Abbey Chapel by the Rev. W. Evans, who, about fifty years since found the poorer classes in the greatest ignorance, few of them being able to read or write.

We have only at present to desire the institution of an Infant School, or a play-ground for the little ones, who now run screaming through the streets or are immured for a certain number of hours within the vitiating influence of the dense and impure atmosphere of a Dame's School. The frame is weakened, and the mind warped, by the evil tendency of such an early education. Let the infant poor breathe the fresh air of heaven, untainted by the sickening influence of poverty and want. Let their minds expand, and their frames be invigorated by the generous glow of kindly feelings, which are allowed time and liberty to be seen and felt. Let their mothers rejoice in their visible improvement, and not feel ashamed to

* An Agricultural school, on a similar plan to that of Fellenberg's in Switzerland, was once suggested, which would have superseded the above mentioned Commercial establishment; the facilities of the neighbourhood for an agricultural institution are great; but reasons have been given for not attempting so extensive an undertaking.

confess to their own hearts that they are weary of their children. We look in vain, amidst our town population for that vigorous frame, and energy of mind which is born amidst country scenes.

They want space, they want liberty to grow to the full stature of man. Let us care for the well-being of the infant, and the child will reward us for our pains ; let us train up the faculties of the child : and we fear not for the character of the adult. "As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined." If we wish to aspire to grandeur in our town, let us load it with the dwellings of the proud ; if we desire to increase its real wealth and prosperity let us build up the character of its poor.

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WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TAVISTOCK :—CROWNDALE,
FITZFORD, &c.

"Those works of art or nature which are usually the motives of our travels, are often overlooked and neglected if they happen to lie within our reach ; whether it be that we are naturally indifferent concerning those things which are near us, while our curiosity is excited by remote objects ; or because the easiness of gratifying a desire is always sure to damp it, or perhaps, that we defer from time to time viewing, what we know we have an opportunity of seeing whenever we please."

PLINY.

T would be well for our townsfolk to perfect their knowledge of the neighbourhood of Tavistock, and improve their taste for its surrounding beauties by extending their walks beyond the precincts of the town, to wander through scenes, than which no part of our island can present more lovely. I will ask them to leave the dusty streets, with me, and begin their rambles by visiting a very favorite resort ;—the Abbey Walks. In quitting the town the remaining portion of our once famous monastery first attracts the attention. One ivy-crowned turret has been devoted to the purpose of literature and science. Two rooms are

fitted up with excellent taste, one as the public subscription Library, the other as the Literary Institution of the place; a third was once appropriated to the musuem of a society for local and provincial researches, formed under the superintendence of Dr. Charles Barham, but from the want of funds, and of sufficient encouragement the museum has been suffered to fall into neglect. The Library established forty-three years since by four of its present members * contains a number of standard volumes, the leading journals of the day, and most of the periodicals. The room is ornamented with a few engravings, and the busts of two of its patrons; that of the late Duke of Bedford by Francis, is considered to be extremely well executed.

In the institution room may be remarked, a President's Chair, carved by a native Artist and seats disposed in the amphitheatrical form to accommodate the members who attend once a fortnight usually during the winter evenings, to listen to a number of interesting and improving papers delivered in the form of lectures, affording matter for after discussion both within and without the walls of the lecture room, and presenting one means of helping to exterminate a spirit of intolerance which sometimes is apt to be rife in a little country town. It is gratifying to notice the gradual improvements manifested by the various members of this school for discussion. Young men have ripened their judgment, and even the greyheaded have been taught wisdom by thus coming in contact with their fellows. Many important results have arisen from the apparently trivial occurrence of a lecture. The establishment of the Gas Works in this town in 1832 may be set down as one most useful consequence of

* The Rev. E. A. Bray, J. Taylor, Esq, Mr. J. Commins, and the Rev. W. Evans.

beneficial measures, suggested in the Institution room ; while the liberality of spirit, and generosity of feeling which generally characterize the inhabitants of the place, have certainly been awakened and kept alive by the recurrence of these social meetings. Long may such christian philanthropy shed its brightening influence on our hearts ! “ God forbid that the feelings of humanity should be confined to this or that mode of faith ! ” Philanthropy, my friends (says Dean Kirwan,) “ is of no particular sect ; it is confined by no paltry form of rule ; it knows no distinction, but that of the happy or unhappy ; it is older than the Gospel, eternal as that great source whence it springs, and often beats higher in the Heathen’s heart, than in those of many, who are called Christians ; who, though under the influence of the most benevolent of all possible systems, yet not unfrequently refuse both relief and compassion to the petitions of the wretched, and the entreaty of the unhappy. God forbid that any ridiculous prejudice should hinder me from reverencing the man, (however we may differ in speculative notions,) whose gentle spirit flies out to soothe the mourner ; whose ear is attentive to the voice of sorrow ; whose pittance is shared by those who are not the world’s friends ; whose bountiful hand scatters food to the hungry, and raiment to the naked, and whose peaceful steps as he journeyeth on his way are blessed, and blessed again by the uplifted eye of thankful indigence, and the sounds of honest gratitude from the lips of wretchedness.” Let the extract be forgiven for the sake of the lesson it teaches. Truly can I add

“ May ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser.”

We must return to our walk, and observe the old town mills which occupy a portion of the Abbey adjoining the noble archway which leads to the Library. The mills form an interesting relic, especially from the side

next the water : we can see them from the Abbey bridge and admire their slender turrets, and narrow casements, and rushing mill stream that rivals the clacking wheel in noisy tumult. We can observe too a small green island crowned with fine trees rising above the bed of the river, and beyond it the site of an old bridge known as Guile or East Bridge, which according to tradition was originally constructed by the Monks of Tavistock, when with activity only equalled by their deceit, they bore away the body of Childe of Plymstock which had been found frozen on the moor. Our wily brethren thus outwitted a body of *religious* from the Priory of Plymstock, who waited for them in another quarter to seize the remains of Childe. The rapacity of the Monks is thus clearly shown for they went these lengths to possess themselves of the Rich Manor of Plymstock which Childe had decreed to "the first that found and brought him to his tombe." Prince informs us that in his day a tomb stone with an inscription to the above effect was to be seen near Crockern Tor on Dartmoor. There is yet another part of the Abbey to be visited. Completely buried at one time in the dark ivy which is now removed to show the graceful spires appears one small turret rendered interesting by its carved oak ceiling and gothic windows ; a handsome archway beneath once formed an entrance to the refectory (or dining room) of the Monks. The archway is now used as a dairy in which is deposited the rich clouted cream and delicious milk, made of service in providing entertainment for his guests by mine host of the Hotel. The porch is surmounted by the arms of the Abbey. The refectory was granted by an Earl of Bedford to nonconformists, whose descendants still assemble (as above hinted) to worship in this place. We must leave its venerable precincts to pursue our wanderings by the river's side. Near the Abbey walk an ancient Gateway has been lately taken down, which is

supposed to have formed a private entrance to the gardens and orchard of the Abbey. · The embattled wall bounding “the walks :” for some distance has been generally known as “the Nun’s walk :” its great width enables two persons to move along it abreast. At one angle of this wall is a small tower distinguished as the still house of the monastery ; it remains perfect, being protected from injury in the garden of the Rev. E. A. Bray. A pretty weir near the bridge is formed by a dam for turning some of the water into an artificial canal. Farther down is another cascade :—a natural one, boiling and foaming by, as if scorning the small clear drops that trickle into its heaving bosom from a font, supposed from the remains of a broken cross by its side, to have been a holy well, belonging to the hermitage and chapel of St. John. Let us look at those umbrageous limes near dipping their bright green leaves into the foaming stream. Saw you ever a prettier picture than that rocky river would make, with its fringing wood, and sister font, and old Abbey walls ? It has afforded a subject for various artists who have lingered by these picturesque haunts.

A little further on and we are in a green field with the same glancing stream, bordered with firs and elms, and a withered oak, spreading out young and vigorous branches, even though the very heart of its trunk is decayed. A deep pool below tells a sad tale of some unhappy female who committed suicide by plunging into the still waters. We leave this gloomy scene to pass through two turn gates into the dusty public road from Plymouth ; but our steps are quickly directed to a shady lane, which conducts by a useful stile again into green fields. We are going to see Crowndale, the birthplace of the celebrated Sir Francis Drake. A short path over the soft grass, and a turn again in the lane, brings us to the desired spot. But the house in which the famous navigator was born is no longer remaining. In

its stead is a substantial farm, with its barns, and out-houses, and garden, and orchard, all very pleasant for those to look upon, who are accustomed to the monotony of a country town.* Still our curiosity is unsatisfied without tracing some memorial to the naval hero. Vainly we reason ourselves into the opinion that a great man lives in his works; that he has raised an undecaying monument in the memory of his glorious deeds. We desire a further intimacy with the noble of the earth; we would look into their domestic life; into the scenes of their youth; on the home which sheltered their early years, and nurtured their aspirations of glory to come. Disappointment follows our fruitless research, and we must fain content ourselves with admiring the peaceful seclusion of the spot; and enumerating the good deeds of one, whose memory hallows it. Sir Francis Drake was a hero of romance, even in his own day. He accomplished the then wonderful feat of sailing round the world; he distinguished himself as one of the gallant defenders of his country against the Spanish Armada; but the work for which he deserves most honour is least known. He undertook the apparently Herculean task in those days, of bringing water from Dartmoor into the town of Plymouth, by which the inhabitants now enjoy

* The following lines are inserted by one who was formerly an inhabitant of this quiet spot, CROWNDALE.

Dear are the sylvan bowers, that crown the dale
Of Tavy with their overshadowing arms,
And whisper to the birds, the tender tale
Of love, renewed with spring's returning charms.
A shade of glory haunts this native vale
Of gallant Drake; who, rous'd by war's alarms,
Sail'd round the ocean with the buoyant gale;
And foremost to disperse impending harms,
Repell'd the armada's host that came like swarms
Of locusts, to o'erwhelm Britannia's isle.
Now while the breast with proud remembrance warms,
We own the powers that make the landscape smile,
Celestial Peace, and Truth, whose might disarms
Those twins of darkness, violence, and guile.

a sufficient supply of the pure element. Let his philanthropic act be duly recorded, while we turn from the place of his birth, to view the scenes around.

Close by we are attracted by a homely, yet engaging picture. It is nature's own garden, possessing an entrance quite unique ; an old drawbridge has been thrown across the canal (already mentioned) which runs close by Crown-dale ; we have only to cross this bridge, and on the right is the orchard, putting forth its buds, the early harbingers of promise. Beneath the moss grown and picturesque branches of the apple trees, are blooming innumerable snowdrops, primroses, lent-lelies or daffodils, and scentless violets. They are growing even to the water's edge. How beautifully that large cluster of snowdrops is reflected in the calm stream ! But we must leave this gay scene to wander along the margin of the canal, observing on our left a beautiful valley, which breaks upon the view, formed by the windings of the Tavy. The rocks near Harts-hole jut out from amidst some short coppice on one side of the vale—on the other we see the light graceful foliage of Birch-wood—a famous resort for foxes as the country people aver ; the favourite haunt too, of happy urchins in nutting season, whose merry shouts resound through the wood as they climb for the rich brown clusters of hazel nuts which are plentiful there. Now the cuckoo begins its cheerful note ; nor is it allowed to die away unnoticed ; the rocks take up the strain ; a fine echo has made its dwelling there, and the whole valley reverberates with the melody. We hear the sound best from an iron aqueduct which conveys the water of the canal across the old Beerferris road. Soon after a pretty cascade attracts our attention, and at length we arrive at the termination of our walk where the canal is carried under ground by a tunnel of a mile and three quarters in length, which enables it to reach Morwellham quay (with which it is connected by an

inclined plane 240 feet high.) and deposit the goods, which are conveyed thither in its iron boats * to be again shipped and borne away by the Tamar. “The tunnel was opened in June 1817, having been completed at an expence of £68,000.” There is little inducement to pass through the gloomy hole, which forms an entrance to this subterranean passage, we will therefore retrace our steps homeward, admiring in our way the beautiful view presented at one turn of the canal by the town of Tavistock, with its church tower and surrounding trees, and the tors of Dartmoor beyond. Before leaving the banks of the canal we must notice some pleasant fields, (closely cropped by the nibbling sheep,) which in the fine summer evenings have been used as a cricket ground—They belong to Fitzford, an estate once possessed by the family of Fitz, but which like most part of the land in the neighbourhood of Tavistock, has passed into the hands of the Duke of Bedford. A gothic archway overgrown with ivy, part of an ancient barn, and some venerable trees, are all that remain to mark the grandeur of the mansion of the Fitzes. “Tradition relates, that John Fitz whose horoscope was overshadowed from his birth had the mischance to slay Sir Nicholas Slanning in a duel, which took place beneath the old gateway at Fitzford.† Having through continued ill fortune slain two

* The principal articles conveyed in them are Ore, Coal, and Lime.

+ On the monument to Sir Nicholas Slanning, which has but lately been taken down in Bickleigh Church, was the following epitaph, alluding to the fatal rencounter;

“*Idem eadis crat nostræ simul author et ulti,*
Trux homicida mei, mox homicida sui;
Quamq; in me primum, mox in se conditit ensem:
O nostrum, summi Judicis, arbitrium.”

Translated thus by Prince in his “Worthies of Devon:”

“He author of my murder was, and the revenger too,
A bloody murderer of me, and then himself he slew,
The very sword wich in mine first, he bathed in his own blood;
O ! of the highest Judge ‘twixt us, the arbitration good !”

other persons, Fitz in despair at length fell upon his own sword, and perished." His only daughter Mary, born in 1596, married successively four noble gentlemen. Her third husband was Sir Charles Howard, son of the Earl of Suffolk : Her last husband Sir Richard Grenville as we have before said, embraced the royal cause in the great Rebellion in 1644, and was attacked at Fitzford, by the Parliamentary General, the Earl of Essex. This is therefore the Lady Mary Howard, (properly Lady Grenville,) of ghostly memory.* Lady Grenville is said to have suffered as well as others from the tyranical disposition of Sir Richard; but she bears the stigma according to Mrs Bray in her "Tavy and Tamar," of having been an *unnatural mother*; what greater crime can be imputed to a woman?

*KEMPE'S NOTICES OF TAVISTOCK &c.—

In a meadow near the Tavistock gas station is a small building, erected over a spring which supplied the mansion of Fitzford with water. Mr. Kempe intimates that "the counterpart lease of a field, with liberty to John Fytz, Esq. to convey water from a fountain therein "in pipes of timber, lead, or otherwise," to his mansion house at Fitzford, dated 10th of Elizabeth, is extant in the archives of Tavistock parish."

SECOND WALK.

MOUNT TAVY, COXTOR, PETERTAVY, MARYTAVY, &c.

E may commence another walk by following the road to the moor, pausing on Vigo bridge to admire the pretty weir and fine old trees overshadowing it by the woollen factory. Mount Tavy, with its lawn, dotted by cattle and sheep, and its sheltering groves also wins our admiration.

Pursuing our way we look down on the vale of Parkwood; the noble façade of a house of Grecian architecture presents itself amidst surrounding shrubberies. On the opposite bank of the Tavy, the farm of Rowden is seen surmounted by a finely wooded promontory, which an experienced traveller has declared to equal anything of the kind in Italian scenery. Still farther on, the retreat of Tavy Cottage, with the house and plantations of Hazledon, and the little hamlets of Twobridges and Wilminstone appear, while the whole is backed by some noble tors, the pointed eminence by Tavycleaves called *par excellence* "Grat Tor," or Great Tor, rising in grandeur above the whole. The road now conducts to the entrance to Mount Tavy where we may admire a piece of water with a small island in the centre, shaded by drooping willows. Leaving the high road for a moment we turn

"View of Xian from west of Sanyang
in the 黑夜 (Black Day.)



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into the gate by Taveyton mills. Here is presented a miniature counterpart of the vale of Parkwood. The same overhanging woods on a smaller scale, the same green fields between, and a mimic Tavy sparkling and dancing on to supply the Mount Tavy pond, and then speeding apace to join the greater river. Retracing our steps, we proceed on our way, ascending one eminence after another reminding one of the Christian pilgrim's eternal "Hill of Difficulty," until a fresh gale plays upon us, and in a short time we are on the heath clad moor :

"A range of unappropriated earth
Where, unmolested wanderers, we behold
The shining giver of the day diffuse
His brightness o'er a tract of barren land.
Gay as our spirits, free as our desires
As our enjoyments boundless."

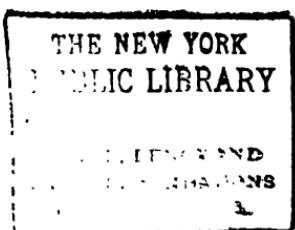
WORDSWORTH.

What delight to tread the soft turf,—to inhale the health-inspiring breeze, and to listen to the warbling of the lark as mounting to the clouds it fills the air with its ringing melody. The distance is greater than we imagined between the road and the summit of the hill,—the eye is so much deceived on this wild common. Then too, the latter part of the ascent is made difficult by rough blocks of granite scattered in wild confusion, over which we must scramble to gain the desired point. At length we have attained our wishes, and gaze with delight on the scene. I remember visiting it one morning before sunrise. A rich purple glow was spread over the whole landscape. One small eminence to the left was especially deep in shade; then streaks of red began to appear behind it; a golden hue succeeded, whilst a deep stillness prevailed around; suddenly the sun shot up, gilding the summit of each tor with yellow light, and at the same moment a lark sprang from its nest, and a breeze stirred the tops of the heath flowers;—all nature apparently

being called into life at the appearance of the God of day. A sleeping mist rolling from the valleys displayed the wide-spread landscape at our feet. On one side as far as the eye could reach, were cultivated patches of corn, interspersed with smiling fields, and small cottages, each one the centre of some scene of busy life ; the town of Tavistock appeared embosomed in its hills, and the river Tamar winding like a thread of silver between its wooded shores, until it reached the sea, which we could just discern with the promontory of Mount Edgcumbe in the distance. Turning to the other side we beheld the uncultivated moor frowning in solitary grandeur with its hundred tors and mountain streams, varied only by the hut of the turf cutter, or the withered trunk of a blasted tree. Such was the view that presented itself on the morning of our excursion to see the sun arise on the waste. Now every thing is smiling under the influence of its noon-tide beams ; we descend and seek shelter from its heat in the rocky lane which leads to the quiet farm of Southern-town. Here a colony of rooks are busy in forming their future homes ; what a scene of happy industry ! they are pulling hard at the tufts of wool on the black thorn, and collecting the broken twigs which lie scattered on the ground. They have settled on some noble elms, but we must not stop to admire them longer ; choosing the bye road that leads to the little village of Petertavy, we follow its windings passing Mr. Crossing's white cottage, and the neat parsonage-house, and arriving soon in view of the church tower, surrounded by its spreading trees.

“ Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
“ Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
“ The rude forefathers of the village sleep ; ”—

Quiet and undisturbed, save by the shouts of the merry boys who frequent the neighbouring school, is the small church-yard. In summer it is quite over-shadowed by





Old Mill at Peterony.

the umbrageous foliage of its protecting trees. Many rude tomb stones attract our notice for their quaint design, or curious epitaph. Quitting the low gate that forms an entrance to the hallowed ground, we descend a small declivity, and turning to the left arrive at a spot which has often been the subject of the artist's pencil. An ancient mill covered with ivy, and a rocky mountain brook with its rustic bridge once formed the picture. Now the old house is replaced by a new one, which, however neat in its design, and pretty in situation, does not please us so much as its predecessor ; such is the force and bond of old associations. Crossing the bridge we follow the mill-stream, admiring the green meadows and noble trees that border it, taking a sketch too of some old cottages, with a gate and trees, and soon after come upon the object of our search,—“the Combe;” a little gem of the kind, with its scattered rocks, and the same foaming stream, and another “clam” or a bridge formed of two rude flat stones, and a supporting rail. This conducts to a turf slope broken by masses of granite, seemingly hurled from the tor which crowns the height, and on one side encloses the valley. Camomile flowers, and wild thyme fill the air with fragrance, while the rocks are variegated with red and yellow lichen, the most beautiful that can be seen, and with green moss, as bright and soft as the richest velvet. A succession of mimic waterfalls resound through the valley ; in one spot, five can be seen at once, leaping in playful gambols above and around a blackened rock, whose summit is worn into a deep basin by the constant rush of the sportive stream. This is a fine place for a feast in the open air. Our provisions may be spread without fear of intruders, so secluded is the spot, altho' not above a quarter of a mile from the neighbouring village. As we retrace our steps from the head of the combe, we catch in the distance a fine view of the pointed eminence of

Brentor, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. The trees around the village church stand out cold and colourless, while the church itself looks more solemn and unearthly contrasted with the bright radiance. On leaving Petertavy we may wander homeward by its sister village of Marytavy. A pleasant walk unites the twin churches, which are as like as twins always are, with a *shade of difference* which a stranger at a distance could scarcely perceive. There is the same tower turning eastward to present its orisons to the rising sun, the same number of roofed aisles with a projecting chancel; a similar church-yard with surrounding trees; and a cross at the gate of each, once showed that the edifices were erected under the rule of Catholicism. But the cross at Petertavy is there no longer; that at Marytavy is still to be seen. The trees at Petertavy are umbrageous limes, planted in regular order around the church-yard, and growing in as perfect symmetry as if cropped by a skilful gardener in the avenues of Versailles. Those at Marytavy are detached noble looking sycamores spreading their crooked branches here and there and every where, totally regardless of prescribed forms, but setting forth all the loveliness of nature. The villages are alike straggling and dirty, painful to examine when near, but like squalled poverty looking well in a picture. They are only "haf a mile apreat" so the miners say, but it may be a Cornish half mile, which is half as long again as a Devonshire one. A pleasant walk it is that unites them, first between close hedge-rows, and then opening upon a valley unique in its character, as radiant in beauty. The Tavy here flows by a line of rocks which rises precipitously like the wall of an ancient castle. So perfect is the resemblance that you look for the turreted battlements above, and may fancy the old warder sounding his horn to announce the arrival of strangers to the lordly tenants within. On the nearer bank of the stream is "the keep," an isolated



Cham. Pierary.



rock, matted with ivy and creeping plants, and crowned with the feathery boughs of the mountain ash. I remember passing through the valley on a fine autumnal afternoon, when this rock presented a very different scene from its present solitary grandeur. A field preacher had happily chosen a jutting point on the eminence for his temporary pulpit, and there he stood like a Druid of old, sending forth his exhortations to the assembled villagers, who in holiday attire were seated in groups on the sward beneath. There was something very striking in the aspect of these rustic worshippers. The preacher was a young enthusiastic man; his voice sounded well in the open air; and as he stood bare-headed on the projecting rock, pointing to the unclouded heavens above him. My mind (unconsciously comparing small things with great) reverted to the figure of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, and even to that of our blessed Lord himself delivering his sermon on the mount to the hushed multitudes. It was in scenes such as this that our Saviour delighted to wander, gathering pearls from the sea-shore, and treasures from the lilies of the field. "Behold how they grow" exclaimed he to his Disciples, "they toil not neither do they spin," and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I have seen a crowded audience in a fashionable conventicle hanging on the words of a popular preacher:—I have beheld the imposing rites of catholic worship in a gilded and proudly decorated foreign Cathedral:—I have listened to the eloquence of a Chalmers, or an Alison, and heard the elevated strain of French pulpit oratory, but never was my mind so impressed with the solemnity of divine worship as when gazing on the field preacher, lifting up his voice in the grand temple of nature, and by the simple words of scripture, raising the souls of villagers to a communion with their God. The impression made upon us when

on descending towards the river their mingled voices in hymns of praise arose with softened harmony will never be forgotten. When we reached the long rustic bridge or "clam" which crosses the stream the worshippers were hidden from our view, but still their chaunt of adoration sounded in our ears and hallowed the lovely scenery we looked upon. We paused on the centre of the bridge and following with our eyes the windings of the stream as it came tumbling and roaring through its broken channel, saw another line of rocks rising from one bank, while the other was fringed to the water's edge with thickly entangled wood. Being noted scramblers we were tempted to turn back, and try the hidden recesses of "the sylvan shades" which were easily gained by wading through marshes cunningly concealed by the shining foliage. However we accomplished our design, and contrived to wander as far as an old ruined mill whose "dizzying wheel" I believe has rest for ever. Many tempting little "bits" would have arrested our pencil, had we not thought it time to journey homewards. Having traversed the clam, and passed a deserted mine, once known as South Wheal Friendship, where much of the riches of the neighbourhood lie buried, "full fifty fathoms deep," we found our way through some corn fields, catching another distant view of the village of Petertavy and the Combe, and proceeded through a brake, and by the pretty farm of Edyemead, to Harford bridge. The shadows deepened as we proceeded on our road; and the landscape was mellowed into one hazy mass by the soft twilight, but we were cheered by the loud "harvest home" of the reapers, and the shrill whistle of the black-bird as it chaunted its vesper hymn to nature. We returned home by the Oakhampton road;—I would advise all pedestrians to follow the same course through the fields to Harford bridge, as the high-way by Wheal Friendship mine (of which more anon) is long and tiresome.

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Old Bridge on the Malham: near Gartmorn

WALK THE THIRD.

WALREDDON, CONFLUENCE OF THE TAVY AND WALKHAM, VIRTUOUS LADY MINE, ABBOTT'S WEIR, &c.

"A broader flood
Soon Tavy pours ; for lo ! the Walkham comes,
Swoll'n by fresh brooklets from the deep-seemed hills
To mingle with his waters."

CARRINGTON.

N our third walk we may leave Tavistock by the Plymouth road, and turning off a short way beyond the turnpike, enter a lane which leads to Walreddon,* an old estate belonging to the family of the Courtenays. There is little at first to interest us in our walk, except the quiet mill and cottage of Brook, and a few peeps to be caught of the vale of the Tavy through the breaks in the high hedges.

At length a neat lodge in the Elizabethan style marks the approach to Walreddon House. This handsome mansion is supposed to be of great antiquity; the hall now converted to a Dining room, is wainscotted, and ornamented

* It was brought to Fytz of Fytzford by the Lady Elizabeth Courtenay, who married John Fytz, but returned to the original owners by the will of the daughter of John Fytz, commonly but erroneously called Lady Howard.

with the arms of Edward the 6th carved in oak. The other apartments have been modernized; a number of crooked staircases and small sleeping rooms denote as usual the curious architectural taste of former days. From the lawn in front a beautiful view of the wooded vale is presented, crowned by the noble rocks in the neighbourhood of Harts' Hole.

On leaving Walreddon we pursue the road behind the house until it terminates in a common, which is known as West Down. Hence the eye wanders over an extensive tract of country as far as the well-marked promontory of Mount Edgcombe. A rough track leads from West Down to a retired nook, where, sheltered by the overhanging heights, is the confluence of the Tavy and the Walkham. Two gentle rivers are they in this favoured spot. The Tavy glides around a promontory of great sylvan loveliness, and flows softly onward to meet its murmuring tributary. The peculiar beauty of this confluence gave rise to the following poem on

THE WATER'S MEET.

VALE OF THE TAVY.

The meeting of the waters,
With murmurs low and sweet!
Like beauty's modest daughters,
When first they kindly greet.

The mountain o'er them bending,
The bank of radiant flow'rs,
To each a shadow lending,
Unite their magic pow'rs.

The bird above them winging
His flight to realms of day,
In liquid measure singing,
Repeats their soothing lay.

The Zephyr, gently stealing,
Glides o'er their mingled streams,
Whose fairy chimes are pealing,
Like music in our dreams.

A magic charm has bound them
Within their channel deep,
With earth's strong arms around them,
Still murmuring, they sleep.
A sunny ray is glancing
Athwart the shady trees,
On the still waters dancing,
Or waving in the breeze.
Oh mem'ry oft steals o'er us,
Bringing that valley sweet,
Where aye in chiming chorus,
The sister rivers meet.

Crossing the Walkham by a rude clam, and another little stream by even a smaller foot bridge, we pursue our way towards the curious mine by some odd conceit ycleped "The Virtuous Lady." And surely no virtuous lady had ever a brighter home than this. There are crystal gems around her on every side: a small rill forms a sparkling cascade as it bounds from the hill tops to turn the works of the mine, and the waters of the Tavy below throw up pearly drops of every hue as they foam over the dam formed in ages long past and from some old association called the "Abbot's Weir"; it is probable that the monks, who appear never to have been backward in catering for good cheer, constructed the dam for the convenience of fishing, in the time of some sainted abbot, who bestowed his benediction and name on the scene of their labors. Another interpretation for the nomenclature has been given in the following lines :

THE ABBOT'S WEIR.

The Abbot riseth at break of day,
And duly foldeth his hands to pray,
But his thoughts are wandering far away,
He hath had a wondrous dream.

And his fancy seeketh a certain cave
Hard by the Tavy's rushing wave,
Its hidden treasures he fain would have.
Shall he follow the guiding stream ?

The Abbot's matins are quickly said,
The mass is sung, the prayers are read,
And he giveth thanks for his daily bread
With a calm and thoughtful mien : -
But his mind is troubled with sore unrest,
He pondereth how he may journey best,
For the Abbot with goodly cheer is blest,
And he quickly tires, I ween.

Shall he wander on foot by the rocky shore,
Bearing besides, his secret store
Of things more needful than learned lore
To an Abbot of high degree ?
Or shall he bestride his faithful mule,
That, bred in a stately monkish school,
Is happy to do all things by rule,
So that his will agree.

The Abbot mounteth with subtle grace,
And moveth awhile with steady pace,
Then speedeth, as he would try a race
With the fast out-stripping wind.
But soon he reacheth the Tavy's side,
And now with caution he fain must ride,
Lest he haply bathe in the flowing tide,
To which he is not inclined.

Through bush and briar, "o'er stock and stone"
The Abbot wendeth his way alone,
His brethren wot not where he is gone,
T'were heinous sin to spy.
Though they watched to see what course he'd take,
His stern command they dare not break,
Lest with mighty penance their bones should ache,
So their daily task they ply.

Meanwhile the Abbot has gained the spot,
Where a bending vale with beauty fraught,
Concealed by its verdure the magic grot,
Close by the rushing stream.

Thick woods arising on every side
Display the rock, that with frowning pride,
And flowers enwreathed, their boughs divide,
As in the Abbot's dreams.

He fordeth the wave with anxious care,
Uttering meanwhile a fervent pray'r,
Until he hath passed a narrow weir,
By the boiling waters made.
The river above is still and deep,
But through this channel the billows sweep,
And so a constant roar they keep,
Resounding through the glade.

The Abbot has reached his wished-for goal,
And now he is standing with fallen cowl,
In wonder eyeing the murky hole ;
And striking the flinty rock.
The well dealt blows through the cavern rung,
And as in the air the hammer swung,
The vaulted roof hath found a tongue,
And echoeth to the shock.

Down come the clattering stones apace,
The Abbot repeateth a saving grace,
And bending to see if ore he can trace,
Now starteth with glad surprize ;
Presented to his delighted view
He findeth the print of a fairy shoe,
And crystal boxes of varied hue,
He seizeth the tempting prize :

" Now Virtuous Lady ! these first are thine
" I'll lay them with joy on thy sacred shrine,
" So grant thy aid that the rest are mine,
" And Benedicite !
Once more he aimeth his blows aright
You might have deemed some valiant knight
With giant monster was close in fight;
So loudly worketh he.

Meanwhile the mule hath crop'd the grass,
And gazed at his form in the watery glass,
He doubteth the Abbot forgetteth mass,
And peereth about to see.

His master pauseth to take some breath,
"Tis getting late, I must stop" he saith,
Then turneth about as pale as death,
At hearing a loud "He He."

When he leaveth the cave it is dark as jet,
The Abbot beginneth to fume and fret,
And mounteth his mule in a towering pet,
For his lamp will quickly fail;
Now Virtuous Lady, support his need,
The Abbot is spurring his faithful steed,
That ambleth on with greatest speed,
While the monk does nought but rail.

Down o'er the slippery banks they dash,
And through the foaming river splash,
The mule not liking the constant lash,
And heavy weight he bore ;
Raising his head with sullen air,
Flung off the monk in the roaring weir,
Whither he went was not *his* care,
So *he* reached the distant shore.

What next the drowning priest befell,
It is not in my power to tell,
His body was found in the boiling hell,
Weigh'd down by his treasures rare,
A spirit still haunteth the sacred spot,
And knocketh for ore in our Lady's grot,
Where fairy boxes and shoes are wrought,
Close by "The Abbot's Weir".

True enough is it, that "fairy boxes and shoes are wrought" in this wonder-working mine. The learned and curious from all parts have regarded with surprize these grotesque specimens of nature's workmanship. In some odd freak assuredly has she formed this pointed arch, or old lady's shoe, as you may please to designate it. These boxes too,—can any hollow cube formed by the most elaborate effort of art be more perfect ? Within are preserved, safe from all injury, crystals, rising like some precious plant with tubercles of copper for their root. Nor are these the only treasures of this most eccentric

mine. Capped spar or quartz ; and the most beautiful specimens of copper are here raised. No one will regret a visit to this favoured nook, however difficult of access it may be. Strangers can enter the mine by an inclined plane without much inconvenience. Many adventurous damsels have sought its hidden recesses, and have traversed its gloomy passages lighted by a flickering candle, to view the workmen in their dingy gear boring like the mole through the deep caves of the earth. A hero of Navarino some time since contrived to explore these nether regions of Pluto (or rather of *Plutus*) treading the ladders which occasionally assist the descent with the usual dexterity of a sailor, while he held his candle aloft with his only remaining arm. With naval politeness "he regretted that he had thus *no arm* to offer to the ladies." Never having performed this feat myself, I can boast only of having ventured to the entrance of the mine to examine the original excavations made in ages long past. A murky cavern it is, with the ruins of a sooty black-smith's forge still remaining : where the Cyclops once pursued their ponderous labours. A hole in the rock above afforded egress for the smoke. A cottage belonging to the captain of the mine is built upon the edge of the cliff overlooking the Abbot's Weir, and commanding a beautiful prospect of the vale.* A complete picture of the workings of a mine above ground, is seen by looking from this eminence on the platform by the river beneath. There are the pits in which the ore is washed : the various sheds in which it is sorted ; and the stamping mills in which it is ground to powder ; then the creaking of the machinery

* Since writing the above, the late kind and obliging occupant of this cottage, Mr. Martin, nephew of Captain Williams, and superintendent of the mine, has met with an awful and sudden death by the falling in of a shaft, which he was in the act of inspecting. Well may we speak of the *horrors of mining* when such fearful and melancholy events take place.

is heard as it bends to and fro. The water wheels too are in constant motion. Men, women, and children, are actively employed. And around are profusely scattered some of the most romantic beauties of nature. Such a striking *home scene* is seldom to be witnessed. The woods and rocks on the right bank of the river are singularly beautiful; they are gained by one of those picturesque *clams* or long wooden bridges formed of one plank, to which we have already alluded, and which are so frequently thrown across our noisy streams; adding much to the effect of the landscape.

Having crossed the *clam* we find ourselves on a spot signalized by a curious encounter which once took place between the former masters of the soil. An old document, which I have been kindly permitted to peruse, having put me in possession of the particulars of the scene; I may here be allowed to introduce them as affording an insight into the manners of the monastic brethren, as well as giving additional interest to the place.

It appears that the wood, called Black-moreham Wood, belonged to the Abbot of Tavistock; the Weir beneath, called the Abbot's Weir, to the Abbot of Buckland. Thomas de Gryrebond was appointed "Forrester to keep the wood, of the Abbot his master, of Black-moreham" and on a certain Friday before the feast Decollation in the 8th year of the reigning king, the same Thomas came into the wood at a place called Ivy Oak and found to his dismay and anger Robert the Abbot of Buckland with many of his "comonks" amongst whom is mentioned "Robert Cohum keeper of the Palfries of the said Abbot" felling and destroying the oaks growing there, to the damage of the Abbot of Tavistock his Lord. When Thomas, according to the law and custom of the country, wished to prevent these marauders; the Abbot of Buckland with his companions stood on the defensive, and with hatchets, insulted, beat, and robbed him:

wounding him in the right arm with an arrow made of ash, headed with iron and steel, and robbing him of a certain outer garment called a coat! Whereupon the Abbot of Tavystoke instituted a suit against the Abbot of "Bokeland." The defendants appeared in court, (all the comonks) and pleaded that the Abbot of Buckland had a certain *weir* in the *Water of Tavy*, and that he ought to have from the wood of Blakemoreham as much branches as were necessary to repair the same weir, and that he had sent William de Norwy a certain monk of his, with Brother Nicholas and others to cut down branches for repairing the aforesaid weir. Also that Thomas de Gryreband insulted and attacked them; upon which the men of Buckland defended themselves, and one of them (whose name was luckily unknown) shot the unfortunate Thomas with an arrow in the arm. At this he fled leaving his coat, bow, and hatchet, which William de Norwy and John de la Burgh carried away, and they did it *not as a robbery*; as the same Thomas left them there in their custody. It seems that the defendants were aquitted on paying a fine of one mark; Thomas the Forester also paid a find of $1\frac{1}{2}$ mark *as a pledge* (of his keeping the peace?) From this affray we may judge of the state of the country; when weapons of offence and defence, "darts, and bows and arrows" were commonly carried to protect the inhabitants against their neighbours.

It is pleasant to return from the Virtuous Lady through the woods, following the windings of the Tavy below Walreddon, and passing through another sequestered vale in which is the neglected machinery of the William and Mary mine.

FOURTH WALK.

KILWORTHY, HEATHFIELD, PIXIE'S POOL, INA'S COOMBE,
WILMINSTONE.

"The visions rise
Of centuries long flown."

UR course may be next directed to the ancient mansion of Kilworthy, well known to every reader of Mrs. Bray's admirable novel of Fitzford, as a former seat of the Glanvilles. Passing the Temperance Hotel we gain one of those perpendicular hills, which our wise forefathers chose to ascend in a straight line, to the imminent hazard of all who follow in their steps. A pretty residence has been lately erected, half way up the ascent by Mr. Abraham commanding a sweet view of "the little Teave," as Camden calls it, winding from Dartmoor on the one side, to Morwell Down on the other. I have often noticed, from the ancient bowling green on the summit of the hill, the curious effect produced, when a sea of mist from the river filled up the valley, while the lamps gleamed faintly through the thick haze.

Pursuing our way we arrive at a narrow lane thickly bordered by wild flowers, and overshadowed by a noble row of limes, whose graceful blossoms fill the air with



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fragrance. At the distance of half a mile, we enter the Park field, which conducts to the object of our research. "Kilworthy is a gentle house" asserts honest John Prince, and the saying may be repeated even in our more fastidious days. Kilworthy is a proper and *genteel* residence for all who love country quarters. Encircled by groups of noble forest trees,—here a line of chestnuts lifting their glowing blossoms in the air, spring after spring with never-tiring beauty, there a few stately yews waving their sombre boughs in triumph over the storms of a hundred winters: in that mossy dell the gnarled roots of some towering oaks fixed with the strength of adamant in their kindred soil; and at a distance a grove of elms, affording shelter to a colony of ever clamorous rooks; all around speaks to the eye, if not to the ear, of the venerable antiquity of the place. Then the well-shaven green, the rising terraces, the prim garden, the ancient summer-houses with carved heads frowning on "each dainty dame who whilome took pleas-aunce therein," present beauties to all who are not wholly prejudiced in favour of the sad *innovations* of the nineteenth century. I confess myself a lover of the good old times, (at least in retrospection) an air of sanctity is connected with them, and in imagination I would willingly replenish the earth with its ancient customs and people:—how far *reality* might dissipate my dream of felicity I leave wiser persons than myself to guess. Old places certainly have their charms, and Kilworthy not less than others; even the cumbrous stable, dotted with pigeon holes, and decorated with relics of the sportsman's skill, impresses the beholder with an idea of the respectability of the mansion to which it belongs.

The interior of Kilworthy presents a picture of those incongruities in which our ancestors sometimes loved to indulge. Narrow passages and wide staireases, a wainscotted hall, and small and large rooms are mingled

together in most admirable confusion. That hall, where in bygone days, moved with courtly dignity the noble races of Glanville and Manaton, has since resounded with the joyful shouts of a tribe of merry boys : the light-hearted pupils of the dominie of the place. Many juvenile feats in the surrounding meadows, "when toil remitting lent its turn to play," may be even now remembered by staid parsons, or careworn merchants, who were once chief actors in each frolic of the hour. The sailor too, parading with dignity his own quarter deck, may recall the time when, swinging from bough to bough of some tall elm in "the rookery," he sought to gain the well-built nest of our cawing neighbours, or aimed to rock his slight weight on the topmost branch, and indulge in a day-dream of naval glory to come. The author bending over his literary labours, may now perhaps sigh for a breath of the pure Dartmoor air, he once enjoyed, to cool his fevered and anxious brow.

Curious indeed are the vicissitudes of places as well as of persons. The manor of Kilworthy with everything belonging thereunto has passed from the families of Glanville and Manaton, and all that remain (besides tradition) to mark their former possession are the coats of arms decorating the eastern entrance, thus exhibiting, even in faded grandeur, "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power." "These armorial bearings are painted on wood and in good preservation; they were originally placed in the hall but to make room for some (so called) improvements, they were taken down and thrown into a lumber room, from whence the present occupiers of the house with much good taste had them removed, varnished, and fixed, where they may be seen though not to the best advantage. The coats of arms are well executed as far as painting is concerned, but there are inaccuracies in their arrangement which a person who knows anything of heraldry will not fail to discover. Just within the

eastern entrance in a sort of passage are the arms of Glanville and Manaton impaled with those of several old and celebrated families (principally Cornish) with whom they have matched ; in another passage on the left hand are the arms of some of those families not impaled." Amongst the proud names thus recorded as having been connected with the former owners of the place, we may mention those of Godolphin, Courtenay, Rolle of Heanton, Kelly, Edgcumbe, Carew, Carminow, Tremayne, Esse or de Esse.

The following quaint story, as intending to illustrate an event of some importance connected with the ancient inhabitants of the place, may be introduced here, with due apology for the anachronism, committed on the authority of old John Prince, in placing the erection of Kilworthy at an earlier date, than is warranted by other accounts.

"THE LADYE WINIFRED."

Now it happened in the 9th year of the reign of good King James, of "happie memorie," that a great feast was holden at Kilworthy, a pleasant and genteel house, belonging to that worthy knight Sir John Glanville ; and there were invited his neighbours both of high and low degree to take part in the games and sports of the day. Many and grevious were the troubles of the Ladye Winifred Glanville in catering for the goodly entertainment of her guests ; and in hastening the labours of her hand-maidens, who truly (as hand-maidens have been and and ever will be) were sad plagues to the ever busy and ever anxious house-wife. Dame Winnie was well instructed in every gentle craft of that time ; the delicate drapery grew beneath her pliant fingers ; her skill in cross stitch, and back stitch, hem stitch, and side stitch, could not be denied ; her knowledge of herbs and simples was admirable ; besides which she at times dabbled in chirurgery, as may be known from an ancient well favoured portrait,

which exhibits our notable dame operating with careful attention on the bare head of some rustic sorely troubled with aches and pains in that quarter ; and if in the book-learning of Ladye Winifred there were many deficiencies assuredly it was made up by the deep lore of her husband ; and if she *did* show a little pride in being the mistress of so fair a manor, it was counterbalanced by the admirable humility of her worthy spouse. "Remember sweet-heart," would he say, "we are but stewards of a great master : it is our part to make a careful ministration of his many gifts, and to him be all honor due."

On the morning of the coming feast, Winifred arose at cock-crowing, and with her tire woman Cicely, proceeded to inspect the arrangements for the day. She slowly descended the grand stair-case leading to the entrance hall, and viewed again and again the massive board, groaning beneath the weight of shining plate. She proceeded to the kitchen, well garnished with trenchers, where red-faced cook-maids laboured to prepare savoury viands for their lady's table : and some positively affirm that the Lady Winifred did not disdain to plunge her own dainty fingers in the whitened meal, for the sake of fashioning with curious art, sundry pasties and comfitures, pleasant to the eye as sweet to the taste of those who were destined to regale thereon. Lastly, after worthily bedecking herself in sacque and tucker, she proceeded to the with-drawing room, prepared to pay all due honour to her numerous guests. Surely pride swelled the heart of Dame Winifred and lurked in her bright eye, as she saluted, with swimming grace, the various groups who crowded to do honour to their hostess. Then began the pastimes of the day. There were cock-fighting and bull-baiting for the gentlemen, and archery or scandal for the ladies, and about noon, a banquet in the hall was announced, which was welcomed right willingly both by dame and squire. Now to this same

feast had been invited Sir Francis Glanville, elder brother of the worthy Sir John (the same who, by his ill conduct, lost the favour of his father and the fair estate of his family; for that just parent seeing that his eldest son was prodigal and foolish, committed the care of his property to his second child, who carefully preserved the same until his brother, Sir Francis, had repented of his mis-deeds, which was about the time of which I write.) Then when all the guests had place according to their respective ranks, from the highest to the lowest, the Lady Winifred was impatient to remove the covers, and display to their wondering eyes the good cheer and hospitality of her lord; but Sir John gently restrained her anxiety, and addressing his brother, desired him to uncover the dish before him, which he doing, the company were surprised to find it full of writings: whereupon Sir John told them, that he was now to do what he was sure his father would have done, if he had lived to see that happy change which they now all saw in his brother; and therefore he here freely restored to him the whole of the estate. Saying thus he left his seat, amidst the pleasure and admiration of his brother and friends, and the ill-concealed grief of the Lady Winifred who had stood like a statue during the whole of her husband's harangue, with eyes and mouth distended wide swallowing with horror the words, as each one gave a fatal blow to all her dignity and pride. Poor dame Winny! it was thought she would never recover the shock, but vanity made her swallow the bitter pill, and she footed it with the new heir as feately through a merry dance as any lady of her rank in the hall; and, as for Sir John, we could say with truth not a heart was lighter, or a step more gay than his that night; and the praise of his generous deed has been heard through all the country round, from that time forth even unto the present day.

A more tragical relation belongs to the family of

Glanville, upon which Mrs. Bray's novel of Fitzford is partly founded. It is said that the daughter of Judge Glanville was so lost to a sense of love and morality, that in an hour of temptation, she murdered her husband. As the story goes, it appears that she was tried for this heinous crime by her own father, who like Brutus of old, sternly condemned his guilty child to death. At the time this sad tragedy was enacted, Kilworthy was not built. It was erected some time after by the son of this rigid but upright judge. The monument of the Glanvilles, as I have before mentioned is still to be seen in the parish church at Tavistock. Very excellent accommodations are now afforded at Kilworthy for those who desire a short sojourn in this pleasant vicinity, and we cannot do better than recommend the lover of the picturesque to make his domicile under the hospitable roof which is so fortunately opened to him. The neighbourhood of Kilworthy affords rich treasures for the Botanist. The mosses and ferns, on the old walls and hedges, are especially valuable; I have seen them in no place growing in greater profusion, or in more luxuriant beauty; In one lane called by right distinction Snow-drop lane, these "fair creatures" every spring throw a snowy carpet, upon which all who enter must perforce tread, so thickly are the flowers strewn.—Close by, an orchard is glowing with the gaudy yellow of daffodils or lent lillies, and every bank is gemmed with starry primroses, and the deep blue but scentless violet. Further pursuing his researches the floral rambler may traverse the farm-yard, made musical by "the melodie of the fowlis" as Lady Julia Barnes has it, and stopping to admire a few noble but ancient and grotesque firs, which throw their shade on a delicious well and its adjoining pond, follow the lane which turns by some fine French walnut trees, and take the old and time worn, but seldom trodden road to Heathfield. How the Glanvilles in their cumbrous

vehicles could get along this rocky way, it is difficult to imagine, but one would suppose they contrived to accomplish this feat, as the road terminates in a handsome gateway, ornamented by massive stone pillars.

Another obstacle in the way of carriage passengers is a clear and sparkling brook, beneath whose shelving sides, the trout leap in playful sportiveness. A number of fine old trees overshadow the stream, and appear to greater advantage from the barren aspect of the neighbouring moor ; the bright green verdure of the brook is also contrasted with the rich brown hues of the glowing heath. What pleasure to ramble at will, gathering handfuls of the graceful heather, amongst whose fairy bells the bee rustles her busy wing, winding her small horn as she “sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.” What delight to discover a precious bunch of the beautiful coral lichen, which grows in abundance on this heath ! Here have I watched the cunning hare, dart from her hiding place, amidst the thick furze, and speed like the wind before the fierce and hot chase of her pursuers. What an animated scene is a hunt on such a spot as this on a fine frosty morning in December, when every twig bends beneath its weight of sparkling diamonds, and the clear cold air braces the nerves, preparing them for the most lengthened exertion. Then the dogs fly past with their stirring cry, while the cheerful horn sounds over hill and dale, and the hunters in their gay attire follow “hard” after their scudding prey.

Far is it from my wish to advocate the cruelty, which would worry a poor animal to the death ; yet I cannot help feeling a glow of animation, which carries away my better judgment in witnessing a hunt on such a morning as the one described. Here too we have often watched

The Gipsey’s faggot—as we stood and gazed ;”

We *have* done so, I say for alas ! for the vagrant tribes of the earth we can do so no longer. The march of improvement has extended even to this secluded spot.

The wand of industry has passed over the scene, and gipsies, huntsmen, and heath-flowers are beheld no longer. “A change comes o'er the spirit of the dream;”—but in describing early recollections I had almost forgotten it. Now I remember my regret at visiting this same spot a short time since, and finding our favourite resort so altered. A rough but newly made road covered with sharp stones had replaced the rocky way which once led to the heath; the shelving banks of the stream were levelled to make way for the same track; most of the trees were gone for the same purpose, and a *bran* new gate, replaced the dingy red one, which had swung on its rusty hinges for so many years before. I could scarcely recognize the spot again, but some familiar initials on one of the remaining trees assured me I was not mistaken; besides in the hedge near was a land-mark, which could not have been removed. On a large moor stone were deeply engraven the letters F 1652 G and F M 1720.* This relic of the former possessors of the land was still left. But the heath, and the flowers, and the furze-bush for the cunning hare were all gone. Enclosures on every side protected fields of springing corn, and pasture land from the rough colts and rougher cattle that once wandered at will over the rugged heath. Young plantations arose in the distance and cottages were appearing in various directions.

Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,
Like separated stars with clouds between.” WORDSWORTH.

Plenty seemed gradually rewarding the continued labours of the philanthropist and husbandman;—but alas! for the warped fancy of human nature; it *will* turn to its own hearth fire and to the sunny beams of early recollection. I must confess my selfishness and say that I

* Francis Glanville and Francis Manaton.

regretted the change. But let that pass.—We must now return to Kilworthy, and follow the windings of the Walla to Pixies'-pool, a famous spot in a most delightful glade at a short distance from the house. A watery lane or rather the channel of a winter torrent leads to it, where grow the most luxuriant feather moss, and the pretty yellow pile-wort. We pass “the Nursery” a fine spot for young trees, where also the earliest and finest hedge strawberries are always found, and pick our way over ledges of rock worn into steps by the force of the water, and over the gnarled roots of the fine old trees which bound the walk, until we arrive at a wooded dingle in whose depths the small stream which we saw on Heathfield forms itself into a deep pool, and then flows onward beneath a rustic bridge, and through the secret recesses of the glade—The trees dotting a rich turf slope on one side, are most graceful in their form, and umbrageous in their foliage. Their roots project here and there, and have even interwoven themselves with the rude masonry of the bridge, binding by their strong ligatures the stones, which would otherwise have long since crumbled into decay. I never saw a spot which realized more the exquisite picture of sylvan beauty shadowed forth in a small scene from Boccacio, designed by the famous Stoddard. South-down bridge is just suited to be the resort of the fairies or of some such aerial beings. In a certain tale written to illustrate the gleaming beauty of the scene, a supernatural origin is thus given to the bridge. “The queen of the fairies proceeded with her wondering train to the borders of the clear stream, bending over the font for one moment, she gazed musingly on its pellucid waters; then gathering together a portion of the liquid store, she flung it high into the air; the drops descending caught the rays of the pale moon, and formed a rainbow. “For ever, for ever,” repeated Ina, waving her sceptre over the glittering bow. Stopped in its course

the falling moisture remained suspended in the air, touching on either side the shelving banks of the stream. Gradually it changed its form, stones of mighty size replaced the trembling drops, and with wonder and delight the fairies beheld—a bridge. Then arose a shout of joy from the elfin crew ; they bounded on the object of their admiration ; they decked it with moss and fern ; they hid themselves in frolic beneath its spreading arch.” * I must apologize for introducing such a lengthy detail of a favourite subject, and after remarking an old fish pond now almost dry, which we may suppose formerly supplied the “gentles” of Kilworthy with fish, we proceed along the fine undulating pastures of South down, and amidst flocks of nibbling sheep bend our steps homeward. The road or rather the apology for one, conducts to a small common, known by the name of Many Buts ; or many *ends*, where several roads terminate. Here in the time of the Peace in 1814, bonfires blazed, and the people of Tavistock partook of good cheer to celebrate an event hailed with such general rejoicing. A noble view is gained of the surrounding country from this elevated situation. One or two circular pits still remaining would leave us to suppose that beacon-fires were formerly kindled in this spot. Coxtor and the succeeding eminence might easily have answered the signal as they are all visible ; indeed the ruins of a stone beacon is still to be seen on Coxtor. Leaving Many Buts we traverse a long “Devonshire Lane,” which by numerous turnings conducts to the little hamlet of Wilminstone. Beyond this the old Okehampton road forms a natural terrace which commands a view of great beauty. It has often struck me as presenting an apt picture of the progress of cultivation.—In the distance is the barren

* From Queen Ina, the last of the Faires. By R. E.

moor, with its craggy rocks, and rugged wastes on which the plough has never traced a furrow, or the skill of man been exerted. Nearer the straggling pastures around the village of Petertavy show marks of rising industry ; nearer still, appear the fertile corn fields, and rich meadows around the picturesque farms of Wilminstone ; while immediately before the eye of the spectator are laid out the closely shaven lawns and tasteful shrubberies of Hazeldon and Tavy-Cottage.

Pursuing our way we pass the termination of the valley of Ina's Coombe, where the Walla again appears forming a beautiful bath in its windings through the adjacent wood, and turning the ever busy wheel of Two-bridge Mill.* The pedestrian may at Two-bridges either follow the old, or turn to the new Okehampton road, which runs through the vale of Parkwood. Supposing we take the latter course we must not fail to remark a sturdy oak, which has withstood the fierce storms of many hundred winters, and still lifts its head proudly with its crown of leaves, as certainly as the spring comes round. "Oh spare that aged oak" I should ever exclaim to the possessor of the soil. The loss of such a tree in a landscape

* The poet Browne thus describes the scene of its wanderings.

"There lyes a vale extended to the north
Of Tavy's streme, which (prodigall) sends forth
In autumn more rare fruits than have heene spent
In any greater plot of fruitful Kent.
Two high brow'd rockes on eyther side begin,
As with an arch to close the valley in,
Upon their rugged fronts short writhen oakes
Untouched by any feller's banefull stroakes,
The ivy, twisting round their barkes, hath fed
Past time wylde goates which no man followed,
Low in the valley some small herds of deere,
For head and footmanship withouten peere
Fed undisturb'd. The swaines that thereby thriv'd,
By the tradition from their sires deriv'd,
Call'd it sweet Ina's coombe : "

A true picture of the place described.

can never be replaced. We may erect houses, and plant shrubberies, but many centuries must pass before the bending sapling can attain the growth, or aspire to the title of "Monarch of the forest." At a short distance from this "old familiar tree" is the meeting of the Tavy and the Walla.

Two questions to the latter stream may perhaps be inserted here.

TO THE WALLA.

Oh river, murmuring river,
Singing and dancing ever.
Hast thou e'er been
With thy silver stream,
Where the orange blossoms quiver ?
Were thy waters distilled from the orient dew,
In a marble fountain of varied hue ?
Statues of gold did thy bright drops lave ?
Has art e'er coloured thy sparkling wave ?
Were the lulling notes of thy waterfall,
Caught from the music of beauty's call ?

Not so, kind lady, not so indeed,
My home has been with the rush and weed,
My waters sprang from the barren moor
Where stormy rains the dark clouds pour ;
On roughest granite their treasures fell,
And thence my silvery waters well.
I bathed the foot of the stately tor,
And learnt my music from Nature's war.
The course of my mimico cataract
A furious mountain torrent tracked.

Oh river, mountain river,
Dearer to me than ever,
Where wilt thou go
With thy crest of snow,
Which the black rocks dare to sever ?
Wilt thou wander in one unbroken line
Through groves of citron and stately pine ?
Gliding softly by palace walls,

Glancing by proud ancestral halls ?
Is thy stream a mirror for rarest flowers
Guarded with care in Elisian bowers ?
Will thy murmurs be lost in a rippling lake
Where the sons of pomp their pleasure take ?
Not so, fair lady, I onward speed.
O'erflowing to aid the poor man's need.
I murmur beside his cottage door,
His meadows are bright with my liquid store ;
I water his garden, I turn his mill,
With sparkling treasures his cup I fill.
My banks are crowned with radiant flowers
But man ne'er nurtured their fragrant powers.
My murmurs are lost in the Tavy's side
As I mingle my stream with its roaring tide.
Flow on sweet river to take thy rest,
Thou hast *blessed the poor*, and thyself art blest.

The vale of Parkwood, so called in the ancient records of the lands granted to the noble family of Russell by Henry 8th, presents a sweet *home scene*, which "though seen daily, yet doth never tire." An artificial weir in one part forms a double cascade which is of no mean appearance when the Tavy is swollen by the rains on the moor. The woods of Mount Tavy add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. These enlivened by foliage of various hues, border the river almost as far as Tavistock itself. We notice on the right as we proceed through the valley, the compact dwelling and well-arranged pleasure grounds of Ferum Hill, the residence of John Rundle, Esq.

We cannot speak well of the entrance to the town from the Okehampton road as it is mean and dirty to the extreme; but I have no doubt that the spirit in the place will produce improvements in this quarter as well as in many others.

FIFTH WALK.

WHITCHURCH VILLAGE AND DOWN.

"Calm village silence, and the hope of heaven."

OUR next walk may lead us by the Abbey Bridge to the old Plymouth road, which by many gently rising ascents will bring us to the pleasant village of Whitchurch. On our right as we proceed along, we look down into the retired alley, well known to rustic lovers as Piscay or Pixie lane. Whether a Devon Titania throws her spells over this favourite spot is not precisely ascertained, but certain it is that "many a man and many a maid, wander in the chequered shade." Near its foot by West Bridge is a chalybeate well; the peculiar virtues of this fountain consist in imparting vigour to the frame, and roses to the cheeks of every fair damsel who partakes of its waters at the early hour of *six* on a summer's morning. Try it ye fair nymphs of the "flowing Teave;" above all prove its efficacy before you enter the enchanted haunts of Pixie lane. Returning to the old road, (which is as delightful as old roads generally are;—dry in winter; shady in summer; radiant with some kind of verdure at every season of the year,) we stop to gather some delicious water cresses at a small stream that forms a kind



Village of Sheldwell

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Tidbury Brook.

of pond and then slips away unseen, almost unheard amidst the tall grass and thick cresses; and for a moment pause to examine on our left the curious old castellated farm house of Tiddebrook. How came it to be erected in this form? how long has it been built? who were its former inhabitants? are questions vainly asked. The pointed windows and arched door are there; the supporting buttresses, and battlemented walls rise above; but the dame and squire who once dwelt therein are gone: their very names are lost in the ruthless sweep of time. The oddest thing is that the dwelling is so small. Who could have taken the trouble to erect such a baby-house in this extra cathedra style of architecture? The place is more like a pigeon house than a dwelling for man and beast. It could only be made for the pygmies; for such Lilliputians as Sancho Panza and his ass.—Perhaps he dwelt there,—shall we ask him? With due apologies for the above badinage which slipped unconsciously from my pen, I must give what appears to me the most reasonable solutions to the questions respecting Tiddebrook. In the first place then it was evidently designed for religious purposes. “The western end has remained unaltered from the time of its erection; but not so the eastern, which for a while was quite delapidated. Some years since Mr. Long of Tavistock farmed the estate and lived in the dwelling of Tiddebrook as the farm house. When Mr. L. came to the place he found the approach to the eastern portion of the front inconvenient from its declining position, and had it levelled, when it was discovered that the elevation was the fallen ruins of what had been traditionally known as “the abbey:” from these ruins some ornaments for the window of a room built by the present proprietor Miss Burrington,—painted glass &c.—were obtained; other portions of these ruins are to be seen scattered about. The ceiling of the porch is the floor of the tower and is remarkable as

being one immense granite slab : the limited height of the tower determines the fact of its never having contained bells.

At a short distance from "the Abbey" were fields,—now an orchard, in which a portion of elevated ground raised all around is traditionally known as having been the ancient burial ground.* The above information was kindly furnished me by Mr. Crapp of Tavistock, and in corroboration of its being used for the purposes of religion, I find a passage in Mr. Oliver's account of the Monasteries of Devon which I imagine refers to this place. He says; "In consequence of the Abbot's petition, Bishop Stapelton approved and confirmed a perpetual chantry, to be erected in the parish *Church* of Whitchurch near Tavistock, for four priests who should be bound to celebrate the daily and nightly office, together with the service for the dead ; to say three or at least two requiem masses every day besides one of Our Lady. In their suffrages they were to pray for the prosperity of the said Abbot and convent ; for King Edward 2d. and his queen Isabella, for the Bishop, Dean, and chapter of Exeter ; and for the founders and benefactors of Tavistock Abbey. The Superior of these Priests was to be called the Archpriest ; he was to live in common with them, and they were to be called his *Socii* or Fellows. He was also to be charged with the care of the parishioners." Leaving out the word "church" which may have been introduced by mistake, the description would exactly suit our miniature Abbey of Tiddebrook. But to proceed ;

The village of Whitchurch is picturesquely situated, yet it presents no beauty in itself, if we except the curious church of very ancient date with its antiquated tomb stones ; and the neighbouring parsonage and grounds.

* Further remains of the Abbey lie scattered about the farm.

Some of the memorials to the Pengelly family within the church are very interesting : there is also a monument of interest to the Mooringe family who resided in their estate of Moretown near Putor, (now belonging to Jonas Ridout, Esq.) The inscription is on black slate, and on this is also sculptured a procession of ten strangely attired figures, some with sculls in their hands, and all kneeling. Above the monument is a death's head with the motto "*Mors nolis lucrum.*" and on each side a shield with the arms of the family. There are niches for holy water, and stone supporters for the figures of saints in the church denoting its consequence in catholic times. A road by the church leads to a delightful down on which the annual races were formerly held ; and whence a charmingly diversified prospect is gained of the surrounding country. An artist of great originality (Albin Martin Esq.) has given a remarkable sketch of the peculiar features of the landscape. A large stone cross crowns the highest point of the down. Here the pilgrim of the middle ages rested on his weary way across the apparently interminable moor ; it is probable that these crosses which are frequently found, were used as land-marks for the way-worn traveller. Who would not with pleasure lie down at their feet on one of those glowing summer nights with which our misty isle is sometimes favoured, and look into the depths of the azure firmament above him. "The stars are windows in heaven through which the brightness of the Almighty is visible." Who is so blind as not to behold it ? Who would not watch with rapture the eternal transit of the brilliant spheres as they wander in glory along their radiant courses ? Whether they lift their pale light above the eastern horizon, or mount higher in their glorious zenith, or decline towards the darkened west, still our eye follows them with delight, still are we filled with wonder at their matchless loveliness. Oh pilgrims of the old, ye did well to seek the pathway

to virtue amidst the scenes of nature ! Man brings us to a level with himself ; he lays us low in the dust in the mighty struggle of the ambitious city, while nature elevates the soul to a foretaste of heaven, and alone enables us to realize the grandeur and sublimity of a God. A thousand excuses may be found for the superstition of past ages. Are we not ourselves inclined to fall down and worship the creature instead of the Creator ? Are not our minds tuned to praise by the plaintive music of woods and streams ? Do not our hearts overflow with pleasure at first beholding the glory of the setting sun ? Involuntarily we bend our knee, and with clasped hands invoke the bright luminary to return once more. Nature worship is spontaneous in those who haunt her scenes. We are infatuated by her loveliness, until the awful characters of reason and revelation, like the hand writing on the wall open to us a knowledge of the mighty Author of the whole. "Oh God how wonderful are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches !" This rude cross reared by the hand of superstition, is formed of the granite on which thou hast laid the foundations of the world. This wild common traversed in ages long past by the pilgrim fathers, or made the scene of the hideous rites of Druidical worship, was spread by thine all-directing hand. There is no end to the vast discoveries of thy power and goodness. "Come let expressive silence muse thy praise." I remember travelling in an open carriage over the soft turf of Whitchurch-down on such a summer's night as I have before described. The wheels glided on without noise ; there was perfect stillness around, while the moon beamed brightly on our path, and the delicious perfume of the heath flowers stole over our senses. On a marsh near us an ignis fatuus waved its magic fire. The hills in the distance glowed with the conflagration of the turf cutters ; whole acres were set burning to destroy the vegetation, and aid their

labours in preparing peat which they cut for their winter fuel. There was deep peace in the solitude around.—Our carriage has since then rolled over the same soft turf, but on a far different occasion. The glare of day then revealed a busy multitude in gay attire ; collected to enjoy the exciting sport of horse-racing. The hum of voices rose merrily on our ear, mingled with loud shouts of laughter, and the neighing of the impatient steeds. Vociferous cries of the “names, weights, and colours of the riders” intruded on our attention ; ballad singers bawled their loudest ditties to the listening rustics ; our old friends Punch and Judy fought and chattered as loudly as ever, while a band of musicians played our national airs amidst the continually increasing din and uproar. Vehicles of all descriptions lined the sides of the course ; booths with gay streamers denoted the vicinity of good cheer, while a handsome stand protected the charms of a number of ladies from the too powerful rays of a noon-day sun. In the same elevated position, were placed the umpires of the day bending forward to see the necessary preparations for the coming race. At a signal given the Jockeys vault into their saddles, and with conscious pride pace their horses along the cleared course. A bell rings—and for a moment the utmost quiet prevails. “Are you ready ?” “Yes.” “Off.”—sound through the air, and away speed the contending coursers outstripping the wind itself in their gigantic efforts. They ascend a hill, and for a second are lost to the gaze of the anxious spectators. A moment more, and they again appear, rounding the eminence, and coming up the course with the fury of the wild horse of the desert. On they come—while the roar of the multitude rises higher ; on they come, with flashing eye-balls, dilated nostrils, and strained limbs, scarcely touching the earth beneath them ; the crack of the whip is never needed, for the demon of emulation is spurring them on. The wild ambition of man has been imparted

to the noble animals. One more breathless moment and the goal is attained. "Two of the horses have come in neck to neck. The race is to begin again." And where is the third noble animal, so beautiful, and sleek, and stately as he appeared when he first set out. "Oh he is *distanced*, or he has *bolted*, or his strength is *done up*, or (as I once witnessed) his limb is dislocated." Yes, we saw the miserable creature led off the course with his head pendant, his mouth foaming, his sides panting, and his whole frame trembling with the excruciating pain he endured, while a heartless multitude looked calmly on, or turned their heads to behold another victim of their sport.

It is not likely that the turf slopes of Whitchurch down will ever more resound to the shouts of the victorious jockey, or be the site of the tavern or gambling house; but the playful colts fling their manes in the air, and bound over the shaven course at liberty; may they long be preserved from the fate of "the high-mettled racer" made food for the hounds! The late Duke of Bedford who once subscribed to the races, transferred his handsome donation to an Agricultural Society recently established in Tavistock.

I have detained the pedestrian until he must be heartily tired of standing still on the down; we will now retrace our steps homewards, first remarking the house and plantations of Holwell occupying the site of the family mansion of the Glanvilles, whose elder branch retained this estate probably long after the descendants of Judge Glanville, who was a younger son, removed to Kilworthy. The last male representative of the elder line, lived I believe at Whitchurch, and was called on some years since to sign a deed in order to make the title good, before the house was sold. Here also (according to report though not in reality) lived that "strange" woman Lady Howard, about whom a certain well known

tradition prevails in this neighbourhood. I must not forestall the interest of those who have yet to peruse Mrs. Bray's before mentioned interesting narrative of Fitz of Fitzford by relating it here. It is a tale to be heard on a winter's night, when the clock is on the eve of twelve, and the ghosts and hobgoblins stalk abroad, with their pale gleaming eyes striking terror into the breast of wide-mouthed superstition. Let us listen rather to the "sweet chiming of the village bells" as they come borne by the breeze from Whitchurch tower. We return by some pleasant fields which we enter by the western side of the down, admiring a view of the whole town of Tavistock, with the trees of Kilworthy; the plantations of Heathfield, and the rising eminence of Brentor surmounting the whole.

SIXTH WALK.

LAMERTON, CULLACOMBE.

"I found there
A hall for high folk, a household to holden,
With broad boards abouten, y-bench'd well clean.
With windows of glass, wrought as a church,
And chambers with chimneys, and figures gay."

CHAUCER.

UR next ramble will lead us to Lamerton about three miles distant from Tavistock. We follow the Launceston road which leads along the West-Street of our town and pass the remains of a curious old row of buildings once denominated "The Reeve" * Near this formerly arose an ancient structure known by the name of Stone Posts. Its appearance denoted great antiquity presenting a complete picture of the comfortless dwelling-houses of earlier days. The walls were of great strength ; its mullioned windows of all sizes ; an oak door well studded with nails led into a passage paved with stone on either side of which were small low rooms, and dark winding

* Probably from the French "rive" or bank, as the houses were built on raised ground.



Galloway Hall



stone steps leading to the sleeping apartments above. An arched door-way led into a back court where was a well of delicious water ; hence arose flights of steps leading to the trim gardens, at the head of which was a bower formed of two ancient trees whose boughs had so interlaced as to appear but one plant. This retreat commanded a fine view of the vale of Tavistock with its encircling hills. It is curious how much particular flowers are associated with the places in which they grow ; wall-flower and sweet-william always remind me of our Sunday's walk in the old garden of Stone Posts where they grew luxuriantly. Of the first possessors of this residence no records remain. Of the later inhabitants we need not speak ; their memory is enshrined in the hearts of all who moved in the wide sphere of their benevolence. Without ostentation or guile they practised each virtue of private life, and like the good Samaritan of old, sought every occasion to cheer the wayfarer, and assist the needy.

"They rest from their labours and their works follow them."

Ascending a hill by some neat nursery grounds, we pass the Manor House with its shrubberies, which from its elevated situation, commands an extensive view of the surrounding country, and proceed by the fertile pasture grounds of Marl-mead, towards our place of destination. Some fine spreading trees by the road side attract our admiration ; a clear purling stream murmurs beside them. Trees and running water seem such natural companions that they should never be separated. Near them our curiosity is excited by a strange building that *should be* a small church, were it not for the chimneys which rise out of the seeming belfry. There are gothic windows, and arched doorways, and an odd assemblage of apartments. The architect surely made some sad mistake in erecting this dwelling. To crown the whole it has the mysterious appellation of Ven. Such an eccentric conceit could only originate from the brain of an

old bachelor, and thence I believe the design of Ven House was derived. The place has notwithstanding the merit of a picturesque appearance, improved as it is by its present possessor, T. Robins, Esq. At the termination of its grounds a shady avenue of trees turns off towards the village. I would that all villages had such neat approach!

The Church of Lamerton is remarkable for little besides its antiquity. There are effigies of Hugh Fortescue and his lady, with the date of 1650; but the most remarkable monument is that of Thomas Tremayne, Esq. his wife Phillipa, and their sixteen children, eight sons, and eight daughters, with the effigies of five of the sons. Two of these were twins, of whom Risdon gives the following account:—"They were so like in all their lineaments, so equal in stature, so coloured in hair, and of such resemblance in face and gesture, that they could not be known one from the other; no, not by their parents, brethren, or sisters; but privately by some secret mark; or openly, by wearing some several colour'd ribbon, or the like; which, in sport, they would sometimes change, to make trial of their friends' judgment; which would often occasion many mirthful mistakes. Yet somewhat more strange it was, that they agreed in mind and affections as much as in body; for what one loved the other desired; so, on the contrary, the loathing of the one was the dislike of the other. Yea, such a confederation of inbred power and sympathy was in their natures, that if Nicholas was sick and grieved, Andrew felt the like pain, though they were far distant and remote in their persons; and this without any intelligence given to the other party. And what is farther observable, if Andrew was merry, Nicholas was so affected, although in different places, which long they could not endure to be, for they ever desired to eat, drink, sleep and wake together. Yea, so they lived, and so they died. In the year 1564, they both served in the

wars at Newhaven, in France, (now known as Havre-de-Grace,) where, in this, they something differed, that the one was a captain of a troop of horse, the other, a private soldier; but still with the same sympathy of affection. Being both to the last degree brave, they put themselves into posts of the greatest hazard. At length, one of them was slain, and the other instantly stepped into his place; and there, in the midst of danger, no persuasions being able to remove him, he was also slain."

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, they were
In death not separated, for they met
(So it should be,) one common fate, and sank
Together to a soldiers grave!"

There are also, in Lamerton church, memorials for Andrew Tremayne, Esq. 1709; Arthur Tremayne, Esq. æt. 95, 1794; and Arthur Tremayne, Esq. 1808. In my last visit to the church, I observed the rood staircase which had been recently discovered and opened in the wall. A handsome Vicarage in the Tudor style of architecture has been recently erected near the Church by G. Wightwick, Esq.

An ancient residence of the Tremaynes, is not far from Lamerton. The pleasure of a visit to Cullacombe will well repay the trouble of a lengthened walk. I was delighted last summer by spending an afternoon in rambling about this ruined mansion. Our young hostess gave us leave to wander at will among the crumbling staircases, and desolate apartments; so we scrambled up the broad stairs, and found our way into a place, now used as a wool-chamber, but which was evidently a handsome withdrawing room in former years. Two full length figures ornament the chimney-piece supporting the coat of arms* belonging to the Trenchards, an heiress of which family married a Tremayne in the time of Edward 3rd.

* Or, a chevron between three escallops, Az.

Leading from this was the private study of an old Justice Tremayne. A latticed window looked into the entrance hall beneath ; this projecting apartment formed a deep recess in the hall, such as I have never observed in any other place. From the window in the study the justice passed his sentence on the culprits below ;—or it may be that he condescendingly watched the progress of festivity, in the merry Christmas time, when the long deal table was laden with good cheer for his delighted tenants. A very large window gives light to this old hall, it is said to contain above 3200 panes of glass. The panes are round and oval placed in regular order, but some of them are no larger than a crown piece. The window is square, and from the appearance of the house on the outside, seems a kind of after-thought, being apparently formed of four of a smaller size made into one. In the hall opposite the window, is a massive fire-place, with an immense hearth stone, on which the cheerful wood fire blazes brightly. Above the chimney-piece is a large shield, containing the arms of the family (three dexter arms conjoined at the shoulders, and flexed in triangle, or, with fists clenched, *Argent.*) with the crest above of two arms embowed, vested, or, holding between their hands a head proper, thereon a hat, *Sable*.

The present inhabitants of the place have the good sense to leave all as they found it, and to keep up themselves the ancient manners and customs of the old fashioned English farmer. I could not but admire their primitive manners and dress : their hearty good will and hospitality ; their quaint and appropriate furniture, and above all, the immense flitches of bacon, *whole pigs*, that hung on a pole by the chimney corner. “When could these monsters be eaten ?” “Oh ! in *no time*.—Farmers and their servants after working hard in their fields from morning till night, had pretty good appetite when they came to meals.” “And what did they drink ?” “Cider,”

made from the produce of their own orchards. A lady of distinction who once came to look at the place, *would take* "a hearty draught" from the great brown jug which ornamented the dinner table. The cup of kindness is yet passed from lip to lip, and men and master eat together in right good fellowship. The farmer himself is a rare specimen of the English yeoman. At eighty he is as hale, and strong, and upright, as people of his class generally are at forty. As we sat on the ponderous settle enjoying a bright hearth fire, on one of our late *wintry* summer afternoons, (in 1841) I fancied myself transported to the olden times, so much did all around partake of their primitive simplicity, and so well did the fine old man in his ancient arm-chair, accord with the antiquity of the place, and with our notions of generations gone by. There were some noble shepherd dogs stretched at their ease before the hearth, which would, and I believe have afforded admirable subjects for the pencil of Landseer. A long spear hung above the chimney-piece across the arms of the Tremaynes. It had been left to the care of the farmer's family by a stranger, who never returned to claim his property; so there it remained the admiration of all guests, and the treasure of the inhabitants. From the crescent at one end, and its great length, we judged it to have been brought from the Holy wars, as a trophy by some crusader of old. Such a weapon would be appropriate as an offering to one who is most learned in antiquarian lore—Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton Smith. The roof of the hall in which we sat, was highly ornamented by carved stone work; in the Tudor style of architecture,—from the pendant of one arch had evidently descended a lamp in former ages. The wall to the north is decorated with the royal arms, supported by a Lion and a Dragon, instead of a Unicorn. These were the supporters in the time of Queen Elizabeth, about whose age the house is supposed to have been

altered.* We were told that above the hall at Cullacombe was a fine ball-room, to which all access was lost by the falling away of the staircase. How just the supposition might be, we cannot say; certain it is however that there appears space enough in the roof to have contained many noble apartments. The curiosity of the apprentice boys it seems once led them to explore this forbidden ground; they ascended by a hole in the ceiling of their bed chamber, and proceeded some way crawling along the frail rafters on their hands and knees, and admiring the beautiful white ornaments which they aver are still to be found in the "ball-room;" at last the cracking of the wood-work beneath them, and the fall of some rubbish, frightened the explorers, and they were glad to make a hasty retreat to their snug roosts below.

The house once formed three sides of a square around a court-yard; of one of the wings not a vestige remains; the other is now in picturesque ruins, with fine elder and ash trees growing in the once dainty parlours. While making a slight sketch of the front of the house, I was amused by seeing a number of calves frisk out of the porch, followed by the servant with their daily food, who had a difficulty in keeping their frolics within due bounds in the deserted court-yard. It is melancholy to reflect on the decay and neglect to which this fine old mansion is doomed. As usual in these antiquated residences of our forefathers the barns and out-houses form a kind of

* "In 1448, Thomas Tremayne and his wife Elizabeth had a license granted them by Edmund Lacye, bishop of Exeter, that they might have divine service celebrated in their presence, within their mansion of Cullacombe." (We should hence infer that the remains of a chapel might still be discovered at Cullacombe;) they also caused two windows to be made with painted glass, at their cost, one at Sydenham Damerel, and the other at Kelly, where their arms remain impaled.

bulwark to the principal edifice. From the entrance gates a double avenue of trees can be traced which extended for a considerable way for the dames and squires, who once paraded in state beneath their leafy shades.—The present approach is anything but *approachable*; (to make an English Bull;) it is down an almost perpendicular field, through a stream of water, and over a dry ditch, which in winter forms an almost impassable barrier. This is the “best road”! another, calculated only for foot passengers, leads us by the neat dwelling of Bellegrove, where in early childhood I have gathered the only wild cowslips to be found in the neighbourhood. We return again to Lamerton passing the clergyman’s residence of Campel Haye, and observing at a short distance the house belonging to the *family* of Nicholas Rowe, author of the Fair Penitent and poet Laureate, in the time of Queen Anne; the poet himself was born in Bedfordshire. To vary our walk in returning we may leave the high road by Marl-mead, and cross some fields to Hurdwicke, (which estate adds the title of baron to the noble name of Bedford, as before mentioned;) or we may visit the sequestered valley of Ottery, in which are the most valuable slate quarries in this neighbourhood. One quarry is now filled with water, and forms a deep pond, this with the adjacent brook, and overhanging trees, presents a sweet scene of quiet retirement.

At some distance, near the banks of the Tamar, is Woodovis, the residence of William Morgan Esq.—where is a noble colony of rooks.

SEVENTH WALK.

WHEAL FRIENDSHIP.

"From the depths of Mother earth
See her sons, with careless mirth,
Throw their swarthy gear aside,
Then erect with honest pride ;
Native ore from Truth's dark mine,
Thus, without alloy, they shine.
Strong of frame, in stature tall,
Who can stand them.—'One and All'?"

M. S.

 MAY mention one more visit of interest in the neighbourhood of Tavistock, which may be accomplished in a walk, and this is to the long celebrated and productive copper mine of Wheal Friendship. If in summer, I should advise the pedestrian to choose the old Exeter road, (from which many pretty peeps are gained of the surrounding country,) he may thus avoid the glare and dust of the newer road in the valley. An antiquarian may be pleased to remark the traces of an encampment, in some fields behind Parkwood. Proceeding by the natural terrace, overlooking Hazeldon, he again passes the village of Wilminstone, and traverses the beautiful shady lane which leads

through the farm of Wringworthy. During the late storm (in the Christmas of 1841) the ravages in this spot were quite fearful. The bourn which generally flows so peacefully through the valley, overleaped its banks and in one half hour presented all the appearance of a lake; the meadows were completely flooded, the tops of the hedges being alone visible. The water entered the house, to the terror of the inhabitants, who had great difficulty in saving their live stock of cattle and pigs. The picturesque old bridge over the brook lost its support on either side, and now stands in imminent danger of falling into the destructive element. Leaving Wringworthy, we emerge into the high road, and ascend a long hill which leads by the cottages of Lane-head, to our place of destination. Can any scene be more desolate than the one now presented? The frowning and arid waste of Black-down is broken by immense heaps of refuse thrown up from the depths below. A few bare unsheltered cots of the miners only serve to exhibit still more plainly the dreary aspect of the spot. We descend into the deep excavation which marks the site of the mine. All the business above ground is here industriously proceeding.

The mighty steam engine with its steel works as bright as any drawing-room grate, is for ever raising and depressing its heavy arms, one bearing a ponderous weight of stones, the other drawing from below the superfluous water, which would otherwise fill up the recesses of the mine. This place was honored some short time since by a visit from many of the Literati who attended the British Association at Plymouth. They came (270 in number) in vehicles of all descriptions, making the town of Tavistock quite gay in their brilliant transit, and spent the day in exploring the wonders of the mine. Good cheer was amply provided for them by the orders of the active Secretary of the Association, and the enlightened director of the principal mines in the West of England, John Taylor, Esq.

The mine that day presented great interest to those who love to look upon the great and learned of the earth. Here might be seen a set of engineers admiring the workmanship of the above-mentioned steam engine, or peering into an immense iron cylinder, which was lying on the ground prepared to be used as one of the boilers. Now they marched towards the largest water-wheel in the kingdom, which is 150 feet in circumference, 50 feet in diameter, and 11 feet across the hoop, turns the works, and assists in drawing the ore from the mine. A shed protects the wheel from the storms of winter, or other injury: within its gloomy shades I have stood with awe and delight, watching the solemn progress of the gigantic machine, and admiring the small rainbows formed by streams of sunshine gilding the falling water which in its rapid course throws a perpetual shower around. A group of mineralogists stood amidst the busy sifters and cleaners of the ore, (women and boys who perform this lighter work,) seeking to discover some specimen which might prove of value to their far-off collection. A green bag slung at the back, generally secured their valued treasures. The geologists with hammer in hand, stood with delight before the strata laid open to their view, seeking by their own labors to establish still further some favorite theory, or crude hypothesis. One of these terrestrial inquisitors bought the large unwieldy hammer of a knocker of stones by the way-side, giving double its value, and finding it in the end almost too weighty for his purpose. Some of the most adventurous spirits descended the deepest shaft of the mine (which is 200 fathoms below the surface of the earth,) in workman's attire. One fastidious beau was hesitating as to the best mode of conveying the candle which he was to take with him to the depths below. "Us carries un 'tween our teeth, or sticks un in our hair," observed a wag amongst the Cornishmen hard by—"Then I must

decline any such proceeding," said the horrified gentleman, as he stalked with disgust away; while the rest proceeded, holding their light in one hand, and grasping the slippery ladder by which they went down, with the other. A shout from the counting-house, where numbers of their learned brethren were dining, announced some time after, the moment of their emerging from the pit. Then what laughter resounded through the vale, as they came sheepishly forward, one by one, with dingy faces, and strange attire, scarcely daring to appear before the criticising eyes of the ladies, and the merry jeers of their comrades. One actually washed his hands and face in a neighbouring stream, before he would venture to advance towards the spectators. Unlucky trial! the water was of the yellowest hue, having been adulterated by passing over the mudic of the mine, and the unfortunate wight only made his appearance ten times worse than it was before. However the explorers were supplied with a purer bath for their necessary ablutions, and were soon seated with faces somewhat glowing with excitement, while they laughed and talked over their late feat, discussing at the same time the merits of a good dinner. In the interval those who had already feasted, rambled to another mine in the vicinity, which produces lead mixed with silver, and is known by the name of "Wheal-Betsy." Their curiosity was excited by a grand chimney crowning an eminence of Black-down, which is carried up from the smelting-house below, in order to convey away the mephitic vapours, which it is expedient to have driven windward. It is curious in crossing the moor at night to look down upon the long wreaths of smoke and flame, which pour along the sides of the valley from these works.

The imagination of the traveller may justly carry him to the idea of some miniature pandemonium, while the vulcans in their sooty gear, may well represent dark shadows traversing the regions of Hades. I believe the

philosophers were mightily pleased with their excursion to Wheal* Betsy ; they returned with smiling countenances, and handfuls of stones, not even caring for the Dartmoor mist, which now began to pour its moisture around them. “ Is this your summer ? ” slyly inquired a moustachioed Parsee of one of the Devonshire visitors. The man could answer nothing. It is too true—Our summer is a weeping one ; she hides her face like Niobe in tears.

A general assemblage of the Literati took place near the counting-house, before they all set off on their return home. Smiles of recognition and good feeling, passed from one to another ; the noble and the great of the earth held out to each other the right hand of good fellowship. Titles and distinctions, fell down before the almighty power of genius. Then shone out the true nobility of the soul ; the aristocracy of talent. The poor lieutenant of the Coast guard, and the honoured professor of the far-famed college met together as brethren, for their minds were one. Blessings on the man who first planned a congregation of the talent of the earth ! It is one grand step towards the dispensation of universal peace. Science waves her magic wand over her favoured votaries, and the hubbub of dissension is at rest. She raises her voice, and a hushed world listens and approves. She turns “ the sword into a ploughshare, and the spear into a reaping-hook.” She subdues the passions of war, and disperses the threatening armament. One by one the freighted vessels, strong in their mission of peace, sail from our ports the ministers of good to distant and benighted lands. Science infuses a soul into the savage

* A discussion arose amongst the savans as to the meaning of the word *Wheal*; some supposed it to signify *Hole*, but it was explained by a Cambro Britain, to mean *work* in the Cornish dialect, as a similar word is found in the Welsh language *Hwyl*, of the same import.

breast, and clearing the mists of superstition and ignorance, pours the light of heavenly truth on the darkened mind. Bigotry sinks abashed at the grandeur of her mien ; at her command men of all sects and all denominations unite together for the cause of Truth. Buckland, and Sedgwick, and Smith, and Bowring, and hundreds of others enrol their names on the same sheet of fame. Holy Science ! Blessed Association of kindred spirits ! May the society of just men made perfect be thus continued in a better world to all eternity !

SECTION THE THIRD.

EXCURSIONS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TAVISTOCK.

EXCURSION THE FIRST.

MORWEL-HOUSE—MORWEL-ROCKS—WEIR HEAD, &c. &c.

“Devonia lifts
Her rocks sublimely.”

CARRINGTON.

E must now engage some vehicle, to bear us on our more lengthy excursions. The first shall be to our justly celebrated Morwel Rocks. We take the Callington road which from its gentle ascents, commands many sweet views of the country. A *home scene* by Lumbourn, is particularly to be admired.—Leaving the Callington road, we proceed to Morwel-down, or what was *formerly* Morvel down, it being now in a rapid state of cultivation. From this elevated portion of land a bird's-eye-view of our most picturesque scenery is visible. The windings of the Tamar may be traced between its thickly wooded shores, far down towards Plymouth on one side, and towards the Weir head on the other. Before us are the beautiful woods and handsome mansion of Harewood, (the seat of Sir William Trelawny, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Cornwall).—Thus apostrophized by Carrington—



The head on the Zambezi.



" O Harewood, throned upon yon sunny hill,
The most romantic restless foot might stop
Awhile on thy bright eminence :

The horizon wild is thine,
Far seen, where Cornwall mingles with the sky,
And thine the enchanting views that spread around
Of mellowing harvests, the all-cheering green
Of fields inclosed, the golden orchards, vales
With flowers and fruitage blessed, the interchange
Of graceful hill and dale; while far below,
Disclosed in all his wanderings, Tamar leads
By rock and crag, by woods and flowery meads,
Smoothly and silently, his wanton course.

On the opposite shore is Rumleigh (the property of Mrs. Bayley, now of Willeston Hall Cheshire,) whose hospitable precincts have been the scene of many a Christmas frolic and summer ramble. Near it Tamar Cottage peeps from amongst its shrubberies and cherry orchards. In an opposite direction, near Newbridge, is Sandhill, a commodious dwelling of modern architecture. The small but romantic Heath cottage is hidden amongst its trees. Descending as far as the turnpike on the down we turn off through a field, towards the ancient hunting seat of the Abbots of Tavistock, Morwel-House.* This place on a smaller scale reminds us much of Cothele on the Cornish side of the Tamar. There is the same style of architecture around a square court, the same entrance tower, and a similar hall only of smaller dimensions, and of somewhat different construction, it having been used for the performance of divine service. The hall now serves the purpose of a farm kitchen. The organ loft is still remaining, and a trophy of former field sports, in the shape of a large fox, (now *whitewashed* over to suit

* A friend suggests that Morwel may by the change of a letter be made Warwel, the spot in which (according to Malmesbury,) Ethelwold, favourite of king Edgar, and first husband of the faithless Elfrida, was murdered.

the colour of the walls!!) stands above what was once we may suppose, a huge fire-place. There is a feeling of desolation in the lofty and blackened roof, the bare walls, and the earthen floor, which we cannot overcome. The Abbot is no longer there with his rubicond visage, to bid us good Morrow. The monks no longer sound their hunting-horn as a call to their venison repast. The deer and their pursuers have alike disappeared, and we gladly turn from the festive hall, to the scene of their out-of-door sports. Sending our carriage round to meet us by the Callington road, at Newbridge ; we cross some fields by a foot path, and entering a small wood, stand upon Morwel-rock, enjoying one of the loveliest prospects our native land can afford. Exclamations of delight involuntarily burst from the spectator as the scene opens before him. I feel how inadequately the pen, or the pencil, can do justice to the landscape. Rocks, and woods, and rich meadows, and smiling orchards, and mountain scenery, in the distance ; all that imagination can paint as most beautiful, is there collected : while the lordly river flows gracefully through the picture, now in a deep channel, visiting the recesses of the wood ; now spreading itself over the flowery banks of the verdant pastures. A boat is gliding beneath us, sometimes lost amidst the fringing foliage of the trees ; at others, emerging into bright sunshine as it rounds the leafy promontory. An orchard in full bloom lies at our feet on the opposite side of the stream. A picturesque farm house is near-backed by the groves of Harewood. The sound of distant bells comes upon our ear, chiming plaintively to the soft music of the stream. Calstock church crowns a neighbouring height ; and its pretty parsonage appears surrounded by its shrubberies below. We leave our elevated quarters, and follow the path through the wood, which conducts us towards Morwellham. This pleasant way was cut by the orders of the late Duke of Bedford ;

it may be pursued on foot or on horseback, as far as the precincts of Endsleigh. The banks are profuse with the gayest wild flowers; amongst them, the wood anemone, and the finely pencilled sorrel, are conspicuous. Primroses, violets, wild garlick, and every variety of the orchis tribe also enamel the rich mossy carpet, which is spread beneath the shadowy copse. There is the sound of a hundred songsters around, raising their notes in tuneful harmony, while building their nests in the thick covert. Mirth and beauty are abroad: and shall not our hearts receive an impression from the world around? We go on our way rejoicing,—loving all things. But lo! a cloud has obscured the brightness of the scene: its dark shadow rests on the smiling landscape; a mist rolls along the valley, and hides from our view the serpentine river. The rain comes patterning down on the budding leaves and knotted branches. “A change comes o'er the spirit of the dream,” and the birds mourn with low wailing in the hollow trees. But “what beautiful rain!” we exclaim with a friend who saw nothing else in Tavistock during the six weeks she staid there. See how the fleecy moisture glides along the banks of the river; one long wreath following another in bright succession, like the spirits of the blest in the “silent land.” And now a rainbow is thrown across the stream, over which the angel-spirits seem still to pass in radiant procession, gilded for a moment with the struggling rays of the sun, and then lost for ever to the admiring gaze. And the rainbow itself,—saw you ever such beautiful colors? Now it is fading away, and another appears at a distance, the reflection of departed glory. In a few moments more the whole has passed away. It was but April’s legacy to smiling May, which refreshes the landscape, and leaves it more beautiful than it found it.

But why should May,
With smiles so gay,

The tears of April borrow ?
Her garments bright
Should beam with light,
And not look dark with sorrow.

These sudden rain-clouds, are frequent in the valleys of the Tamar. I have seen the brightest day overcast by a storm of mist passing on from the sea, to the distant Cornish hills. We may yet admire the evanescent beauty of the shower, and look around with wonder and delight ; while

“ Every shivering bent and blade
“ Stoope bowing with a diamond drop.”

But our most poetical enjoyments must yield to the dictates of prudence and necessity ; and we pass on to Morwelham, to seek a drying fire and all requisite refreshment in the snug parlor of a country inn. We cannot say much for the picturesque aspect of our resting place. Morwelham is only a quay for the landing of the goods of a Company who have them conveyed to Tavistock by means of the before-mentioned canal. But it presents a scene of busy industry, with its unloading barges, and shouting sailors, and hammering workmen, and train of waggons ascending or descending an inclined plane, which conducts to the canal in the wood above. A quantity of ore is here shipped off to distant smelting-houses. It is curious to enter the well swept yard, and observe the different wooden shafts down which distinct ores from various mines are poured. Then it is to be collected, and placed on board the vessels bound for distant quarters. These ships in return bring coals, and lime-stone, and many other commodities, for the use of the neighborhood. The climate of Morwelham is particularly mild and soft ; which has often made it the resort of invalids.

A delightful walk through a wood leads us to New-quay

where the same business of loading and unloading is continuing. Lime-kilns near, send up their visibly heated air, so dazzling to the eyes that gaze on it ; and we gladly again avail ourselves of the wooded shades, to seek the prettily situated eminence to which Mrs. Bray has given celebrity under the name of Lady Stanning's rock. From New-Quay or Morwelham, we may procure a boat to proceed, if the tide serve, along the river to the Weir-head. We gladly trust ourselves to the smooth element, to be borne along under the bending groves of Harewood, and through the mimic forest of water lilies, whose gay flags and yellow flowers wave in the evening breeze. Morwel-rock rises crowned by its cluster of stunted oaks.* Nearer is the cleft summit of another eminence. Farther off, Chimney rock raises its spiral form wreathed with the leaves of the shining ivy. A winding path through the woods tells us of the delightful ramble which might be taken if we trusted to our feet instead of the lulling motion of our little bark. There is a delicious and balmy feeling in thus floating beneath an unclouded sky along the peaceful river. If we could so smooth down the ruffled waters of life, and glide with conscious pleasure over its small eddies, how should we all hasten to launch our freighted vessels on the tempting stream, and with prosperous gales sail onward to the vast ocean of eternity. But there are quicksands in our way, and storms and cataracts and the rush of a mighty whirlwind, that scatters the flowers of the soul in its

* A curious anecdote is related of a certain fox which was hunted to the very edge of this precipice. The huntsmen were following close at its heels ;—the dogs were opening their mouths to snatch the tempting prey ; when behold,—Mr. Renard spreading his large brush as a parachute, took an aerial flight, and leapt into the soft waves of the Tamar—below.

reckless progress.—It matters not at this moment. Nature opens her maternal arms to protect us from the turmoils of the world; and soothe our wearied spirits by the sound of a thousand harmonies. The ripplings of the flowery Tamar keep up a continued lullaby,—until the rush of falling water announces our approach to the far-famed Weir. Craggy rocks of the same character open upon us on one side of the picture; in the centre another wooded ridge forms a small island. The opposite bank presents a gentle ascent, in one part covered with orchards, and strawberry gardens, in the other wearing the bleak and desolate aspect, which always marks the working of a mine. We anchor our little bark by the fisherman's rustic cottage, where a plentiful tea can be easily procured. In the summer, we might ascend the hill as has often been done, and in the smallest thatched cot possible, partake of a treat of strawberries; whole acres of ground being devoted to the produce of this delicious fruit. After our rural meal, we sally forth to explore the neighborhood, and direct our steps to the Weir, which has been formed to make a canal, and also for the convenience of salmon fishing. Crossing the locks of the canal, we gain the small island upon which are spread the fishermen's nets hung upon poles to dry, and then proceed to admire the picturesque beauties of the Weir:—one part is covered with boards, under which the water rushes through an iron grating, emerging at the opposite end. In this box the fishes are sometimes caught, being unable to escape through the bars; “The entrance is large externally, but gradually contracts inwardly, so as to prevent the return of the fish after it has entered; though the internal orifice is not reduced so small as to render the retreat even of the largest fish impossible; but it is a curious fact that there is no instance of any that have once entered having quitted their confinement; which can only be accounted for by the

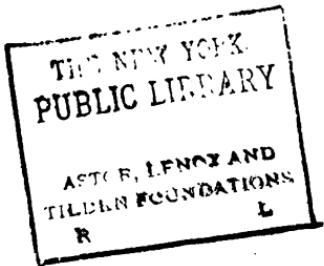
natural propensity of the fish which directs them against the stream, and prevents their giving up any advantage they have gained." But the principal part of the salmon is taken by nets : I have seen men in the Tavy at night, setting their seine or drag-net in a deep pool ; dogs are employed in conveying the rope across the water where it is not fordable. The whole scene by torch light is very animated. In the Tavy the fishing season commences in the middle or latter end of February ; but on the Tamar not till several weeks afterwards ; and closes in October or November. Salmon peal considered justly as a great delicacy is found both in the Tavy and Tamar. But to return to the Weir ; the box to which we have alluded is covered with planks, and the smooth floor thus made, being twelve or fifteen feet square, has often invited to a dance, while the rocks around have echoed to "The Soldier's joy," or "Over the water to Charlie." We leave our rustic ball-room with regret, to saunter along the banks of the stream, towards Newbridge. Some striking rocks of a pyramidal shape attract our notice, and we again try the echo, which repeats with precision, one, two, or even three syllables. But we must proceed on our pleasant route. Newbridge is in sight, with its spreading arches and deep quiet stream. We pass a deserted house which was erected for the purpose of store-rooms for the above-mentioned canal. I know of no more unpleasing object in a picture than a red, square, desolate house like this. There are no ruins to break the dull uniformity ; the tiles are all perfect ; the shutters are all closed, not even *one* creaks on its hinges to break the appearance of heaviness and gloom : We must blot out such an object if we would make a sketch of the scene.—Newbridge recalls two incidents of my early life which made a great impression upon my mind. The first is our meeting in this spot a remarkable hawker, who, together with his pedlar's wares,

circulated tracts of a seditious character. He was well known in Devon and Cornwall as a suspected individual ; and narrowly escaped imprisonment for his political libels. We saw him like "The Spy" in Cooper's novel, striding up the steep hill beyond Newbridge with his pad at his back ; taking the most sequestered and unfrequented road into Cornwall. My other anecdote relates to a confirmed drunkard of the neighborhood, whom we met reeling from his usual libations at the public house. Being in a most cheery and obliging humor, he stopped our party, offering to do any thing in the world for any one of us, "and for your sake Parson," said he, to our escort, "I'll fling myself over this bridge at a moment's warning." With that he jumped on the parapet, and to our horror so far executed his purpose, that he was only saved from a fatal plunge by the strong arm of his friend "the parson," who seized his foot as he was disappearing, and dragged him up again. The sudden shock almost sobered the would-be suicide, who was so far conscious of his danger as ever after by the strongest expressions to show his gratitude to his preserver. After our walk from the Weir-head which is longer than would be supposed from the description given, we are glad to have recourse to our carriage, summoned from the Inn at Gunney's lake, to assist us in mounting the tiresome ascent of Newbridge hill, a weary mile in length. We pursue our way by the Callington road homewards.*

* By proceeding towards Callington from Newbridge, the traveller is presented with some of the grandest scenes of this neighborhood : we refer to the windings of the Tamar as seen from Hinstock, or Hengiston. Reference has been already made to this down, on which according to Hoveden's Latin Chronicle, a battle took place between the Danes and the Saxons in 806. Hengis-ton-dun signifies Hengist's fenced, fortified or camp town. In former ages it so abounded with tin, that it gave occasion to the following rhymes :



New Bridge on the Tamar.



" Hengiston Downe well ywrought,
Is worth London towne dear ybought."

CAREW.

The most elevated point in Hingston Down is termed Kit-Hill, which is composed of granite. Hence the road winds to Stoke Clemsland, where is a fine old church, near Whiteford, the seat of Sir William Call, Bart. At about two miles and a half from Stoke Clemsland, is Horse Bridge, supposed, but without any foundation, to have been originally termed Horsa-bridge. The views here are generally thought to be beautiful, but they disappoint the spectator after those on the Tamar by Morwel rocks.

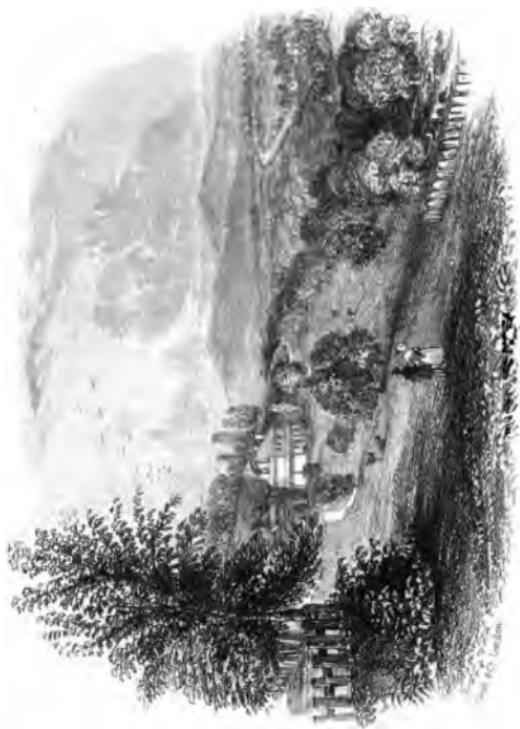
EXCURSION THE SECOND.

SHEEPSTOR, WALKHAMPTON, WOODTOWN, &c.

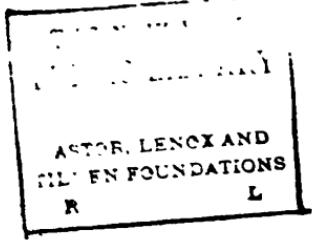
"With what delightful change the landscape teems
To him who o'er the West—the billowy West—
Pursues his varied way! He scales its hills,
He drinks its upland breeze, or winds its vales
Where glide the chrystal streams."

CARRINGTON.

*S*CHEERING frosty day in December once tempted three companions and myself, to undertake a walk to the far off regions of Sheepstor. I advise all who follow the same track to supply themselves with steeds, as the walk is rather lengthy for pleasure. However, our spirits were gay, and our hearts light; and we made little of our eight miles' excursion in those days. So we set off over Whitchurch down and Plaster down, and through long lanes, whose hedges were glittering with the fantastic tracery of the hoar frost, until we reached the pleasant little village of Walkhampton. A tribe of happy little urchins rushed from school, as we passed through the place; such rosy, healthy children, I have seldom seen. "Do you like school?" said I to one of them. "Nao," was the answer. "What! do you not



Wind Jewell.



like learning to read and write?" "Nao," again. "What makes you learn then?" "Master *thrashes* us." This "thrashing" system which has been so often tried, is, I am afraid not the most effectual method of making learning agreeable. Since the above pithy conversation, a less peremptory, but more seductive plan of tuition has been tried at Walkhampton under the active and benevolent exertions of the clergyman of the village. I have no doubt the children now make no difficulty of learning their lessons, without the aid of the flail or the thrashing floor. We visited the church at Walkhampton, which is placed, as so many are, on a hill ; although the frequent accidents on steeples and towers have shown the danger of such an elevated situation, yet there was good taste in planting the tabernacle on a mount, whence so many fair prospects could be despaired ; which all eyes could discern ; and whose cheerful bells could meet every ear. It is curious to notice how much the memory of particular words is associated with places. I remember that the "graves of the rude forefathers" brought to our recollection Gray's noble "Elegy," and we went on repeating verse by verse, and discussing its merits, until we reached the moorland precincts of Sheepstor. There is little to interest in the place ; a few scattered houses around the antique and weather beaten church completing the whole village : but a fine cascade is near, and the rounded tor, forms one of the most remarkable granite heaps on Dartmoor. Not far from this tor, up a lofty eminence called Ailsborough were once extensive tin mines. Sheepstor itself is said to be very rich in minerals, and pieces of gold have been discovered in the neighboring streams. We enjoyed the prospect from the summit of the mountain, and trod the crisp turf, which sparkled beneath our feet, with spirits highly exhilarated by the pure ether. Whoever has inhaled the clear frosty air, in such an elevated situation, will enter into the enjoy-

ment we then experienced. Our minds glowed as well as our frames, and we quite regretted the short stay we were enabled to make in the upland regions on a winter's day. Our steps were directed to a certain hole denominated the "pixies cave," and celebrated as having been the hiding place of one of the Elford family, in the parliamentary war; it is mentioned as such in Mrs. Bray's interesting novel of Warleigh; but its dimensions would rather point it out as the haunt of the fairy folk. We fancied we discovered this retreat in a small natural pent-house formed by some projecting stones, but have since been informed that Elford's cave is in an almost inaccessible point of the rock. Be that as it may, we were well pleased at the moment with the spot we found. As at the mouth of Mohammed's cave, a spider had spun its web; the effect of the frost on this delicate fabric was most beautiful; it was a proper grating for the Pixie's den. Not having sufficient curiosity to enter the charmed cell, cunningly guarded by a sly Arachne, we descended to the village inn, the rudest I ever entered, and warmed ourselves by a peat fire after our ramble. The little farmers were dropping in before we left the house, to enjoy a Saturday evening's "pint o' ale," and our male companions entered into conversation with them, on the various political occurrences of the day. They seemed to have very odd notions of things; had never heard of events which were common in the mouths of all civilized communities;—indeed, their ignorance was surprising; and it is lamentable to observe that this want of knowledge still continues in these remote districts amongst the agricultural class. Their shrewdness, which might be ripened into intelligence, degenerates into cunning; their better qualities are seldom called into exercise; their chief accomplishment consists in overreaching their neighbors; extreme poverty generally attends their lot; they are compelled frequently to

sell their farming stock, in order to pay the backward rent of their farms ; their food is coarse in the extreme, their only butcher's meat being pork of their own feeding ; they have none of the modern comforts of life in their miserable barnlike cottages. I have been into many farm houses in the vicinity of the moor, in which the same entrance led to the cow-house and the kitchen ; the one being on the right hand, the other on the left ; whilst a pile of turf for winter consumption, almost blocked up the narrow doorway ; the kitchen was blackened by the smoke of ages which hung in sooty wreaths from the low rafters ; a flight of broken stone steps led to a room above, where two half-furnished beds were canopied by the ivy which intruded, unceremoniously, through the wide chinks of the wall, by which the light of heaven also entered. Large holes in the rough and sunken boards, disclosed the proceedings in the kitchen below. One large chest contained the Sunday clothes, and other treasures of the family. A dresser in the kitchen displayed a few articles of crockery ware. As for books, there were none to be seen, except a torn Testament and Prayer-book on the window sill, belonging to some wise one of their relatives "who could read!" The scattered leaves of these desecrated volumes, were frequently found occupying the place of a broken window pane, together with some ragged children's dresses which were past mending, or which—*never had been mended*. The sluttish appearance of the wives who often lay in bed, "to keep out th' cold," and the slovenly aspect of the men, who were too busy in running after their stray cattle, to mend the fences by which they had broken out, fully accounted for the dirt and poverty to be traced in every direction. This miserable picture is still presented in some of our moorland districts, and the worst is that these people are *contented*. They are contented to wade on their way through dirt and filth, and to "drag up"

their children in the same dark road. Indeed their instincts seem little raised above those of the brute creation.

"They eat, and drink, and sleep ;—what then ?

"They eat, and drink, and sleep again.

Is it wonderful that these ignorant tenants are driven by hordes at the time of the election to vote for whom the landlord may chuse ?—or that they sometimes forget their lesson, and repeat the wrong name, as has often been done when they come to the poll ? Almost their only acquaintance with a town, is on a market day, when they jog along on their meagre steeds, often returning home in the evening in a state of intoxication. * There is a great reformation to take place in our agricultural districts, before they keep pace with the intelligence of the age. The powerful hand of well-directed instruction is required, to raise our petty agriculturists in the scale of humanity. The Methodists have been pioneers in this good work among them, as well as among the miners. They have awakened a desire of improvement in some parts ; the same may be done in others. May they be directed in their efforts for the welfare of their benighted brethren. At any rate let them instil the principles of honesty and goodwill. Above all an enlightened morality is to be enforced, for it is a melancholy fact, that vice and crime, (proceeding probably from extreme ignorance,) is almost as rife in these remote parts, as in the crowded and depraved haunts of a city. Sheep-stealing is common amongst the laborers of the small farmers, and "night work," or poaching, is carried on almost with impunity. And these blinded individuals live amongst some of the most interesting parts of the country.

* The wealthy and intelligent farmer of the north, (with his blue coat, and trap buttons, and shining top boots,) mounted on a sleek nag, is seldom or never seen amongst them.

Like the idols of old, "they have eyes, but see not; ears have they, but they hear not; neither do they understand." The rocky moor, and the wooded valley, is alike uninteresting to them: children of nature,—they despise the wonders spread around them, by her parental care. "I can't tell what the gentlefolks main by coming to zee prospects," said one of them, "*I never seed any.*" And this was uttered, in the lovely vale which spreads itself between Warde and Huckworthy bridges! On returning from Sheepstor a *summer* rambler may turn from Walkhampton, and following the course of the rocky mountain stream, come upon the sweet views afforded by the grounds and neighborhood of Wood-town. The closing shades of a winter's day prevented our accomplishing so much; we hastened home from our excursion to the tors by the light of myriads of stars that glittered in the clear cold firmament: but many bright summer afternoons have been passed at Wood-town, and always with increased delight have we reviewed its picturesque retreat. The owner, H. Cornish, Esq., has with much taste aided Nature by throwing open her chief attractions. The river, which was once completely hidden by thick brushwood, is now seen bounding along through its rocky channel; the fantastic trunks of some beautiful old trees are discovered throwing their long branches quite across the foaming stream. A broken field is transformed into a fine sloping lawn; American flowers which grow so well in the bog earth throw their perfume around; while the once impassable thickets are accessible by pleasant pathways leading to the most interesting points of the surrounding scenery. The most beautiful part of the grounds is the wood near Warde bridge. Some aged trees in this spot seem to start from behind immense masses of granite; the most luxuriant ivy hangs in graceful festoons above, while our foot sinks far into the deep rich moss, which alone covers

the widely spreading roots beneath. The old bridge was erected at a very early age. Its time-stained parapet, variegated by the clinging lichen, is now replaced by a new wall. The change will matter not a few years hence. Time ever throws its impress on the works of man, and mellows into the harmony of nature, the too-glaring marks of intrusive art. We leave the shades of Wood-town to the united efforts of this wonder-worker (Time), and the good judgment of the possessors. Nature is before them to do what they will. Only let them touch lightly, and this miniature paradise will be perfect. In ascending the hill from Wood-town, we must not forget to look back on the picture presented by this little oasis of the desert, with a pointed tor on one side, and the tower of Walkhampton bounding it on the other.

Our next object on the right of our route is the solitary church of Sampford-Spiney, exposed to every wind that blows, as it rises amidst the sterility of the moor.* Above it frowns the rocky summit of Putor, whose curious layers of stone rising around a square, form what is supposed to be a Druidical court of judicature. On the top of the rocks are found many of the small basins decided by some to be the work of art, by others to have been formed by the continual action of water on the softer parts of the rock. Be that as it may, they collect now all the dews of heaven, and a cooling draught may almost always be found in these fairy fountains. At the foot of the tor is the family seat of the Moretons or Moorrings, a small and retired residence, now belonging to Jonas Ridout, Esq. No other object of interest presents itself. The road may either be taken over Whitchurch down, or by "the Blacksmith's Shop," to Tavistock.

* In the parish of Sampford-Spiney, a mine of Cobalt and Silver has been found.

EXCURSION THE THIRD.

TAVY CLEAVES, HILL BRIDGE, &c.

*“Rapido fiume che d’alpestra vena
Con maesta terribile discende,
Da tergo io lascio; e’l mio pensiero intende
La, dove l’aura e ancor sacra e serena.”*

ALFIERI.

N leaving Tavistock by the Okehampton road, the attention is directed to a pointed hill, which rises precipitously in the distance, forming a noble back-ground to the landscape. At the foot of this hill, denominated Grat-Tor or Great Tor, are the rocky valleys distinguished by the name of Tavy-cleaves. No searcher of the picturesque should leave Tavistock without paying a visit to this wild and romantic scene.

Leaving the Okehampton road we follow the lane which leads to Petertavy, and passing through the village, proceed by the church, to the retired hamlet of Cudlipp-town.* If time allow, the traveller should here

* Called after an ancient family in the neighborhood, to whom it once belonged. John Cudlipp, Esq. was “mayor” of Tavistock in the time of the Commonwealth. Amongst his papers kindly lent me by one of his descendants, I find an entry of the payment of a certain

descend to the water's edge, and view the beautiful rocks that rise from the bank of the Tavy. Tracing up the stream by the broken and narrow road which is only fitted to be traversed on horseback, we come upon a bridge of most primitive workmanship ; the arch seems to have been unknown in these parts at the time of its erection. Four elevated pillars of hewn granite, support the horizontal mason-work, which is chiefly composed of large flat stones, united by a strong cement. The dimensions of each opening (we must not call it arch-way) are considerable. There are four of these, and the whole has an imposing appearance, as we approach near. I should suppose the bridge to be of ancient British workmanship, but the present is evidently an improved structure upon an old post bridge. Proceeding onward by two or three farms,* we reach the neighboring moor, where a scene of utter solitude presents itself. The marshes are so numerous that even the sheep and cattle desert the spot, and seek pasturage elsewhere. The form of man is seldom seen. A wild colt with tossing mane, may sometimes cross our path, and gaze with wonder at the intruders on his domain. Otherwise no living creature but ourselves seems to tread the dreary

sum for "the Dragoones on King Charles the second's birthday, and his coronation; also a sum for the ringors; for wood, beer, and cyder; at the show, and for Bonfyers." There are several other curious disbursements. In another paper, I find that "the Heirs of John Cudlipp, M.D. hold two acres of land Cornish, in St. Leonard's, near Polston Bridge, under the service of meeting the Lord Duke (of Cornwall) at Polston bridge, in every coming of the said Lord into Cornwall, and thereto receive a certain grey cap, and to carry the same after the said Duke through the whole of the county of Cornwall, at the expence of the said Duke, for forty days for all service.—1686.

* The last of which is Willsworthy, where was formerly a small chapel, now converted into a cow-house.

waste. The solitude is as perfect as if we were in the deserts of Africa, instead of the immediate neighborhood of a civilized country. I never felt silence more than when I first visited the Cleaves; for not even a bird raised its small note to break the stillness. All was quiet until a raven sprang from some distant quarter, where it had probably been making a carrion meal, and with its melancholy "roke, roke," sailed across the valley, and was then lost in the distance. It was a stormy afternoon; sudden gusts of wind came against us; and the clouds rolled majestically over our heads, now gathering together in large volumes of blackness, and then scudding in fleecy vapors before the breeze. The sun sent an occasional ray through the lurid veil, rendering the darkness more visible, and throwing a flickering and uncertain light on the frowning tors and gloomy valleys. However, this threatening aspect but heightened the grandeur of the scene; and we went on our way impressed with awe and delight, and really enjoying the prospect of a storm.

A wall of rocks forms a natural barrier to the Cleaves: This is of granite, and seems justly fitted to be the bulwark of a world. A mighty portal opens to the view a deep sunk and wide spread vale, broken by small clefts or cleaves, by which the Tavy rushes with all the wild fury of a mountain stream—

"Sprung from the moor, the river Tavy cleaves
Through devious wilds and dells its foaming way,
And dashing o'er the rocks, with murmurs, leaves
Its native haunts in rounds of fond delay.
Above these tors, creative Fancy weaves
A fabric of ethereal texture grey,
Which, looming in the dusk, the eye deceives
With semblance of a fort in dim array.
Within its clefts the beetling crag receives
To roost, the heath-cock and the bird of prey;
Wak'd from his nest the sky-lark soars on high,
To melodise in heav'n his vocal lay:

Fain would his mate and callow nestlings fly
To hail with him the orient light of day."

Masses of stone tinted with red and yellow lichen, give to the hollow the appearance of a ruined town or city. At our feet a Druidical temple, with its cromlech or altar, seems to have been hurled from the heights on which we stand. Nature in her wildest frolics appears to figure forth the elaborate works of Art. In the lofty avenue of over-arching trees, whose boughs interlace each other with graceful symmetry, we behold a close representation of the "long drawn" aisle of a Gothic cathedral. In these fantastic groups of stones hurled together in motley confusion, we may imagine the ruins of an ancient Baalbec or Palmyra. "But the masses of granite are so enormous," says Reason, that no effort of human power could have brought them together. "There were giants in those days," we answer, and the idea of a ruined city again returns.

"Within the mind strong fancies work,
"A deep delight the bosom thrills,
"Oft as I pass along the fork
"Of these fraternal hills:
"Where, save the rugged road, we find
"No appanage of human kind;
"Nor hint of man, if stone or rock
"Seem not his handy-work to mock
"By something cognizably shaped;
"Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
"And left as if by earthquake strewn,
"Or from the Flood escaped:
"Altars for Druid service fit;
"(But where no fire was ever lit,
"Unless the glow-worm to the skies
"Thence offer nightly sacrifice;)
"Wrinkled Egyptian Monument;
"Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
"Tents of a camp that never shall be raised;
"On which four thousand years have gazed!

WORDSWORTH.

Descending by the precipitous wall which bounds Tavy-cleaves, we gaze upward on the scene, and still it wears new forms of grandeur. The "Great Tor" discovers itself wreathed with mist; similar tors embrace the valley on all sides, and at their foot the torrent rushes, mingling its roar with the melancholy sigh of the mountain breeze. An adventurous party once traced the Tavy from this place to its source. There were many slips in their perilous scramble, and many bogs obstructed their way; but the wanderers accomplished their purpose, and saw the stream swell out from the fountain-head near Cranmere pool. We have been informed that the most accessible pathway to Tavy-Cleaves, is by following the Okehampton road, and crossing it at Black-down.

Visitors may vary their route by *going* by Hill-bridge, and returning over the down,

EXCURSION THE FOURTH.

BANKS OF THE TAMAR, COTHELE, PENTILLIE, &c.

We are bound
On a delightful voyage, and such scenes
Await us, as the memory well may hold
While life retains a pulse.—The surging snake
Has not more folds than Tamar.—

CARRINGTON.

NE of the most agreeable excursions in the neighborhood of Tavistock, is a sail on the Tamar, in the direction of Plymouth. The tide must be consulted to suit an early hour for a long day of pleasure. The gallant bark of a well-known friend has often wafted a merry party along this favored stream. I remember the joy felt at rising at some unconscionable hour in the morning, to be in due season at the breakfast table of our generous host. Then the anxious inquiries respecting the state of the weather; the constant reference to the tell-tale watches; anon the driving and galloping eight long miles, to be in time for a seven-o'clock breakfast. This meal despatched in haste, all the party sally forth through pleasant shrubberies, and green fields, and shady woods, to the water's edge, and there floats the gay little boat, with its crew of honest sailors, who welcome the new comers

with their hearty, good-humored smiles. "Time and tide wait for no man," and all take their allotted places in haste, while the men raise the sail, or ply their oars, to propel the well laden bark. The pleasant vicinity of Calstock first attracts the attention.

"Sublimely seated on yon airy ridge,
High peering o'er the woods, the village church
Lifts to the cloud its venerable tower."

The rising woods and fertile gardens, and cherry orchards of Harewood have given place to strawberry beds, which in this warmly situated spot, slope down to the water's edge. Soon after, the graceful windings of the stream bring the leafy promontory of Cothele in view. On the nearer side is a valley, which runs for a considerable way between the bending woods. This small vale or Coombe gives its name to the eldest son of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Valletort. The latter part of the name evidently refers to the crooked nature of the coombe, whose extent is unknown to the passing spectator, owing to its devious course amidst the wooded hills. It is said that when the Danes invaded this part of the country, they landed their forces in this coombe, and proceeded to Hengist-down, where they met in fierce encounter the opposing Saxons. From this circumstance it derives the name of Danescoombe. After the battle the Danes proceeded to Tavistock and burnt the Abbey. A small quay at Cothele affords a commodious landing to those who choose to visit the fine old mansion embosomed in its groves of majestic trees. The house is about a mile from the quay, but the toiling ascent is shortened by the admiration which is necessarily awakened by the extraordinary beauty of the over-arching foliage. If the lower road be taken, the stranger pauses to observe one enormous Spanish Chesnut, which has proudly withstood the withering effects of Time. "It is thirty-one feet in circumference, and the trunk rises seven or eight feet

before it separates into three branches, each the size of a large tree." Many other monarchs of the forest excite equal sensations of pleasure, and we wander on in communion with these ever-renewed relics of the past, until a small chapel in our way diverts the course of our meditations. If we are fortunate enough to have obtained the key by the means of a messenger to the steward at Cothele, we enter the small sanctuary, and find from an inscription, that it was erected to commemorate the escape of Sir Richard Edgcumbe (an ancestor of the present Earl of Mount Edgecumbe) from the emissaries of Richard the Third.

"The gallant chief,
Pursued by usurpation's blood-hounds roamed
In his own woods an exile."

Sir Richard had been a zealous partizan of the Earl of Richmond; he was knighted at Bosworth field, and was appointed by Henry 7th comptroller of the Household, he had also a grant of Sir Henry Bodrugan's valuable estates, and the whole honor of Totness in Devonshire, forfeited by Lord Zouche. There is nothing in the appearance of the chapel to recommend it; tradition alone can render it of any note. A picture represents Sir Richard on his knees returning thanks for his escape, and a votive tablet opposite on the wall, in old English, bears testimony to this memorable event.

Leaving this little white-washed sanctuary which overhangs the river, we ascend a precipitous path which leads to the ancient mansion-house. There it is,—with its shaven green, and mouldering paling, and handsome turreted gateway, commanding a large court-yard, around which runs a continued line of substantial stone buildings. How solemn and deserted is its straight unbroken path which leads to the stately hall door! And yet the good taste of the owner of this place, (the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe,) has preserved the original fabric in perfect



Cima, and Mount Woods.

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repair. There is the same massive oak door, swung on its ponderous hinges ; the same vaulted hall and tapestryed apartments within ; the same mullioned windows, and projecting buttresses without. But the high-born dames with their bower-maidens no longer are seen gazing through the diamond panes. The agile squire no longer hies from the portal to obey the commands of the belted knight. The rooms are gloomy and tenantless, and the great door shuts with a hollow sound, telling of the empty and deserted hall within. And yet the pile is not wholly uninhabited. The small birds find a home in the carved wood-work ; a grim figure of a knight in armor, keeps guard at the end of the hall, and in the back part of the house there are, or were, some antiquated domestics suited to the buckram character of the quiet domain. These show with pride the armor which decorates the dingy walls. Spears are there that have seen hard service in times of old, and ponderous swords which our modern soldiers could scarcely lift ; arrows suited to a giant's force ; shields, with their almost defaced emblems, also excite the ingenuity of the curious. All these wear or rather *wore*, the aspect of great antiquity, but in these burnishing times the precious rust of days gone by has been deemed unseemly by some daring innovator who has thought proper to cleanse the armor, whiten the swords and spears, and make the shields as bright as my grandmother's copper kettle. I am not aware that the curious old chairs and tables have undergone the same metamorphosis, but the vexation of the noble owner must have been doubly increased if the spoiler's hand had touched them. The back of one ungainly chair which bears the date of 1500 by being folded down forms a small table. A ponderous oaken board still occupies one corner of the apartment. Its strength and solidity would put to shame our flimsy mahogany dining-tables. The seats vary in form and fashion, from

the three-legged stool to the carved settee. The fireplace is ornamented by two large iron dogs, which formerly we may suppose supported the enormous ashen faggot, or great yule-log. The season of Christmas in such a hall as this, must have presented scenes of rare festivity and merriment. Can we not imagine a former mistress of all this fine estate, performing a solemn minuet with her lord and master, while their followers stand around, gazing with wonder and delight, and the giggling waiting-maids peep from above, through a small watch hole in their lady's dressing-room? Then the same Mistress of Cothele is conducted to her chair of state at the head of the room, by the tips of the fingers of her dainty partner, and being seated, commands the far-famed mummers to appear. Anon the three doors at the opposite end of the apartment burst open, and from buttery, hatch, and cellar, roll in the actors of the play. There is Father Christmas with his beard of snow, and his tattered cloak, driving about him with a branch of holly; there are rude imitations of ancient bacchannals reeling forward on a butt of wine; there are dryads and satyrs holding a mock combat with branches of yew and laurel, and still the fire in the huge chimney blazes higher, throwing a bright light on the scene. Then the evening carousing begins, and the Mistress of Cothele retires to her inner apartments, where she communes with her ladies on the various sports they have beheld. They are seated in a tapestried parlor, ornamented with the gayly wrought history of St. George and the Dragon. The room is dimly lit by lights placed in candlesticks of the most eccentric devices. A black page in gaudy attire, enters, and presents to the company a small salver of chased silver, on which a grotesquely fashioned teapot with tiny cups of old transparent china are placed. While with delicate sips they enjoy their fragrant beverage, their hostess proceeds to

inform them that on such a day, in such a year, this apartment was honored by the presence of royal guests. The great King Charles of "doleful memorie," (who has visited almost as many old places in England, as there are days in the year) with Henrietta his wife, *did* sit on those two identical chairs, covered with royal velvet; and also they slept in the dark green chamber, hung with the tapestried adventures of "Hero and Leander." Like that of the Lady Margaret Bellenden, in Scott's novel of Old Mortality, the wondrous tale is heard as often as it recurs to the memory of the Lady of Cothele. And still she may continue to descend on the same; but an ancient clock in a neighboring recess tolls the hour of vespers; and all the curious clocks and time-pieces which decorate the house, "up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," echo at uncertain intervals a similar sound. Then the arras is removed, and the door of a small chapel displayed, into which the numerous guests hastily throng to be absolved from the sins of the passing day. A painted window representing the baptism of our Lord, and a velvet altar cloth, on which are embroidered the twelve apostles in silk, are seen in the chapel. The domestic chaplain opens the large black-lettered tome, on the small reading desk; so many paternosters are said, so many ave-marias sung, and the party again disperse to their interrupted sports, with hearts untouched, and spirits unimproved, careless of the *effect* produced, so that the *rites* are performed. Then the lady of Cothele parades her guests through the various apartments of her mansion, which are all illuminated, and decorated with evergreens in honor of the festal time. Stiff silks and wiry brocades rustle along the staircase, and through the corridors, as the hooped damsels move in cumbrous state along. The housekeeper with her jingling keys precedes them to do the honors of the place. They enter the summer withdrawing-

room, through whose wonderfully cheerful casements the moon appears, unopposed by modern shutter, or curtain, or any such let or hindrance. The nicely kept slope or pleasaunce is without, in which a yew tree spreads its enormous branches; it is said to be "one of the largest in the world." On the tapestry in the drawing-room, amongst many other devices, is Envy gnawing a human heart. Other smaller chambers are traversed, amongst which is the study in which the unchildlike days of the celebrated heiress, Miss Cothele's youth were past. Here she was taught to trace those uncouth characters which enabled her to sign her name at full length on the records of the home. Here she learnt the numberless stitches which took up the most of her leisure time. Here she acquired sufficient lore to enable her to read the genealogical tables of her race. Here she was nursed in the pride, and superstition, and bigotry which warped the mind, and stamped the character in former ages. Here she was first told that she was Miss Cothele, the heiress of the family; and this gave a coloring to her future fate. Her successor gazes with ever-renewed interest on the tapestry which surrounds the room. She points out the ingenious fancy of a Plato or Socrates, instructing *British* youth in the occult science of Geography, by means of a plane, or flat sphere; here she shows the fac-simile of her own slate, on which she drew figures similar to those represented in the canvass; on the other side is an exact representation of her horn-book, so like, that she could almost fancy it to be the same. The admiring guests listen with respect to her reminiscences, and pass on with wonder and delight, to view the splendor revealed to them by her sleeping apartment. There is a handsome bed of fine white jean, embroidered by her own fair hands, which took at least ten years in the doing. There is a gay silk coverlid, formed from patches of all her robes, also a specimen of

her own handy-work. There are the sheets, and toilet-covers, spun entirely by herself and maids. From her bed she can gaze on the most splendid piece of tapestry in the house : it represents a woodland scene, with huntsmen and dogs ; the dogs of the fine race of blood-hounds, now so seldom seen : they stand majestically, with their heads erect, as if proud of having accomplished some difficult chase ; their bright eyes following the wondering spectators wherever they stand : the lady of Cothele relates how these bright eyes gleam in the moonlight, and how they have startled her with their almost living expression, when she has been roused from sleep by some unhappy dream. In the corner of the room is a valuable Indian cabinet "brought from across the seas," containing innumerable drawers and secret recesses, in which are securely hidden the jewels and "trickery" of the Mistress of Cothele : within are numerous little glasses, reflecting the sparkling treasures of womanly vanity. At some distance from this apartment is the dark chamber of King Charlie ;—truly a ghostly looking place, with no ornaments but the narrow ebony bedstead, and a steel mirror, made before the invention of looking-glasses ; and the figures of "Hero and Leander" starting from a melancholy green ground in every quarter. There are other bed-rooms to be looked at, more or less enriched with uncomfortable couches and cumbrous furniture : but the wonder of the mansion is reserved for the last exhibition : and here the house-keeper jingles her keys with a sense of greater importance ; and her mistress rears still higher her stately head as the glories of the china closet are laid open to view. Tread lightly the sacred precincts ; touch at your peril one of the sacred deposits ; all the service of the house is here displayed. We pass over the delighted expressions of the lady of Cothele and her guests, at the quaint patterns on plates and punch-bowls, and proceed to her more elevated

pleasure, in pointing out the portraits of her husband's ancestors, as she descends the principal staircase. There is the head of some famous warrior nearly defaced; near it the handsome but starched visage of a courtier, by Meinherr Vandyke; on one side is the honored resemblance of the heiress of Cothele; on the other, a lovely image of her only brother, who died in infancy, its curling flaxen locks and mild blue eyes giving all the idea of a cherub. Then the guests listen with due deference to an account of the manner in which the fair estate of Cothele came into possession of the Edgecumbes:—how that “in the reign of Edward Third, William de Edgecumbe of Eggescombe or Edgeumbe, in the parish of Milton-Abbot, married Hilaria, daughter and heiress of William de Cothele, and fixed his residence on her estate; that his son married the heiress of Dennet; his grandson, the heiress of Holland. That Richard Edgcumbe, son of the latter, was a noted warrior, knighted on Bosworth field: that by him came to the family many valuable estates.” &c., &c., &c.*

The lady of Cothele has now fulfilled her task; she bids a courteous farewell to her attendant guests, summons her tire-woman to her aid, and retires to her solemn bed-chamber, where we heartily wish her spirit peace. We now return to the festal hall

But

“The guests are fled.

“The garlands dead.”

And we are glad to emerge into the bright sunshine and

* Sir Piers Edgecumbe, son of Sir Richard, married the heiress of Dernford,—by which match he became possessed of Mount Edgecumbe and Stonehouse, and considerable estates in Maker and Karne. (He has been made of note in Mrs. Bray's tale of Warleigh.) Richard Edgecumbe, Esq. the immediate descendant, was created Baron Edgecumbe of Mount Edgecumbe, in 1742. In 1781, his younger son George, was created Viscount Mount Edgecumbe and Vallort, and in 1789, Earl Mount Edgecumbe.

fresh air, and ramble on to our little boat and impatient friends, to be borne once more on the delightful river. As we take leave of Cothele, the house and grounds of Warde, on the opposite bank of the stream, attract our attention. We pass on by many pretty nooks and neat cottages, until our small vessel again pauses before the stately castle and grounds of Pentillie.

Landing by a neat boat-house, which, together with an ancient lime-kiln near, wreathed with creepers and wild flowers, makes a pretty picture, we pass through a pleasant lawn with fine trees, and ascend the slope, on whose wood-crowned height is situated the traditional burial-place of Sir James Tillie. According to the accredited tale, it is said that this mistaken man, who *believed himself* to be an Atheist, ordered (in ridicule of the resurrection) that he should be interred at his death in a vault on his own estate. He was to be placed upright, in his accustomed arm chair, with pipes and glasses on the table before him. It is certain that when a child, I remember peeping through a grated window, into the small apartment erected over the vault, in which was an inscription and some carved work, intimating that Sir J. Tillie was actually buried beneath, but whether in the manner above described, it is difficult, and I suppose impossible at this time to ascertain. The place is now, I understand, covered with briars and falling into decay, and thus the enemies to the Christian religion, with their proud monuments pass away into oblivion, while the everlasting pillars of nature and revelation bear living testimonies to its glorious and eternal truths.* The

* Since writing the above, I have learnt with pleasure that Mr. Gilbert in his History of Cornwall, contradicts the statement of Sir James Tillie's being an *Atheist*. "His last will and testament has been examined by his heirs at Doctor's Commons, and in this document it is observable, that so far from his principles being atheistical, they breathe throughout a disposition fraught with the utmost submission to the will of Divine Providence, and perfect confidence in the wisdom and mercies of the Creator."

castle of Pentillie is not generally shown to strangers ; but its generous owners keep up a style of real English hospitality, which is rarely seen in these days of sordid care.* The noble style of architecture of the mansion, renders it well worthy the title of “Pride of the stream.” Thus has the poet happily celebrated its noble front—

Beautiful,
Art thou Pentillie, rising o'er the flood
That round thy foot, involved as the folds
Of the sleek serpent, leads a mazy course,
As though it were a pity soon to steal
The voyager from scenes so passing fair !
All eyes are fixed upon the woods,—the woods ;
And on that princely structure which they hold
Within their green embrace !

Near Pentillie castle is Landulph church, celebrated as holding the ashes of the last descendant of the Greek Emperors. On a plate of brass, near the altar, are the following words—

Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus,
of Pesaro, in Italy, descended from
ye impervyal lyne of ye late Christian Emperors of Greece,
being the sonne of Camilio, ye sonne of Prosper, ye sonne of
Theodoro, ye sonne of John, ye sonne of Thomas,
second brother of Constantine Paleologus,
the 8th of that name, and last of yt line yt rayned in Constantinople,
until subdued by the Turks.
who married Mary, ye daughter of William Balls, of
Hadlye, in Suffolke, gent. and had issue five children ;
Theodoro, John, Ferdinand, Maria, and Dorothy,
and departed this lyfe at Clyfton, ye 21st of Jan. 1636.

* The present building was erected from designs by Wilkins, author of *Magna Grecia*. “It is in the Gothic style and chiefly of Portland stone. The interior is very elegantly finished, and the lobby has one of the finest painted windows in England. A pedestal in the quadrangle, supports a full length statue of Sir James Tillie, in the costume of Queen Anne’s reign.”

I once made a hazardous pilgrimage, from Camelford, in Cornwall, in a carriage over the almost trackless moors, with a friend who was desirous of visiting the tomb of poor Paleologus. At Callington such a storm awaited us as dispersed for a time all thoughts of the descendant of the Greek emperors. We learnt however subsequently, that his tomb had been opened many years before, when the body of Paleologus was found in a perfect state; his head appeared that of an old man with a long white beard. To return to Pentillie—

The reaches of the river as mentioned above are here extremely beautiful from their serpentine windings. That portion of land on which the house stands, forms a complete horse shoe. The opposite and projecting bank is ornamented by a few graceful trees. Here we have often seen the heron raise his long neck, as he paced the marshy shore, and dip his beak into the water for the small fish or shrimps which are found in abundance. During the spring tides the river makes for itself another channel across the marsh; and covering the fields for a considerable space, has all the appearance of a small lake. The trees and bushes appear above the water at intervals, like so many green islets. It is very pleasant to sail over the smooth expanse, gliding between the tall flags and spreading alders, but the passage is dangerous, unless to experienced boatmen. Many a gay party has been stopped in its course by an unlucky sand-bank, or rushy mound, and not unfrequently the pleasure-seekers have been obliged to endure hours of durance vile, until their own efforts united to that of the tide has borne them on their way. The fruitful parish of Beer-Ferris is situated on the Devonshire side of the beach commanded by Pentillie castle. The shore is diversified by bold heights, broken by little valleys, which run in the direction of the river. Here are grown in abundance those delicious small black cherries, which are carried to

the Plymouth and Tavistock markets, and thence dispersed over various parts of the country. A pleasant excursion it is to visit the parish of Beer, cherry eating in the proper season. The rich clusters of fruit almost drop into your mouth as you drive along the road in the neighborhood of the orchards. These orchards are generally let out to "*regrators*," or fruit-sellers, who take possession of the trees for a season. I have known a gentleman let out an avenue of trees for the comparatively enormous sum of ninety pounds. Some farmers prefer having fruit-pickers, who perform all the labor, and besides their meals, have so much a day. Last summer we encountered a party of these rural laborers, who were enjoying a plentiful repast, in what might truly be termed a "Devonshire paradise."* They were seated beneath some plum trees, which hung down with their rich purple bloom. Whole acres of ground around were filled with various fruits; gooseberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, pears, apples, and damson plums seemed to vie with each other in their temptations to the stranger's palate. Certainly "Eve's kale-yard", of which Robert Burns so happily speaks, could not have presented greater luxuries than this extensive garden of forbidden fruit. And there were the pickers, carelessly laughing and chatting, heedless of the treasures spread so bountifully around them, until roused to all necessary vigilance, by the bark of their watchful dogs. I must gratefully speak of the kindness of the owner, who on a hot day of June, sent to entreat us to help ourselves to whatever we chose. Three times a week, boats are laden at an early hour of the morning with fruiterers, and their baskets, who thus convey their produce to the

* A facetious stranger observed, that "if it were only for its cream and butter, Devonshire might be termed an earthly paradise;" we should add that its fruits equally entitle it to so proud a term.

Plymouth and Devonport markets. It was once my (lucky?) chance to return up the river in one of these market boats. I was amused to see the nonchalance of the women, who seemed to take no more notice of the progress of the boat, than if they were seated in a luxurious drawing-room by the fireside. They had no sooner chosen their places than all took from their capacious pockets, some work or knitting, and making their empty baskets serve as tables, commenced plying their needles with as much diligence as if their bread depended on their present labors. In the mean time their tongues were not idle; they discussed in a jargon peculiar to themselves, all the gossip of the neighborhood, together with the adventures of the market. If the wind veered, they changed their position, sat lower in the boat, and raised their kraits higher. I never witnessed an instance of more perfect contentment. Besides the amusement of watching my companions, I enjoyed the beauty of a calm summer's evening. Numerous pleasure-boats, which, during the summer months, glide continually along the Tamar, passed us ;—one with a band of music on board, long filled the air with melody ; then the regular fall of the oars announced the approach of the gig of a man-of-war. The grand hulls themselves, those huge Leviathans of art, were passed as we quitted Hamoaze : gently heaving their bulky sides with the play of the waves, they rise out of the water like some vast monsters of the deep. Well may England be proud of the artizans, who rear such fabrics to set at defiance the world. Let him who takes interest in his country's good, visit the dock-yards of her navy ; let him examine the mighty ribs, from which are created these bulwarks of the nation ; let him watch the progress of their formation, from the first rude spar to the proud moment when they are launched upon the bosom of the ocean ; and then let the Englishman shout for joy, that he is one

of a great people, "whose glory extendeth even unto the ends of the earth." But I must return to my sail up the pleasant river. We passed, on our way, the pretty church of Beer-Ferrers, romantically situated on the very edge of the stream. It is memorable as having been the death-place of the unfortunate Mr. Charles Stothard, who fell from the scaffolding on which he was raised to copy a fine old painted window in the church, and was found dead on the spot, with his scull fractured from the violence of the fall. His widow, (the present Mrs. Bray,) erected a stone to his memory, and planted roses around, to distinguish his grave in the simple church-yard.

In the church of Beer-Ferrers, are the effigies of a crusader in armor, and his lady, in a veil and whimple. The painted window of the church, copied by Mr. Stothard, contains the figures of Sir William Ferrers and his lady, as appears from an imperfect inscription. The family of Ferrers seem to have been of great note in the neighborhood, and from them the parish derives its name.

By Beer church is the confluence of the Tavy and Tamar; the two rivers meet near Warleigh, (of which we shall say more hereafter) whence the country seat of Marystow, (belonging to Sir Ralph Lopes) appears

"On the blue margin of the tranquil flood."

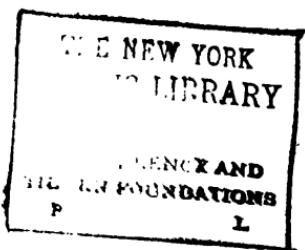
Some of the loveliest scenery of the neighborhood is to be found near this spot. From the "White Rock" especially, the view is beautiful. There is collected wood and water, and valley and hill, all that can make the prospect enchanting. But the place is saddened by the recollection of some fatal accidents which have occurred at the ford below Marystow. A short time since a young surgeon was lost, in attempting to ford the stream in a gig, on a dark evening. A very pleasant excursion is made by tracing the Tavy from opposite Marystow, to the woods of Buckland Abbey, by Denham-bridge.

Returning once more to the market-boat, I must mention the place of our landing, which presents as great a wonder as any before described. It is in the parish of Beer-Ferrers, near a place called Hole's Hole. Here is realized all the most enticing visions of the ancient alchemists. Hence too—from this small insignificant spot issues much of the wealth of the kingdom. And how may this be? Simply by the well-directed knowledge of some of our scientific men. Through their skill the true philosopher's stone has been discovered,—the veriest dross has been made into precious ore. The transmutation of the metal may be observed, by obtaining permission of the owner of the works, (Benjamin Somers, Esq.) who lives near. Large furnaces are burning night and day, to receive the refuse from the lead mines of the neighborhood, as well as from those of Wales, and even from the distant mines of South America. By extreme heat the fusion of the metallic ore is effected; but (mark the operations of nature!) a separation then takes place, the lead being of a heavier, or to speak scientifically, of a more *compact* nature, remains behind, in a vessel prepared to receive it, while the dross flows off, and is carried away in another direction. Another metamorphosis is to be accomplished; the lead is to be again subjected to the force of heat, under the direction of the head workman alone. By the wonderful power of chemical attraction, a separation again takes place; some substance claiming greater affinity with the silver, retains it in the furnace, while the lead, pure and unmixed, now flows out as the dross did before. I was extremely interested by examining these smelting-works; and would advise all strangers to ask for the principal workman, to explain the process to them; he is a very intelligent man, the more so from being called upon to officiate occasionally, as a Methodist local preacher. We must mention one great drawback to the benefit

derived from the process above described. It is said that "so dreadfully deleterious are the fumes of arsenic constantly impregnating the air of the smelting-houses, and so profuse is the perspiration occasioned by the heat of the furnaces, that those who have been employed at them but a few months, become most emaciated figures, and in the course of a few years, are generally laid in their graves." We certainly remarked the sickly aspect of the workmen, and the heat was not bearable to those unaccustomed to it.

"Mephitic vapors hang
Around the bold adventurer, and pale
Consumption threatens."

At about a mile and a half from these smelting works, is the disfranchised borough of Beer-Alston. Certainly no member of parliament could have been proud of representing such a place. The town consists of little more than two rows of straggling houses. The electors were such as held land in the borough, and paid an acknowledgement of three-pence to the Earl of Beverley, the lord of the manor. Their place of election was an old tree, in the centre of the town. Here were also chosen annually, at the court-leet of the lord of the manor, a portreeve and other officers. Beer-Alston first returned members to parliament in the time of Elizabeth, when its neighboring mines were rising into repute. The town derives its name from the family of Alençon, who, it is supposed, came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror.





THE
HORN
CANYON

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EXCURSION THE FIFTH.

VIXEN-TOR, MERRIVALE-BRIDGE, DARTMOOR PRISONS, &c.

"We roam the heath, soon as the sun—
The golden sun is high ;
And the leaping, laughing streams are bright,
And the lark is in the sky."

CARRINGTON.

"Dartmoor ! thou wert to me, in childhood's hour
A wild and wondrous region. Day by day,
Arose upon my youthful eye thy belt
Of hills mysterious, shadowy, clasping all
The green and cheerful landscape sweetly spread
Around my home, and with a stern delight
I gazed on thee."

IBID.

 HERE is life abroad at an early hour of the morning. Almost at sunrise, the voices of children are heard, gathering flowers laden with maydew, and trailing along huge branches of oak. It is May-day—and garlands decorated with gilded bird's eggs, are to be paraded by little urchins from door to door, while they gather small contributions and sing. It is holiday, for all who choose to make one; there is a famous may-pole erected in a certain green field, about which young people are dancing with joyous glee. It is beautiful; all beautiful on May-day: new life appears infused into every part of creation; the

insect race spring into existence, and rejoice in fluttering their brilliant wings in the brilliant sunshine. The birds fill the air with ringing melody. The aged and decrepid move out from their long winter imprisonments, and sit in some sheltered nook, sunning themselves. As for the young, their spirits are buoyant ; they are elevated above the world with the fulness of hope. Where can they spend the wild exuberance of their spirit's emotions ? how subdue their spirits to the prescribed etiquette of every day life ? Let them go to the moor and give them full vent ; let them tire themselves out by the sweet labors of exercise. There is no hour like the present for a moorland excursion ; there is no month so appropriate as laughing May. Her smiles are neither too hot, nor too cold ; they are exactly suited to cheer us on our way ; and if a Zephyr fan us with its downy wings, it comes perfumed with honied scents, "like the sweet South breathing upon a bank of violets." It is time to be gone. We are to visit the Dartmoor prisons, with many fine tors which lie in our road, besides hunting for as many Druidical remains as we can afford leisure to discover.

The first object on the moor which we stop to examine, is Vixen-Tor, a vast mass of rock rising like a sphinx in the desert on our right hand, at about a mile from the entrance of the moor.

"Majestic pile—

Thus, through the dreary flight of ages, thus
Triumphant o'er decay ! Art not thou old
As the aged Sun, and did not his first beam
Glance on thy new-formed forehead ; or art thou
But born of the deluge, mighty one ? Thy birth
Is blended with the unfathomable past,
And shadows deep—too deep for mortal eye—
Envelope it. With reverence we gaze
Upon thy awful form, to which compared
Our proudest works are toys."

Vixen-Tor is to be approached in fine weather without difficulty ; the bogs may be avoided by keeping near the fence, above Merrivale-bridge. On approaching nearer, we discover that the sphinx has changed its form ; the rock is now like a tower, with the ruins of a mighty cathedral strewn around. The tower is divided (it may be by the lightning's flash) ; the summit of the pinnacles can only be gained by climbing up the division, which is about the size of a large chimney. On the highest rock, two ravens have here from time immemorial, built their nest. A friend who was anxious to inspect their eyrie, clambered up some way, and then to assist his ascent, drew off his boots, flinging them down to his companion beneath. "Here they come" said the delighted naturalist, running to seize the expected birds.

Apropos des Bottes : it would be well to borrow a pair of the Giant's seven-leagued boots, in crossing this same boggy moor. We once attempted to go from Vixen-Tor, to the opposite eminence, and paid dearly for our pains, by meeting with some of the blackest, and most deceitful swamps, to be met with in any one spot. The disposition of some of the stones on Vixen-Tor, would give us leave to suppose that Druidical rites had been here performed. A projecting slab, resting on two upright supporters, has much the appearance of a Cromlech,—but it is said that the only perfect one discovered in this county, is at Drewsteignton, at about five miles from Okehampton. Three rock basins are to be seen on the summit of the Tor.

In proceeding towards Merrivale-bridge, from Vixen-Tor, we remark Steeple-Tor on the left, while the great Mist-Tor rises with much grandeur in the distance towards the east. On the highest part of the last mentioned rock, is a large mist-pan, with a pointed beaker, or lip, considered as one of the most perfect specimens of the rock basin on the moor. "An ancient trackway has been discovered, leading from the great Mist Tor,

to Hamildown ; it has been named “the equator of the moorland region, all above it being reckoned North, and all below it South of the country. This rude causeway is formed of pebbly stones, irregularly placed together ; its mean breadth is from five to six feet.”*

Beyond Merrivale-bridge are a number of circles, supposed by antiquarians, to mark the site of a British village.

“Let me pause

Around these roofless huts, these feeble vaults,
Thus solitary, thus decayed, amid
The silent flight of ages. In these, once,
The fierce Danmonii dwelt.”

“These huts, or dwellings, are to be found on every part of Dartmoor, in a state generally very imperfect ; the foundation stones, and those forming the door jambs, being all that remains with few exceptions. The huts are circular on the plain ; the stones are set on their edge, and placed closely together, so as to form a secure foundation for the superstructure, whether they were wattle-turf, stone, or other material. These vestiges strikingly illustrate the descriptions which *Diodorus Siculus*, and *Strabo* give of the habitations of their times.”† The most perfect specimen of the foundation stones of a British hut, we discovered near the Cheese-Wring in Cornwall. At the village near Merrivale-bridge, are two avenues of great length, apparently leading to the circles. Here is also a prostrate cromlech, and a rock pillar, or monumental column, formed of a granite shaft, twelve feet high, “presenting a rude type of an obelisk.” Leaving Merrivale-bridge and its British village behind us, we pass two rocky eminences, denominated, Kingtor

* From a Paper on the antiquities of Dartmoor, in the Transactions of the Plymouth Literary Society.

+ Plymouth Transactions.

and Rundlestone, on the right, and proceed over a wild track, and by habitations as wild, towards Two-bridges. In one of these moss-covered huts, springing up like mounds from the earth, once lived an aged moor-man, surnamed Carter, who claimed to be the patriarch of the moor, as the ancestor of a tribe of herdsmen, as wild and independent as the Arabs of the desert. He and his sons contracted about seventy years since, for the making of the first turnpike road, leading over the moor, towards Moretonhampstead. Previously to its formation, it was actually necessary to have an experienced guide, to conduct the traveller with any chance of security over the trackless waste. The course was steered by observing the relative position of the tors; here and there arose a stone cross, to save the traveller from the perils of the morass. In the charter of Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon, to Buckland Abbey, I observed the names of Syward's Cross, (still remaining) Smalacumba Cross, Panebone Cross, Maynestone Cross, and Capris Cross. Near Two-bridges is the small wooded valley which rises like an oasis in the desert below Bardown. The good feeling and taste of a former proprietor, (Edward Bray, Esq.) induced him to plant by the mountain stream, a number of trees, which even now spread their branches fearlessly, though scathed by the storms, that desolate the moor. The little river Cowsick dashes onward, over vast masses of granite, on which the present owner, (the Rev. E. A. Bray) has placed various inscriptions. A question arises, as to whether from the numerous little valleys which intersect the moor, similar plantations might not be made to rise, and that thus our bleak desert, by the wand of industry, might be transformed into a cultivated track. The specimen of stunted vegetation on Wistman's wood, is certainly unfavorable to the speculation. A number of oaks, of no more than two or three feet in height, rear their

tortuous forms above the moss-grown rocks, throwing twisted and ungainly branches as far as their dogged perseverance will permit. There is an uncomfortable sensation in beholding these thwarted efforts of nature; it is like being thrown into an assemblage of human dwarfs—amidst the halt, the maimed, and the blind, who boldly grin at the spectator, as if boasting of their own deformity. “Tradition reports, that Wistman’s, otherwise Wiseman’s wood, was planted by the before-mentioned Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon.” It is on the eastern side of the West Dart, about two miles northward of Two-bridges.

At no great distance, is Longford Tor, of a conical form, presenting a bold front to a spectator on the road to Moreton.

Thence at the distance of four miles, is situated Post-Bridge, on the East Dart, built of upright stones, over-capped with others horizontally, placed so as to admit of passengers on foot, or on horseback, after the manner of crossing rivers in ancient times. It was probably reared in a primitive age, by the British inhabitants.

Following the road which conducts by Two-bridges to the Prisons, we pass the railroad, which connects the moor with Plymouth; and observe at a distance, the estate of Tor-Royal, planted by the late Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt. The house at Tor-Royal, which for the sake of security from the storms, is but one story in height, contains a handsome suite of apartments, with cornices representing a small railroad train, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt having been the original projector of the Plymouth and Dartmoor railway. “The length of this railway from Prince-town, to Sutton-Pool, where it ends, is about twenty-five miles. It is used in conveying lime, coals, timber, &c. and taking back granite, and other articles. The tunnel on the twentieth mile from Prince town, is six hundred and twenty yards in length. It was opened

for public use, with a procession, September 26th, 1823.* "What has been done, can be done again :" we do not despair of seeing railroads connecting the town of Tavistock with Plymouth and Exeter, by their expeditious mode of travelling. Already various lines have been projected and marked out: Nothing is required but courage and perseverance; our monied men will surely not be backward in their contributions; the government must countenance the labors of its subjects; and thus every obstacle will in time be cleared, which lies in the way! The Plymouth and Dartmoor railway, belongs to Messrs. Johnson; we shall have occasion to mention it again, when we visit the granite quarries. We must now, after leaving our equipage at the Duchy Hotel, at Prince town, proceed to visit the gloomy prisons.

In our way a handsome granite church, built by the French prisoners for the use of the inhabitants of Princetown, attracts our attention. The scattered graves around, show how few desire even in death, to be placed in this desolate and exposed spot. Opposite the church-yard gate, is the entrance to some barracks, used in the time of the last French war. At a quarter of a mile beyond, we come upon the strong portal, which for so many years, inclosed the unfortunate victims of human dissension.

"Silent now,—

How silent that proud pile where England held
Within her victor-gripe, the vanquish'd foe!"

On the granite archway, is carved an inscription from

* The total cost of the undertaking, including the purchase of land, the expense of three acts of parliament, the construction of the works, and other contingencies, amounted to about sixty-six thousand pounds; twenty-eight thousand of which, were borrowed from the commissioners for granting the loan of exchequer bills, in aid of public works.—*South Devon Museum.*

Virgil. "*Parcere subjectis ; debellare superbos.*" The houses for the officers and agents on duty, occupy the outer court of the prison. In one of these, is a number of inscriptions in French, intimating the feelings of the poor captives, who waited to be confined, or released, by order of the recording officer. An inner court contains a covered piazza, furnished with gratings, through which the prisoners, on certain days, were permitted to traffic with such small articles, as their ingenuity led them to produce, from the apparently incompetent materials, afforded by old bones, waste paper, and slips of straw. By apt contrivance they constructed from these, boxes, dinner mats, and various ornaments, suited to the taste of the fair inhabitants of the nearest towns, who crowded to make purchases of the prisoner's wares. The guide at the prisons, who is an Irishman, as original as his habitation, points out some bullet holes in the strong oak door, and in the wall, near the market-place, which denotes the spot at which the prisoners once made an attempt to escape. The establishment forms an inclosure of thirty acres, surrounded by three lofty walls, on one of which were sentry-boxes, at distinct distances, gained by flights of steps still remaining. There are also three guard-houses, at the east, west, and south. Within the walls is another barrier, formed of iron palisades. Such precautions were deemed eminently essential; as at one period of the war, ten thousand prisoners were here confined. The prisons are seven in number, each three hundred feet long, and fifty wide, and of similar construction; containing two long dormitories, with gangways between the iron poles, from which were suspended the hammocks. Above these two rooms, is a third, which was devoted to the exercise, or employment of the prisoners. Beneath some of the prisons, are covered ways, where the inmates might breathe the fresh air, without suffering from the inclemencies of the storm.

Every precaution seems to have been taken, to preserve the health, and spare the vanquished; but still many unfortunate men perished. They drooped and died, it might be from *la maladie du pays?* Still the mortality was not so great as in the crowded prisons of other parts. For the sick, excellent hospitals were provided, containing some noble apartments, suited to the palace of a prince. The kitchens and laundries were well contrived; and the dungeon is far preferable to any place of confinement, which our common prisons can afford. But the walls are so thick, that the instrument of release could never pierce them; the light comes dimly through a small iron grating, and the doubly plated door closes with a thundering sound, which reverberates through the vaulted cell. It would be cold, heartless misery, to sojourn in such a place, even for a short time. Methinks I hear the cry of that poor young prisoner, who was forced to this gloomy domicile, for attempting to escape.

"Oh set me free,
I am young in years;
And my heart repines,
Though I shed no tears:
My spirit was formed for joy and glee;
It still is buoyant;—"Oh set me free."

Oh set me free,
I am strong and bold;
Scarce fifteen summers
Have o'er me rolled.
Unfettered once as the boundless sea;
I am pinioned now;—"Oh set me free."

Oh set me free,
I've a father true;
He is bowed with age;—
Must I vainly sue?
From your sharpest swords he would scorn to flee;
But he mourns for his son;—"Oh set me free."

Oh set me free,
I've a mother dear,
Whose eyes are blinded
With many a tear.

She prays for her child with bended knee,
Must her prayers be useless?—"Oh set me free."

Oh set me free,
I've a sister fair;
Her brow is shaded
With early care.

She calls for her brother by bower and lea;
Yet has no reply;—"Oh set me free."

Oh set me free,
I've a home so bright
With every beauty
That glads the sight.

That home once sounded with revelry;
And now it is silent;—"Oh set me free."

Oh set me free,
I've companions brave;
Each one would perish
His friend to save.

They wander in grief by our fav'rite tree;
Their pastimes are ended;—"Oh set me free."

Oh set me free,
This dungeon deep
Is dark'ning round me;—
I dare not sleep.

Unearthly forms in its gloom I see;—
They are mocking my sorrow;—"Oh set me free."

God—set me free,
Thou alone canst save:
For human pity
I vainly crave.

My spirit now longs for that liberty
Which death alone yields;—"God—set me free."

My soul is free,
Though my heart is cold;
Mother, dear mother,
Your arms enfold.
Father, I perish for liberty;—
Sister, your blessing;—God sets me free."

In contrast to this dismal strain, imagine the shouts of joy which must have resounded through this gloomy abode, when the first of the united powers, proclaimed universal peace. "Is it indeed true," exclaimed the delighted Frenchmen, "shall we see *la belle France* again?" And even the surly Americans, smiled at the idea of beholding their boasted land once more. Without the walls of the prisons, on the eastern side, is the burial place of the unfortunate captives, which has, of course, been sadly neglected; the horses and cattle have broken up the soil, and left the bones of the dead to whiten in the sun. Opposite the chief entrance to the dépôt, is a large reservoir, which supplies the whole of the prisons with the freshest water. Regarding the numerous conveniences, and substantial construction of these extensive buildings, it appears unfortunate that they should be allowed to fall into decay. The repairs which have been recently commenced, will, it is feared, be insufficient to prevent the destruction of the wood-work. The floors in many places have entirely fallen in, which must necessarily be the case, while the houses are subject to the ravages of time in a moist climate, without being defended by wholesome heat, from the hearth fires of any inhabitants. In the grass-grown courts, sport the martin and weasel; the mountain mouse ranges through the solemn apartments, and the rabbit burrows under the lofty walls. It was once proposed to send convicts to this spot, but the design it appears has been since abandoned. "Subsequently a school of industry was projected and advocated by Lord Brougham. The design was to rescue orphans from the vice, infamy and ruin of the metropolitan streets."

We now return to the Duchy Hotel, at Prince-Town; where is to be found every refreshment for man and beast. This hostelry often affords accommodation for anglers and sportsmen, who range the moor for their

desired game. The brooks and rivers abound in fish, and much amusement may be derived by the observing spectator, from hearing the piscatory wanderers descant on the various merits of the Black-a-Brook, the Dart, or the Swincomb. Game of all descriptions is found on the moor. The black-cock and grouse are sometimes seen, and a solitary eagle has been before now observed wending its flight across the waste. The natural history of this interesting district will be mentioned elsewhere, but we may here introduce some valuable remarks on the use to which the natural peculiarities of the moor may be turned as a means of the improvement of health, from a manuscript kindly placed in my hands by a medical friend, who has directed his attention particularly to the statistics of the neighborhood of Tavistock.

"The whole of the causes of the differing healthfulness of various climates, is far from being yet ascertained; but the most essential of those which are so, temperature, moisture, and purity of air, are materially different on Dartmoor to those of the lower country. The same motives which induce the visits of the Anglo-Indian to the Neilghearies, or of the Anglo-Italian to Lucca, or Switzerland, might render eligible a removal from our towns, and valleys, and sea-coasts to the Moorland. The same qualities of climate, in fact, which serve to recommend our county as a winter residence for those whose lungs are delicate, often render it oppressive and loaded with moisture and exhalations during the summer and early autumn heats. In the case of our large towns, an additional source of depression arises out of the contamination produced by a large, and in some instances, confined population. The good effects of a visit to the moor in such seasons, are immediately perceptible;—elasticity, and vigor of appetite, take then the place of their opposites, and the balance of functions in which health consists is quickly re-established. The Temper-

ature of the day is on the average about five degrees lower on the moor, than at Tavistock and Plymouth;* it differs less from that of the night; and the range between the highest and lowest of each month, is by no means so great. The density of the air is much inferior to that of the low country, and consequently holds effluvia less readily in solution, whilst their production is not so much encouraged by heat, and is probably checked by the prevalence of carbonized vegetable matter, which very much impedes the putrefaction even of the animal bodies buried beneath the soil. There is, besides, no dense population to occasion impurity of air: if any such should accidentally be produced, it would be immediately dissipated by the breezy agitation which may be said to be there perpetual." Such are the main elements of the summer climate of the moor.† The method of turning to the best account these beneficial influences, has appeared to me to be the recommendation

* Ascertained from observations made by Mr. Bickford, of the Duchy Hotel, Prince town, on his thermometer, compared with those kept,—under the direction of Mr. Snow Harris, at the Devonport Dock-yard; by Dr. Thomas Barham, of Exeter, and by Dr. Charles Barham, at Tavistock, during the year 1830.

+ The moorsmen are proverbially healthy, and celebrated for their great longevity, as well as for excelling in their favorite sport of wrestling. Abraham Cann, the famous pugilist, was a native of the moorland district. We may here speak of a race of gypsies, which once frequented Dartmoor, taking up their winter quarters at Moreton-hampstead. They were men of might in various ways, and may properly be denominated "Children of the Waste."

Stout in heart as granite tor,
Fearless or for peace or war,
Rich in spirit, worldly poor,
Tameless as their native moor.

But their energies were perverted to the guilty practice of horse stealing: the last of any celebrity, of whom I remember to have heard, was "Blue Jenny, of the gipsy tribe," condemned to death for stealing a horse from a gentleman at the prisons. Gipsies are still often to be met on the moor, where they encamp.

of a few short visits to the moor, repeated during the warm season at more or less distant intervals. We have considered merely the physical influence of the climate of Dartmoor, but this is here as in most examples of advantageous changes of the sort, only a part of the altered circumstances in which its visitors are placed. The freshness of unreclaimed nature, the somewhat savage, but yet, in fine weather, cheerful wildness of that wavy expanse of moorland, with its tors for breakers; the absence of all accompaniments of lowland life, produce an effect of novelty, which stimulates the mind as the air does the body, and prompts to movement and activity. Neither is there any lack of objects on which to employ these energies;—the trout stream to the fisherman, the British village, the Druidical Circus, the ancient wood to the antiquarian; the zoology, botany, geology, to the naturalist, are all peculiar, and will tempt each to exercise his several taste. The mere freedom to roam on the greensward, or to climb the rock, will be object enough to the young. The use of the horse, pony, or donkey, will be desirable for those who are deficient in muscular power, or short-breathed. For the purpose of realising these advantages, no situation on Dartmoor can come at all into competition with Prince-town. Whilst it is so placed as to possess fully the characteristics of the climate of the moor, being more than fourteen hundred feet above the sea, and in no way confined, it furnishes every comfort desirable for such valetudinarians as have been described:—a good and well-conducted principal inn, besides some decent smaller ones; respectable lodging houses, an Omnibus between Exeter and Plymouth, with a ready access to Tavistock. It is proper to notice the existence of several chalybeate springs in the neighborhood of Prince-town, the best of which is near the Officers' barracks: the use of these under proper direction is calculated to

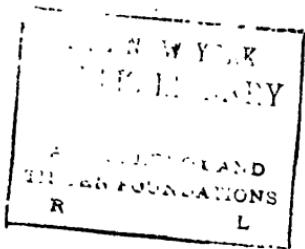
harmonize with, and strengthen the good effects of the climate. "The Prison when occupied, was (after the cessation of a fever, which must have occurred anywhere under the same circumstances) as healthy, if not more so, than any other in the country."

A carriage-road conducts the curious from Prince-town, to Mr. Johnson's granite quarries, by some of the most delightful views which can be afforded by the moorland district. Successive tors vie with each other in grandeur, until they are replaced by the blue Cornish hills, with the promontory of Mount Edgcumbe, and the silvery line of the ocean in the distance. The quarries to which we now direct our attention are hidden from view, until the spectator is close upon them. At one moment he looks over the dreary moor without observing a human being; in another an immense excavation presents itself studded with workmen, as busily employed as bees in the hive: some are boring holes in the flinty rock; others are filling the cavities with powder; some are chipping the rude blocks into shape; others are lifting their ponderous weight by cranes and levers; horses, carts, and railroad waggons, are in constant employment, to convey away the heavy masses of stone, (some twenty feet in length) which have been made available in the principal public works, lately carried on in the metropolis: the Post Office and London Bridge, were constructed of this strong material, and at present it is furnished for building the new houses of parliament. A substantial building of granite has been erected for the clerk of the work: it is perfectly original in its design and workmanship, and seems as firm as the rock itself: this, with the houses of the workmen, and the shops of the blacksmiths, forms quite a little hamlet in the midst of the busy scene. Three hundred men were recently in constant employment on the spot: their work is very laborious, as the granite is very coarse-grained, and

brittle. The blacksmiths are always busily employed in sharpening the tools blunted by the stone.

A difficult road across the moor, suited only to travellers on horseback, conducts by a route of two miles, to Merrivale-bridge.

Having thus returned to the road by which we set out, it is perhaps necessary to conclude a long day's excursion: yet I would fain if my limbs permitted, remain longer on the moor: I feel how inadequate is a short space to describe the wonders of this interesting region. A week's sojourn at Prince-town would alone enable a traveller to make a thorough acquaintance with Dartmoor; and even then, the beauties in the neighborhood of Moreton-hampstead would remain unvisited.





Buffey's Buckland Abbey

EXCURSION THE SIXTH.

BUCKLAND ABBEY, MEAVY, &c.

"Many an age
Has roll'd above the monk's now traceless grave,
Since through thine Abbey, Buckland, rang the notes
Of fair religion's hymn."

UR next excursion may be made to Buckland Abbey, the seat of Sir Trayton Drake, at about seven miles from Tavistock. Following the Plymouth road, we pass a number of beautiful views, to be observed from various points of the route.

The scenery near Grenofen (a seat of the late Rev. Jonathan Phillipps Carpenter,) is peculiarly interesting. The river Walkham here flows through a deep valley, having on one side thick and shady woods, and on the other, the breezy slopes which ascend towards Roborough down. This landscape presents much of the attraction of Italian scenery : its secluded dell, and rising eminences, broken by a sudden ravine, and clothed with straggling furze and brushwood, might have furnished a fit subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

A turn in the road presents the scattered machinery of the Wheal Lopez mine : at a distance, and when half hidden by the trees, this usually uninteresting object has a somewhat picturesque effect.

Near the ravine in the wood was once a poor fisherman's hut, scarcely to be distinguished from the mound of turf against which it was built; where he led, in solitude, the life of a hermit.

In a valley below the entrance to Roborough down is the populous hamlet of Horrabridge. Here a woollen manufactory has been carried on, affording employment to the inhabitants of the place. On the hill behind Horrabridge, is Grimstone, the country residence of J. Collier, Esq., late M. P. for Plymouth.

Once on Roborough down, we are led to exclaim at every step, on the beauty of the varying scene. The valleys of the Walkham and Meavy, appear embosomed in rising hills, amongst which, the rounded summit of Sheepstor is conspicuous. The village churches are seen, surrounded by their few cottages: that of Meavy well repays a nearer inspection, being of very ancient date. It is famous also for its gigantic oak, which immediately faces the church-yard. This magnificent tree, whose heart is withered and hollowed by the destroying hand of time, still unfolds its leaves every spring, upon the lower branches. The higher boughs are bare and leafless, standing out like a stern monument of ages gone by. "The hollow trunk" it is said "once accommodated nine persons at a dinner party; it is now used as a turf house."* The basement of a cross is to be seen at a short distance from the church. Not far off, is an old manor house, which was the family seat of the Heywoods, afterwards of Marystow. But time urges us onwards to the object of our search.

After traversing a part of the down, observing at a short distance, the bold rock of Ullesthor or Roborough, which rises in solitary grandeur on the waste; admiring

* South Devon Museum.

too the leafy groves, and noble grounds of Bickham, belonging to John Hornbrook Gill, Esq., we turn off on the road which leads to Buckland, and crossing many deep ruts in the way, which a friend sapiently observes "ought to be filled up," at length reach one of the principal entrances to the Abbey. Pursuing a steep descent, we are led to the garden gates, and must sound a loud alarm before the guardians of the place can be made to notice our approach. The last time I was at Buckland, we got tired of our ill success, and straying in search of other ingress, were led by chance into the farm-yard. We did not regret our wanderings, as they induced us to observe the magnificent old barn, with its out-buildings, probably the same as when used by the monks in ooden time. The arched doorway, projecting entrance and strong buttresses of the barn are really noble. Such a specimen of a spacious granary attached to a private dwelling, I should suppose, is scarcely again existing. From the farm-yard we proceeded, between high garden walls, to a subterraneous passage of some length, whish leads to the kitchen. The porteress here made her appearance, and ushered us into her ample domain. An epicure might have been charmed by the numerous stoves arranged around to prepare the costly viands in prime order for his table. However, the attractions of the kitchen were not quite so powerful for ourselves, and we moved onward, by various servants' apartments, towards the hall. A stranger is disappointed in the proportions of this room; it is long enough certainly, for all moderate expectation, but it is wanting in height. I remarked the same highly ornamented ceiling as in the hall of Cullocombe, which gives us leave to suppose, that both homes were newly decorated at about the same time, probably in the reign of Elizabeth. The wainscoted walls are hung with a few family portraits. The sword and shield of Sir Francis Drake

hang over the screen beneath the gallery, at one end of the room. Above the doors which lead to the cellars at the opposite end, is engraven the arms of the family.* The drum and banner of the great Sir Francis are seen by the deeply-seated windows. A flight of steps leads from the hall to the apartments above. The staircase is lighted by an oriel window of painted glass. Here is hung a full length portrait of Sir Francis Drake. Along the corridor are ancient engravings, exhibiting the various positions of the Spanish Armada. A learned friend discovered an inscription on one of these engravings, which has, I believe, generally escaped the curious eye: it was to the following effect:—"Upon the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a pasquinade was found on a column at Rome, signifying that the Pope would grant indulgences for a thousand years to any one that would indicate, to a certainty, what was become of the Spanish fleet; whether it was taken up into heaven, or thrust down into Tartarus; suspended in the air; or floating in the sea." The corridor conducts to a suite of apartments, including the dining, breakfast and drawing-rooms: the last is decorated with some curious drawings and engravings; and with one or two cabinets; but the furniture in general is ancient and time-worn. From the drawing-room are to be observed some sweet views in the park, near the Tavy. The windows have all double frames, to protect the inhabitants from the inclemencies of the weather. The house was modernized by the late Lord Heathfield, about forty years since. Almost the only apartment preserved from the hand of innovation, is a small chapel, which, to our surprize, we discovered in the upper story of the tower; joined to the roof, were rafters for a screen, and around the fire-place, evidently

* Sable a few wavy, between two pole-stars.—ARGENT

used as a domestic altar, was a railing ; there were also two small resting places for holy water. Above the chimney-piece was a shield, with the arms and crest of the great navigator, finely sculptured on the wall. The crest given to him by Queen Elizabeth, is appropriate and interesting. It represents a ship under reef, drawn round a globe with a cable rope, by a hand out of the clouds—with his motto over it “*Auxilio divino,*” and this under it, “*Sic parvis magna.*” But with regard to the chapel ;—is it possible that Sir Francis secretly practised the rites of the Catholic religion, under the reign of the Protestant Queen? We think it not improbable, as he travelled much in Catholic countries, and was besides *a sailor* ;—belonging to a class of men proverbially superstitious.* In a loft above the chapel, is a large clumsy clock without a frame, which probably belonged to the monastic inhabitants of the place. Few other relics remain of the times when the monks held dominion here : the most perfect is what I have denominated “The Belfry,” which consists of a small square tower in the court-yard, with a pointed roof, surmounted by a conical ornament ; under the roof at equal distances, are square holes, either to admit light, or emit sound. Tradition relates that a subterranean passage is carried from this belfry to the neighboring down. The exterior of the Abbey is not particularly striking. A large square tower in the centre contains four arches, belonging to the original edifice ; one of these arches commenced in the interior is brought through the wall, and thus forms a kind of quadrant on the outside. The garden front is decidedly the most picturesque. The pleasure, or garden ground is not extensive, but its manner of laying out is interesting, as being in keeping with the place.

* In this chapel four arches meet, which belonged to the original edifice.

The cedars surpass in growth any I have elsewhere seen. They are so well formed, with graceful boughs tapering towards the top, in the true pyramidal form. A row of these trees, at one time probably cut into grotesque shape, bounds the garden wall. Beneath is a shady walk continued amongst the shrubberies. In the recesses of the paths are ancient figures, carved in wood, some of them are wholly defaced, and lie like senseless blocks; others can be discovered through the overgrowing moss and lichen, to be designed for representations of Neptunes and Tritons, intended, we suppose, to honor the great mariner, to whom the place formerly belonged.

The Abbey of Buckland was founded in the year 1278, by Amicia, Countess of Devon. Letters patent of King Edward the First remain, (a copy of which I have seen) "confirming to Amicia, Countess of Devon, the manors of Buckland, Bykeley, and Walkhampton, to hold according to the deeds which she had of the gift of Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Abermarl, her daughter, empowering her to found and endow a religious house." Also a deed of Amicia, Countess of Devon, "granting to the Abbot of Quarre, the said manors, according to their metes and bounds." This abbot with his brother monks, of the Cistercian order, came from Quarrer, in the Isle of Wight. At the dissolution of the monasteries, the scite of Buckland Abbey "was first granted 33. Henry 8th to Richard Greynfeld, and four years after it was conveyed to Richard Crymes, of London. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was purchased by Sir Francis Drake, in a descendant of whose family it still continues."

The housekeeper at Buckland relates many wonderful stories connected with the "famous waryer," as he is vulgarly called. Amongst others, it is said that Sir Francis by miraculous means, brought a rivulet of water into Plymouth for the supply of the inhabitants. According to the tradition, the stream followed his horses heels

from Dartmoor to the town ! Considering the length of the course of the Plymouth leat, and the comparative ignorance in practical science of the times in which it was constructed, we are not surprised at the completion of the work having been ascribed to supernatural agency. But the energetic spirit of our hero was equal to this and greater things. His memory is still held in much veneration by the people of this neighborhood ; and Buckland Abbey is even more regarded as having been the residence of Drake, than as having served the purposes of ascetic seclusion.* The park and grounds of the Abbey are rich in varied scenery.

The woods near Denham-bridge excite our warmest admiration. In the "leafy month of June" they present one mass of rich foliage sloping to the water's edge. On the Abbey side of the river the trees are more scattered, but they are finely grouped, and add much to the beauty of the bending lawn.

In the middle of the park is Drake's Oak, so called from the tradition that Sir Francis Drake climbed into it to escape from a stag, by which he was pursued. There must have been fine sport for the lordly Abbots in hunting the red deer through these sylvan scenes. We may imagine a goodly stag throwing its antlers on high, and bounding before the hounds through the extensive park. Now it appears at a distance in some opening glade ; now it dashes into the thick copse wood, and is lost to view : again it emerges, breathless and panting, and as a last resource plunges into the neighboring stream. Cleaving the river with his noble sides, he at length reaches the opposite bank, and holds his pursuers at bay. But short his respite ;—the wily

* From Historic Collections relating to the Monasteries in Devon, by the Rev. George Oliver.

huntsmen have crossed the bridge and are come upon the only open track.

Amid the groves

Of willows, bending low their downy heads
Breathless and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain his load; he pants, he sobs, appalled;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppressed.*

While the hot tears roll down his cheeks, the exulting hounds pinion him to the ground, and some fat old friar looks calmly on his agony, sharpening his knife the while, and thinking only of the venison. The race of wild deer is totally extinct in the South of Devon. The last herd was lost in the Tamar about fifty years since. One winter the farmers drove the poor creatures into the river, to get rid of them from their cornfields, they were drownaed by the breaking of the ice. It is said that the neighboring inhabitants had a pique against the master of the hounds, who was overbearing and discourteous in his behavior. I believe the red deer are still kept for pursuit in the North of Devon. Certainly no finer spot could be chosen for the chase than the verdant lawn of Buckland Abbey; we quite regret the loss of the beautiful creatures that formerly bounded through the park; and must fain be content with those goodly horses and frolicsome colts that glance along between the knotted trunks of the trees. There is sport yet remaining for the angler, who may enjoy to his heart's content the quiet banks of the rolling stream, and be repaid for his patient labors with some of the finest trout, and small salmon, or salmon-peel, in the country. I have often admired the picturesque scene presented by the rocky weir near Denhambridge, with the rising woods on one side, and the verdant lawn on the other; while a fisherman with his

* The Chase. SOMERVILLE.

appropriate accoutrements is stationed without motion on the rocks, watching for his finny prey. One could linger for days in this lovely retreat, and never be wearied of beholding and admiring, and imagining; but the time-bound traveller must content himself with but a casual survey of these witching scenes, and retrace his steps through the park to the lodge gate, which opens on the road to the village, in the neighborhood of the Abbey. He must not forget to note on the left side in ascending the steep acclivity that leads from the house, the now almost overgrown fish-ponds, which formerly supplied the tables of the monks with their fast-day fare. Let him pause also at the lodge, to observe two beautiful avenues of over-arching limes, which, like the aisles of some grand cathedral are drawn out on either side the road.

At about a mile distant is the antique village of Buckland-Monachorum. This evidently derives its name from the time of monachism. Its church, which is the great object of attraction also bears marks of the catholic rule. It is a massive structure, like a small cathedral. Along the principal aisle are a number of grotesque little figures, intended, we must in courtesy suppose, for the representation of angels. On entering the sacred edifice our attention is immediately attracted to the exquisite monument erected to the memory of General Elliot. The entablature represents the defence of Gibraltar, so ably conducted by this military hero. There is a representation of the embrasures, whence the cannon, planted in excavations of the rock, fired red hot balls on the Spanish fleet assembled in the bay, with a view to take the fortress by storm. The whole is sculptured on white marble, in a most masterly style, by Bacon. There is another handsome monument in the church, erected to the late Lord Heathfield. The exterior of the edifice is massive and imposing.

In the church-yard is a venerable tree, which seems as old as the church itself. Near it is an ancient sun-dial. By the gate a new school house has been erected, where the children of the village have the benefit of good instruction.

The traveller may either return to Tavistock by the Plymouth road, or chuse another more picturesque, but at the same time more difficult route by Denham-bridge.

EXCURSION THE SEVENTH.

SYDENHAM.

“Sweet the frequent lapse of brook,
The poetry of groves, the voice of bells
From aged towers, and labor’s manly song
From cultured fields upswelling.”

CARRINGTON.

THE uncommon occurrence of a mild and pleasant day in February, induced me with some other companions to put a long proposed excursion into effect. The sky was overcast, it is true, and a sleeping mist lay along the valley ; but this cleared away as the morning advanced, and there remained only that humidity which announces the soft breath of spring infusing new life and vigor into inanimate vegetation. The morning air had given corresponding youthhood to our feelings ; and with merry hearts, and gay countenances we mounted the vehicle which was to convey us on our way. There was no danger of suffering from an unforeseen shower of rain, as we were sheltered in one of those snug little cars which are now so common and so useful in this neighborhood. A strong pony lent its aid, and carried us forward over rough and smooth ground with almost equal ease and velocity. There was something very agreeable in being

trotted over the country in this simple manner. Our carriage corresponded with the retired appearance of the route, and with the rustic character of those we met. A fashionable chariot, or a delicately made cabriolet, would have appeared ridiculous in these primitive scenes. There was a feeling of liberty too, in the absence of form and ceremony which attended such an equipage. We could pause at pleasure, and gaze about us without any dread of injuring our hardy little steed, and the strong-built car could proceed without danger through the roughest and narrowest lanes. Happiness is not always connected with outward show ;—the merriest day of my life was spent in an Irish jaunting-car. We found that firm screws and secure fastenings were required for the newly-made roads of Heathfield, over which we travelled, amusing ourselves by observing the gradual progress of cultivation on this reclaimed ground. Some cottages had only patches of potatoes around them ; others had an attempt at a garden for cabbages ; while one, more advanced than the rest, could boast its enclosed field and square of springing corn. This was the one green spot, amidst the general desolation, upon which our eye could rest at pleasure. It appeared to me like the recollection of a happy day which comes back occasionally to cheer our gloomier hours ; a shining oasis in the wilderness of life. Plantations of young firs, thickly scattered in various directions, give a promise of future shelter to the embryo farms ; these trees will certainly conduce to soften the rigor of the climate ; but their growth is at present slow, owing to the bleak and inclement aspect of the heath. Those already planted, are I believe, chiefly Scotch fir, and larch. The birch, one of the most beautiful of our native trees, might be added with advantage, as it grows equally well with the larch, on exposed situations. In the north of Devon, the hedges subjected to the roughest sea breezes are planted with

young birch and hornbeam, which florish most luxuriantly, and add much to the beauty of the landscape, by their light and feathery leaves. Dr. Aikin speaks of the birch as valuable for clothing soils which are deserted by almost all other trees. The hornbeam also thrives well on the hills, bears transplanting, and is capable of resisting the wind. These mingled with the graceful ash, might be tried with advantage in the fir plantations of our mountain land. Our own thorn and holly hedges suffer much from the biting winds of the moors. I have seen some in the neighborhood of Heathfield completely fashioned by the blast, with twisted trunks and bent branches, all inclining in the direction they are blown. In summer the projecting foliage forms quite a bower, beneath which the sheep shelter themselves, laying bare the roots of the trees in their efforts to arrange their resting place; marks of their having had possession are left in the small tufts of wool which we see decorating the boughs. I remarked some birds hard at work in collecting this welcome material for their nests. The twigs were also seized upon by some solemn-looking rooks, who marched about at their ease, selecting the best or most suitable for their purpose, and then sailing away in the direction of Kilworthy. On leaving Heathfield we found these little plunderers more numerous, filling the air with twitterings as they wandered in search of their treasures. The hedges gradually became thicker and higher, and the wild scenery of the uplands was exchanged for views of the most romantic little valleys, with thatched cottages peeping from amidst the surrounding trees. The river Lyd appeared here and there meandering through the dingles. Then, as in the song, it was "gentle as a child's repose;" but a short while previously,—in the time of the winter's flood, it had committed great damages by overleaping its bounds, and performing sundry other misdemeanors of a like nature.

Seven or eight bridges were carried away by the torrent : we encountered three of these fractured structures in our way, and were compelled to turn back on account of two of them. One was completely gone, as if by a single sweep of the waters ; the banks on each side were left perfectly smooth, and presented a frightful gap as we approached near them. Another had been rendered passable, and we contrived to travel over it, and to proceed through pleasant lanes, and by quiet farms, and one or two small hamlets, to our place of destination—Sydenham.

“Then at the last we came into a dale,
Amid two mighty hills on eyther side ;
From whence a sweete stremme downe dyd avale,
And cleare as christal through the same did slide.”

FRANCIS THYNNE.

The approach is by a steep declivity leading into a retired nook, in which the house is situated. It is indeed seated somewhat low, “by the riveret side,” as Risdon has it. The stream murmurs on through a small wood, bearing the romantic epithet of Turtle Grove. A bridge crosses the brook immediately opposite the principal entrance to the house : hence a sweet home-scene is gained of the winding “riveret,” and the green meadows, opening beneath fine old umbrageous trees. Thick woods clothe the sides of the hills which encircle the valley. We could see no trace of the house until we advanced quite close to it ; then we welcomed with pleasure its huge stacks of chimneys, and its large irregular pile of building, which rises to “such a height” as Risdon says, “that the house is ready to reel under the burthen.” There is however, nothing imposing in this ponderous piece of architecture. It wants that appearance of strength and solidity which distinguish some of the erections of Elizabeth’s reign. One portion is evidently of much older date than the rest, but this

part is unfurnished and desolate. It is said that Sir Thomas Wise, who beautified the building at the time of the coronation of James the First, sold his estate of Mount Wise, at Plymouth-Dock, (or Devonport) to rebuild his mansion at Sydenham, but all his gains were not sufficient to complete it, in consequence of which, one side has been neglected to this day. The sash windows in the northern gable were constructed for the convenience of Mr. Tremayne, (who died in 1794) when he was upwards of ninety, and confined to the house. Sydenham was held by the family of the Wises until about the year 1700, when Arabella, the daughter and sole heiress of Sir Edward Wise, Knight of the Bath, conveyed it in marriage to Edmund Tremayne, Esq., of Cullocombe. It remained in the hands of the Tremaynes of Devonshire, until the year 1808, when it passed, by will, into that of the Rev. Henry Hawkins Tremayne, of Helijan, in the County of Cornwall, whose son, John Hearle Tremayne, Esq., is the present proprietor. I am informed that the families of Tremayne, (namely, those of Helijan, in Cornwall, and Cullocombe, and Sydenham, in Devon) in many instances preserved their original connexion with each other, though they branched as early as the time of Henry the Seventh. As late as the eighteenth century the estates of one branch had been entailed on the other in default of issue; and the father of the present Mr. Tremayne had in early life been well acquainted with the last Mr. Tremayne, (of the elder branch of the family) though in later life they had not seen much of each other.

A curious incident happened to a friend of mine, who visited the place in 1808, when the hatchment for the last Mr. Arthur Tremayne was suspended above the principal door of entrance. Mr. E. said that the house looked particularly gloomy as he approached it with his only companion, a person of Tavistock. It was hay-

making season, and the domestics were all in the fields; so the gentlemen knocked in vain for a length of time to gain admittance. Their reiterated blows sounded through the empty house with a hollow and melancholy sound, as if the spirit of death alone had dominion there. Relinquishing their fruitless efforts, they turned towards the bridge, and there beheld a beggar approaching, whose appearance accorded well with the dreary aspect of the spot: he was clothed in rags, and although pretending to be extremely lame, seemed hardy enough for any misdeed. One of the gentlemen had seen him bending his leg as he approached them; so without waiting for the completion of the whining story which the man commenced, he began, to the terror of his companion, to banter him on his injured limb. "Now" said Mr. E. "I will give you all the riches in my pocket, if you will show me how you dance at the markets and fairs." The man looked puzzled for a moment; then finding his deceit discovered, he entered into the spirit of the joke, and flourishing his stick, began to dance with *both* feet; at the same time chaunting in true ballad style—

"At the seige of Belle Isle,
"I was there all the while."

Mr. E. said he often met the man afterwards selling rabbit skins, and that he never passed without giving a broad smile. I believe the gentlemen saw the house after all, through the means of the gardener, who brought to them the antiquated housekeeper, for so many years the presiding genius of the place. We had not so much difficulty in accomplishing our wishes. Being furnished with a kind privilege from the owner himself, J. H. Tre-mayne, Esq., we were shown with the utmost civility every corner of the house. Seven hatchments attracted our notice as we entered the vestibule leading to the principal staircase. The last of these dreary ensigns of

mortality was the one seen by my friend ; it was full of armorial bearings. The chief apartments on the ground floor are lined with wainscot, and the furniture corresponds in all respects with the antiquity of the place. We amused ourselves in the hall by copying some coats of arms which decorate the room. That above the chimney-piece belonged probably to the first family, as the bearings were few. The hall contained little else to attract our notice, except the chairs, which were ornamented with the family crest, a grotesque figure of a little man in the cocked hat, holding on his head, which we remarked at Cullocombe, and which is also placed above the Iron gateway at Sydenham. In the drawing-room we were gratified by seeing some of the family portraits. How strange it is that we should feel interested in examining the fading lineaments of those unknown to us ! We look through the canvass into the misty records of fate, and make the distorted characters of tradition serve to recall the histories of those who have passed into the dark valley of the shadow of death. The mind is led beyond the surface, and associates things that once *were* with those that *still* exist. The English are proverbially fond of family portraits ; they connect images of domestic life with the very name. The father of the family may be portrayed ;—he was so honored and respected ; or the mother,—so beloved and venerated : or some favorite child, whose beauty entitled her to honor above the rest ; or some soldier uncle, who distinguished himself in distant wars. I am not surprised at the pride and pleasure experienced in retaining these memorials of ancestral worth. Look at that grim old warrior who frowns at us from above the chimney-piece in the drawing-room, at Sydenham ; he is clad in armor, and seems born to be the hero of the fight. This is Colonel Tremayne, of Cullocombe, whose son, Mr. Edmund Tremayne, married the heiress of

Sydenham—Arabella Wise. By his side hangs his lady, (formerly a Miss Bridget Hatherleigh, of Lamerton) in sober-suited attire, taken probably when she was getting up in years. The Knight of the Bath near the door, is Sir Edward Wise, contemporary of Colonel Tremayne, and father of “the heiress”, whose death occurred between 1675 and 1980: his peculiar dress and pointed beard speak of the court of Charles the Second: we should judge this to be a Vandyke, but unfortunately none of the painters’ names are known. It is probable that Sir Edward took part in some of the eventful occurrences of the times in which he lived. Sydenham was a place of strength, and had evidently been built for the purpose of concealment. Its irregular projections would completely deceive a spectator on the outside as to its real extent and size; besides which, a secret staircase communicates by concealed panels with three of the apartments, and is carried round the house to a private door in the garden. Sydenham was garrisoned in the time of Charles the First, and sustained a prolonged siege. It was at length taken by Colonel Halborn, one of the parliamentary generals in the west, in 1645. There is a picture in Mr. Tremayne’s dressing room of a fight, in which a cavalier is evidently conspicuous, bravely defending himself against the fierce attack of a numerous body, who are actively engaged, or lying wounded around. The scene is very similar to that presented from the bridge at Sydenham. Many of the surrounding objects are alike. Even the clock-tower, above the stable, appears in the distance. At least so it was imagined by my friends and myself, who thought the picture was probably a delineation of some event connected with the above-mentioned siege.

To return to the portraits:—on the opposite side of the door to Sir Edward Wise, is his lady. Two handsome females next claim our notice; they are the

grand-daughters of Colonel Tremayne, and Sir Edward Wise, and children of the heiress and her husband, Mr. Edmund Tremayne. One of these ladies was afterwards Mrs. Bickford, the other, Mrs. Hains, of Manadon. Their brother, Mr. Arthur Tremayne, is on the north of the chimney. On the other side is his lady, daughter of Sir Hasewell Tynte, of Somersetshire. The portrait of their son, Mr. Arthur Tremayne, who married the daughter of Hammond, Esq., of Wiltshire, in 1794, is in the large bed-room to the East. That of his son, the last Mr. Arthur Tremayne, who died in 1808, is above the door in the room leading to Mr. Tremayne's dressing-room. It is said to be a great likeness, but is certainly not a prepossessing one. In the small drawing-room, over the chimney, is the picture of John, second Lord King, son of the Chancellor, who was Mr. Tremayne's colleague in parliament, for Launceston, and who married a Devonshire lady. Many more interesting paintings are in various parts of the house. One large upper apartment is entirely hung with them. In this are the sisters and mother of the Lady Arabella Wise, (first wife of Sir Edward Wise) who was a St. John, and daughter of Lord Bolingbroke. Above the chimney-piece in Mr. Tremayne's room, is a picture of Lady Mary Wise, whose monument is the large one in Marystow Church. She married three times,—first Wise, then Harris, then Carew. She appears very gorgeously dressed, but is plain in appearance; her only beauty lies in her delicate hands, which are indeed fair to look upon. The effigy in the church, represents her by the side of her husband, Sir Thomas Wise, whilst around them are their children, the youngest of whom is in a cradle. The whole is most elaborately sculptured. There are pictures of children scattered here and there, which interested me much. One is of *Uter*, or Arthur Tremayne, a fair-haired boy, with the very spirit of love

in his features ; his arm is about the neck of a tame fawn, which he is tempting with some fruit. There is much life and spirit in the subject ; the head of the fawn especially looks out from the canvas. Another of a girl, represents exactly the little starched woman of former days, who assumed at once the buckram suits and prim airs of their grand-mother : she wears a cap, (so unsuited to her age,) drawn tightly round her chubby face ; this, with a stiff long waisted bodice, a full petticoat and a stomacher apron, completes her attire. In the housekeeper's room is an old painting, rescued, I believe, from amongst some lumber, representing a snow piece, and one of these antiquated children in winter costume. He wears a scarlet coat, of a quaker cut, high heeled shoes, with large rosettes, and above all, a small black muff ; on the whole, this young gentleman seems quite the beau ideal of dress in that period. The servant had *washed* the back of the picture, and found thereon a name, Gandy, or Ganby Sydenham.

Next to the paintings of an old house, we are interested by observing its tapestry and needlework. The industry of our foremothers claims our highest praise, albeit, it was not always directed to the most profitable ends. We were shown at Sydenham the productions of a Mrs. Tremayne, who lived almost from the time of her marriage to the day of her death, in her work-room. There were quilts, and chairs, and sofa coverings, of her making ; and above all, the hangings of one drawing-room, which were entirely of her embroidery. We saw her work-bag, and basket, and some papers of silk, marked in her own stiff handwriting, HAIRE COLORS, &c. : she had also made a collection of shells, which are still preserved. It is said that she was not happy in her married life ; and sought consolation for her sorrows in these harmless occupations. She died suddenly, and left one of her pieces of embroidery unfinished ; a sad emblem of her own existenee,

which was terminated in the prime of life. Two portraits of this lady remain ; one is suspended in the scene of her labors, a small room in which so many hours of her weary days were passed. She appears from her picture, to have been a handsome, bold-looking woman, fitted to adorn a court, and lead society ; very different from the retiring character which her handy-works would give her. Her melancholy history might form a page in Lady Wilton's volume on Needlework.

I have elsewhere spoken of the splendid housings displayed at Sydenham, as belonging to the horses of a former sheriff and his lady. They are in excellent preservation ; the covering for the lady's saddle is especially gorgeous. Such relics are curious to examine : but what pleased me far more than these gay trappings, was a slip of paper on one of the walls, in the handwriting of an old man employed by the family, intimating that he had been "ninety-four times at Sydenham court," (on rent day) thus displaying his honest pride in having been so long connected with his employers.

Before leaving Sydenham we visited the garden, which is laid out in primitive style, with a terrace, and grass-plat, and an oval pond in the centre.

Having a desire to witness an extensive view of the surrounding country, to be gained from an elevated point of land in the neighborhood, called Eastcote Beacon, we set off in the direction of Lewtrenchard. Although it was too late to attain the object of our search, we were rewarded for the extension of our drive by some delightful scenery much resembling that around Exeter. Near the little village of Lewtrenchard are extensive slate quarries. We were told that an hour's walk would take us from the quarries to the Beacon, but the evening was already beginning to close in, and we contented ourselves with visiting the little church, where are memorials to the family of Wood, who possessed the estate of Orchard,

in this parish. The manor-house of Lewe is now possessed by William Baring Gould, Esq. We enjoyed on our return, the pleasure of travelling along an excellent line of road, winding through wooded valleys, and by the sides of hills, whose undulating slopes were in a forward state of cultivation. In the distance, on one of these gentle elevations, appeared the tower of Coryton church, and near it, its handsome parsonage, occupied by the Rev. Richard Newman. Crowning another eminence were the works of a copper mine.

As we recrossed Heathfield, the lights were glimmering in the scattered cottages, and the dark form of a laborer appeared here and there, retiring to his desolate home. And we returned to our blazing fire and cheerful meal : how are we better than they ?

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Yafford Ridge, Devon.

EXCURSION THE EIGHTH.

LYDFORD, &c.

"Thy castle yet
Sweet Lyd, remains, of all the dwellings fair,
That cluster'd once upon thy marge. No more
The crowded mart, the echoing street, where flow'd
The human stream along."

CARRINGTON.

LT about seven miles from Tavistock is the former noted township, but now the ruined village of Lydford. For uniting some of the most desolate, with some of the most romantic scenery of our district is this place famed. Its castle, bridge, and cascade, are also amongst the chief objects of attraction in the neighborhood. There are many modes of access to these varied beauties ; the best route, however, is that by the Okehampton road, over Blackdown. The traveller must turn off towards Lydford by the Waterford inn, and after viewing the castle, church, bridge, and cascade, may return to Tavistock by Brentor and Heathfield.

Lydford was a place of note at a very early period, although its bleak and exposed situation would give us leave to imagine few people could have made it their choice as a residence. Risdon supposes that "the giant-

like Albionists, who at first peopled this island, or at least some of Corrinæus' companions, who vanquished those giants, could alone have inhabited such a place, overlooked with Dartmoor hills, unto whose storms without any shelter it is subject." It is avowed, however, and there wants not proofs to maintain it, that Lydford came little short of some cities; for they can show you where the gates stood, and also the foundation of the walls that encircled it, compacted of moorstone and lime, which they lighted on as they digged their fields." *

Western the antiquary, says, that "Julius Cæsar spent some time at Lydford, on his second arrival in Britain; if this can be relied on, it must have been a place of some note at that time, either for natural strength, fortifications, or as being the chief British town in these parts, conquered by the Romans. Under the Saxon heptarchy, it was a place of considerable note; yet not for the fineness of its buildings." In the time of Ethelred the Second, a mint was established at Lydford. Tin pennies, coined at Lydford, were for a long time in use. In the time of the Anglo Saxons the minting towns were Lydford, Totnes, Barnstaple, and Teignmouth. Two or three of the Lydford coins were preserved in Dr. Hunter's cabinet. It is probable that a report of the riches of this town, invited the rapacity of the Danes, for in the nineteenth year of King Ethelred (A. D. 997) they burnt the place, after having destroyed Tavistock Abbey.

* I have learnt from the Rev. Richard Laurie, the clergyman of the place, that there is a road which still bears the name of South-gate street; the remains of it may be traced through a field, as far as a shallow part of the river, which was formerly the fording place; from whence, it is supposed, the town of Lydford took its name. The site of two other entrances by the East gate and South gate, could also be pointed out.

"In Edward the Confessor's days, this borough was the king's demesne; and so great have been the privileges of this place, that it was not rated at any other time or other cause than London was.

To judge of its large extent, it is only necessary to state that the whole forest of Dartmoor, containing about two hundred thousand acres of land, lay within this parish. Sir William Pole testifies to this effect when he says "Lidforth hath always belonged to the aerls and dukes of Cornwall, and ys the principal towne of the stannary, and there is contayned within the precincts of the parish, the whole, or most part of Dartmoor." But little is there to boast of in such a wide domain, as this vast tract even to our day is almost entirely uncultivated. A friend who has examined the subject more than any other person in the neighborhood, and who has kindly furnished me with many interesting remarks, supposes the present castle to have been erected by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, to whom in 1238, the manor of Lydford, with Dartmoor chase, had been granted by Henry the Third, his brother; but I am inclined to think with others, that the present solitary square tower is only the keep of the ancient castle.* Browne Willis tells us that Lydford twice sent members to parliament during the reign of Edward the First; it then contained one hundred and forty Burgesses within the borough,

* In support of this opinion I would refer my friend to an account of an ancient castle by Matthew Paris. "On the inside of this outer baile or court was another ditch, wall, gate, and towers, inclosing the inner baile, within which the chief town or *keep* was built. This was a large square fabric, having small windows in prodigious thick walls which rendered the apartments within it dark and gloomy. Under ground were dismal dark vaults, for the confinement of prisoners: which made it sometimes be called "the dungeon." In this building also was the great hall, in which the owner displayed his hospitality, by entertaining his friends and followers." We could scarcely give a more accurate account of the remaining tower of Lydford Castle than this presents.

and about forty without ; this certainly argued its former extent. Edward the Second conferred a grant of Lydford on Piers de Gaveston in 1307. In 1338 we find Richard Abberbury mentioned as "keeper of the castle and forest ; and in 1404 Henry the Fourth revoked a previous grant of them to Peter de Courtenay, because they had been reunited to the duchy."

The castle was formerly used as a place of confinement for all those who were considered offenders against the stannary laws ; and the charters of the tanners declare that they shall not be imprisoned anywhere, except in the duchy prison at Lydford. Tradition says, there is a passage from this dungeon to the river Lyd, but this is not certain. It is not likely that the dungeon is deeper than the road outside the castle, and the river is four hundred feet *below* the castle : it is most probable that there is a drain from the dungeon to the foot of the castle hill. My friend adds "that about fifty years ago the castle was repaired, and put in pretty good order ; he well remembers being there thirty eight years since ; the roof was then good, and the walls in tolerable repair ; he saw what was called the judge's chair, it was in a very large room above stairs, at that time used as a rustic ball-room, at every village feast or *revel*. My father remembers seats around for the members of the court, and a railing on three sides of the hall. The audit for the Prince of Wales, or Duke of Cornwall was held there, as well as the other courts for the borough and manor of Lydford. After Prince-town was begun on the moor, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, who had much influence with George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, succeeded in getting him to order the courts to be held at the Duchy Hotel, on Dartmoor, where they continue to be holden to this day."

There is certainly sufficient excuse for neglecting so miserable a place as Lydford, whose dungeon has deser-

vedly merited the deepest censure. "It is mentioned in an act of parliament of the year 1512, as one of the most heinous, contagious, and detestable places in the realm." It was a dark pit, sixteen feet deep, without windows, accessible only by a trap door, or ladder; the prisoners were detained for almost an indefinite space of time, "there being a gaol delivery only once in ten years." The act of parliament to which we have alluded, effecting considerable improvement in some of the stannary laws, was passed in consequence of the imprisonment of Richard Strode, Esq., M.P. for Plymton Earle; who had been confined in the loathsome dungeon of Lydford, for endeavoring to prevent blocking up harbors with stream works, and refusing to pay the fine imposed by the despotic tanners for his daring to interfere with their privileges.

In 1644, Browne the poet condemns the prison as a place

"To lie wherein one night its guest
'Twere better to be stoned and prest,
Or hang'd.—"

His friend, Col. Hals, a parliamentary leader, was at that time lying there, under the remorseless power of Sir Richard Grenville, to whom we have already alluded as General of the West for Charles 1st. Sir Richard in his summary way of proceeding, also "committed many honest substantial men, and all the constables of the East part of the county to Lydford prison!" If this be true, these poor unfortunates must certainly have suffered more than the horrors of the Black hole of Calcutta, inasmuch as they were confined in a hole only sixteen feet by ten! The next act alleged of Sir Richard, that of "hanging one of these constables without trial," was the most lenient course he could pursue in such an emergency. But let us hope that the accounts of such misdeeds are somewhat exaggerated. At any rate Sir

Richard was sufficiently punished for them in being afterwards imprisoned, and sent beyond the seas.

The town of Lydford had many customs and privileges which we have not enumerated, as they are mostly fallen into disuse ; the Burgesses chose their own coroner, who was invariably the oldest and most greyheaded man in the place. The last election of burgesses to the house of Commons took place in the reign of Edward the Third. Lydford enjoyed a good market on a Wednesday, and several fairs annually for many centuries. The principal feast, or fair, was dedicated to St. Patrick ; it was in the autumn, and was held, as is the custom in many of our villages to this day, on a Sunday. This desecration of the sabbath, (that to us most holy and precious day of rest,) occurred in the first place, for the convenience of such persons as came from a great distance, and who might unite the purposes of worship, with those of profit or pleasure. At one time the traffic was carried on *in the church* ; but a sense of propriety, and a regard to the sacredness of the edifice, in later days put an end to this scandal. Let us hope that higher aims and occupations will in time lead altogether to a neglect and disuse of the "revel sunday." Nothing on the continent appeared to me more revolting to the feelings of an Englishman, than the manner in which the catholics spend their sabbath ; the business of every day life is carried on almost without interruption ; men appear in their working dresses, and continue their labors for earthly dross, as if they had no interest in seeking for the treasures of a higher sphere ; their devotions may be earnest for a season ; but they are soon over, and are apparently soon forgotten ; then succeeds a giddy round of pleasure in the midst of the world ; the theatre, the ball-room, and the *fête champêtre* behold their votaries :—the scene is brilliant, but it wants repose ; there is an innate longing for happiness, which such amusements

never supply : the heart turns with renewed pleasure to the calm delights of our own sunday. We see the sun arise on a world wrapt in the enjoyment of rest from labors : there are no anxious arousings to a scene of toil and care.

“ The dizzying mill wheel rests, the anvil’s din
Has ceased ; all, all around is quietness.”

This should be, to many it is, an hour of holy meditation. Whether in the fields, amidst the silent majesty of nature; or in the quiet retirement of our own chambers, the heart is attuned to praise, and rises to communion with its maker. Renewed in spirit, we go forth to join in the hallelujahs of an assembled multitude. From homestead and cottage, groups are issuing with happy faces, and in their best attire, hastening with one accord to the house of God, to pour forth the fulness of their hearts in joy and thankfulness. Even children are brought to the service of the Almighty by their voluntary and devoted teachers. Sunday schools are thrown open to rescue them from the paths of folly and vice. “ Then the rich and the poor meet together,” confessing, “ that the Lord is the Maker of them all.” Their devotion over, the various worshippers retire to the sanctity of their own homes, with full liberty to enjoy the society of those nearest and dearest to them. To the poor, a country walk on a fine sunday affords the fullest measure of happiness. The weary mechanic who has toiled the whole week long; and the wife who has drudged from morning to night, leave their confined home, and wander at will through the green fields, breathing the fresh air, and tasting with their little ones the blessings of a country life. The evening closes with renewed worship in the congregation, or by a prayer offered up by the united family. Such is a sabbath in some of the well-regulated communities of England. Would that the picture were correct of every portion of our land ! But

in cities the case is far different ;—“Sunday in London” in certain quarters is a scene of debauchery and vice ; and in some of our remotest districts a few of the remaining catholic customs prevail, which degrade the very name of sabbath.

Some years since I remember going to the church at Petertavy on a revel sunday. My feelings are best expressed by saying that, although but a child I was *ashamed* to be there. Standings for fairing and toys were erected in close vicinity to the churchyard ; parties were engaged in noisy vociferations over their favorite game of kayles (or nine pins) ; shouts of drunken laughter came from the village inn, and even at an early hour men passed along in a state of intoxication. When the holy and refined pleasures of the Christian religion are better understood ; and the *principle of temperance in all things* is infused into every breast, then alone can our earthly sabbaths prove to us of real benefit, and be the type of that heavenly sabbath which is to have no end.

But I must return from this unpardonable digression to the subject of our deserted town.—

It happened that in former days I was invited to spend a whole week with a friend, at a farm in the vicinity of Lydford. The bracing air of the moor had been recommended, and we availed ourselves of this pleasant advice to be out on the heath, or wandering in the fields all the day long.

Our attention was first directed to the nearest point of attraction,—Kitt’s steps. We were somewhat disappointed at finding the machinery of a mine in full work obstructing our view of the waterfall. But by some climbing we contrived to peep at the chasm through which the Lyd rushes, at one place losing itself beneath the obstructing rocks, and then leaping with renewed impetuosity into a natural basin beneath. The descent on the whole is thirty feet, and this cascade in the opinion

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Kit's Steps. on the Lyd. Devon.

of many, is even more romantic in itself, than what is commonly termed Lydford waterfall, inasmuch as the former appears more natural. Of course the surrounding scenery is not to be compared, and heaps of refuse from the mine detract much from the picturesque effect of Kitt's steps; but strangers would do well to pay a visit to the place, it is only a quarter of a mile from the Okehampton road. My companion and myself traced the Lyd for some way above the cascade, and were delighted with its broken course from the moor; this little brawling stream rises about two or three miles from the borough of Lydford. We amused ourselves in the evening by composing a Tam-o'-Shanter edition of the tradition belonging to Kitt's steps:—there was a true and particular description of the birth, parentage, and education of Mistress Catherine, founded on the true story of an original in our neighborhood, by the name of Kitty Lampiere; then came her riding to the village *feast*; and her return on her old mare, seated upon the crooks which had conveyed her goods to the fair. Lastly, the catastrophe of Kitty's falling asleep, and awaking to find herself suspended by the crooks over "the steps," with the water of the Lyd roaring in her ears, and poor Dobbin floundering in the depths beneath. We imagined the horror and consternation of the poor woman, as she sat perched aloft the long-live night; the ludicrous surprise of her husband at finding poor Kitty in such a dubious situation; her being hoisted up by ropes, and returning hearty thanks for such a "wonderful escape," &c. I retired to bed full of waterfalls and old women, and started from sleep imagining myself at the edge of some frightful abyss, while all kinds of hideous forms grinned at me from below.

Our next excursion was to the noted town of Lydford itself. The very spirit of desolation seemed to have taken possession of the spot. The houses were ruinous

and dirty ; the few people who appeared, (for it was early morning) had an antiquated and slovenly appearance, but they were healthy and beautiful notwithstanding, with that piercing black eye, and raven hair, which characterizes the race of the neighborhood, and gives them much the appearance of gypsies. There was a strange feeling in contemplating the ruined borough at this peaceful hour, with its straggling buildings and quiet church, and the solitary keep of the ancient castle rising over all : in the distance stretched the barren heath ; and here and there in its winding course might be discerned the noisy Lyd. We ascended an artificial mound, upon which stands "the castle," and found our way by the north-western side into the ruin. The four walls alone remained, and they were so bare, that scarcely a tuft of grass, or a spray of ivy clung to their sides ; yet even this roofless fabric sheltered some of God's creatures, for at our entrance, a hundred birds darted from the crevices, and with their loud chirpings broke the silence of the place. We looked down into the pits honored by the name of dungeons ; and scrambled up the shattered staircase, but finding it led to nothing, we quickly descended, and went on to the bayle or court, which is inclosed by two ruined mounds. More heaps appeared in the form of tumuli, and these were covered thickly with feverfew : "the thistle also shook there its lonely head ; and the moss whistled to the gale."

Our attention was next engaged by the village church hard by ; we entered the yard by some of those curious stepping stones, which seemed to be in use before the invention of turn-stiles. I could not help imagining that the blocks of hewn granite, over which we stepped, might in former days, have served to support some of the vanished strong-holds of this "Tadmor of the desert." Most effectually indeed have the houses of the "burgesses" (those men of wide estate) disappeared.

"Waste lye the walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy once stood."

Tadmor and Troy! high sounding names for the purlieus of Lydford! We must allow our imagination full sway before any connexion can be seen. "Comparisons are odious," so we escape from them into the quiet church-yard, and fall at once into deep meditations amongst the tombs. What have we here? "*Tempus fugor,*!" Lydford latin : *item*, a schoolmaster wanted in Lydford. What next? Epitaph on a Watchmaker—very excellent: Dr. Franklin's epitaph over again—but we have not time to copy it now. "Hunger is master," and he spurs us on to our promised breakfast at a neighboring farm. We take but a slight peep at the old church,* and hasten over some steps placed in a hedge, into the steep road which leads to "the Bridge." This famous structure consists of one small arch, placed above a yawning chasm two hundred feet in depth. The river here makes a rapid descent, and struggles through the gulf below. The roar of the waters announced to us its broken course. We hastened forward and leaned over the narrow parapet, endeavoring to penetrate the gloom in which the dark and narrow ravine is enveloped; gradually the stream appeared like a small line of white foam curling around the blackened rock. No more could be discerned on the right side of the bridge. On the left we remarked that the rough features of the place were softened by the light

* The church of Lydford is little worthy of notice in its structure. The Rev. R. Lawrie has lately discovered a *Pasena* on the right hand side of the communion table; he was first led to it, by observing a projection in the wall, similar to a step; on knocking above it, he found it to be hollow:—a large flat stone had been made secure over the place even with the wall, so as completely to hide it. It is supposed that, in this niche was placed a basin to contain the holy water, in which the priest washed his hands. The rood staircase has also been discovered by Mr. Lawrie. The font is ancient, the date on it being about 1000.

feathery foliage of a mountain ash, which sprang from the interstices of the rock, and hung its bright berries over the boiling waters. Whether the chasm was formed by the impetuous rush of the stream, or, that it is a remnant of some vast convulsion of nature is left to conjecture. It was a bold thought to throw a bridge across such a perilous defile. As might be supposed, several tragical stories are connected with such a fearful spot.

During a tempestuous winter, it is related that the waters arose to a fearful height, and a portion of the bridge was carried away by the force of the stream. The storm still continued, and a party of gossips were congratulating themselves on being safe from its fury by the comfortable fire of the village inn, when a traveller arrived, weary and breathless from the effects of the pelting blast. Inquiries were made as to his mode of travelling, and the direction he had taken, when, to the astonishment of all present, he acknowledged having passed the bridge. "The bridge?—no bridge was there!" A feeling of horror stole over the man as he heard of the peril to which he had been exposed. He remembered that at one time his horse had made a sudden pause, and then a spring, which had carried him furiously up the lane; he remembered having spurred and whipped his steed to urge him on his course. When in the morning his host showed him the leap which his faithful animal had made in the dark, his senses well nigh fled, and the thought of that perilous moment never forsook him.

Another story is told of a poor deluded suicide, who travelled the whole of the way from Exeter, to meet his end by flinging himself over Lydford bridge. These stories we heard whilst seated around the hospitable breakfast table of the farm: we had also received a correct copy of the watchmaker's epitaph, which is as follows:—

EPITAPH ON A WATCHMAKER.

Here lies, in a horizontal position,
The outside case of
George Rongleigh, Watchmaker,
Whose abilities in that line were an honour
to his profession :
Integrity was the Main Spring
And Prudence the Regulator :
Of all the actions of his life,
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His Hand never stopped
Till he had relieved distress :
So nicely were all his Actions regulated
That he never went wrong,
Except when set a-going
By people
Who did not know his Key :
Even then he was easily set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well
That his hours glided away
In one continual round
Of pleasure and delight,
Till an unlucky minute put a period to
His existence.
He departed this life November 14th, 1802,
Aged 57 ;
Wound up
In hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker,
And of being thoroughly cleaned and repaired,
And set a-going
In the world to come.

All my readers may not be acquainted with the luxuries of a Devonshire breakfast, so I may here enumerate some of those spread before us. There was clouted cream, to be used in the coffee, or on bread; small buttered cakes, hot from the oven; newly laid eggs; delicious strawberries and water-cresses; and above all, potatoes mashed

and fried with rashers of bacon on the top.* A Londoner would stare at the idea of such a mixture; but we enjoyed many of the dainties, nevertheless. The freshness of the morning air had afforded us an appetite, as well as imparted vigor to our frames. We were prepared to start again on a ramble after our sumptuous meal; accordingly we sat forward to Burnville Lodge, the seat of John James, Esq., where we were received with the kindness which has always distinguished its hospitable owners. The house is modern and commodious, having well-stocked gardens, and pleasant shrubberies attached. As we wandered through the grounds, a peacock sat up its shrill cry, and presently the lordly bird appeared before us, displaying its hundred eyes, glittering in the sunbeams, with all its pride of beauty and station. The view from Burnville is unfortunately gloomy, the house being turned towards the moor; the beauties of the neighborhood are all hidden in deep vallies, and the desolate aspect of the country around makes Mr. James's residence appear quite a "lodge in the wilderness." We spent the morning with our friends, and early in the afternoon retraced our steps to Lydford. As we approached the village, an unusual hubbub saluted our ears. Sounds of merry voices, and peals of laughter resounded through the place which we had found so silent in our early walk. Every now and then a scream might be

* A facetious friend tells me of Peter Pindar's account of Devonshire fare, in his "Country Hob's courtship," commencing thus:—

"Joany, my dear, wot ha' poor Hob ?
For I'ee be upon a courting job.
Joany, belike the'a wan'st to know
About our housekippen or zo,
Before thee takest the noose ;
Why vlesh and dumplins every day,
And as for zindays, let me zay
We'l ha' a gude fat guse."

heard, with the discordant blast of a rude trumpet ; and above all came that peculiar din which proceeds from what is termed the *music of marrow bones and cleavers*. As we turned the corner of the road which led into what by courtesy we may call the street, the occasion of all this uproar appeared before us. Men, women, and children in holiday attire were scattered here and there, flying before the appearance of two figures, ridiculously apparelled, who were seated back to back upon a donkey, belaboring sometimes each other, sometimes the beast, and sometimes the spectators with a broom and ladle. This noisy procession proceeded with full speed to the banks of the Lyd, when the two figures leaped from their poor little steed, and began with fresh vigor to scatter dismay around. The broom and ladle were now made of service in flinging water over the devoted heads of the bystanders, who ran screaming away in every direction, in most laughable confusion. It was a curious and animated scene to look on from the heights above. The whole face of the landscape appeared so completely changed since the morning : then, all had been wrapt in gloom and melancholy ; now, every feature appeared smiling with gaiety and mirth. But what could have occasioned the transformation ? an old woman who had not joined the giddy assemblage explained to us that, a young couple had quarrelled and fought within the first year of their marriage, and that this was the mode adopted to hold their conduct in derision : the figures on the donkey represented the man and his wife : in fact, it was what in Devonshire parlance is termed “riding to water.” We heard the shouts of the performers in this rustic drama long after we had set off on our road towards home.

Another delightful day was spent in the valley of “The Waterfall.” We proceeded across the heath by a circuitous route from our dwelling, and came out in

the road by a gate, just opposite the grove of trees which leads to the farm in the vicinity of the Fall. Unlike some London tourists, who sent their valet to view the cascade whilst they remained at the house, we really did accomplish the precipitous descent of the ravine, without making one false step, although the path was slippery after a shower of rain. At the entrance to the dell stood "the mealy miller, a stout carle for the nones," as Chaucer has it, who promised to let out his pond, in order to increase the stream. A few steps onward we caught a sweet view of Lydford church and castle on the distant hill.

The rest of our progress has been described in verse, which, at any rate, will save us the trouble of a second account.

THE WATERFALL.

We heard the rushing waterfall
In Lydford's sylvan glen,
Embosomed in an emerald wall,
Like giant in his den.

We stood upon the wood-crowned steep,
And bent delighted o'er,
To list the mutt'rings loud and deep
That swell'd its distant roar.

But still the fall was hid from view
By that thick wall of green,
And still our anxious wonder grew
To pierce the leafy screen.

We hastened through a devious way,
Led by the murmurings hoarse,
And soon a show'r of glitt'ring spray
Revealed the gathered force.

Down o'er a rock of towering height,
And black and frowning hue,
A foaming sheet of dazzling light
It's liquid radiance threw.

Below, a chasm yawning wide,
Received the glancing stream ;
But even here the eddying tide
Caught many a sunny beam,
Which struggled through th' embow'ring trees
That cast a grateful shade ;
While evermore a cooling breeze
O'er the bright waters played.
The sparkling rivulet meanwhile
Had spent its giant force,
And further down a woody isle
Repelled its onward course.
And there two mimic rills we heard
Singing with merry glee,
While through the vale each tuneful bird
Joined in the harmony.
The rocks that hung on every side
Caught up the joyous round,
And flowers that echoing caverns hide,
Waved at the passing sound.
So, wand'ring through the sylvan glade,
And round the sheltering hills,
Like playful twins in concert strayed
Those ever singing rills.
Till tired at length they take them rest,
And gently fall asleep,
(Like infants on their mother's breast,)
In Lyd's pellucid deep.
It was a scene too bright to trace,
The painter's magic art
Has failed to give its matchless grace ;
Can I perform my part ?

Truly is it difficult to give an accurate description of the romantic beauty of this spot. Those deep valleys are here as it were, united together, through which the rivers take their winding course. As many hills rise precipitously on each side, clothed with light feathery foliage, which gives the idea of a miniature forest. The cascade is only *one* of the interesting features of the

glen. The fall is almost too perpendicular, coming from a height of one hundred and ten feet, and unbroken save in one place by a projecting rock. Except in winter, when the torrent is swollen by rains, the quantity of falling water is small, unless the miller opens the sluices above, and allows the full force of the rivulet to descend. When I saw it first from the small island at its foot, I could compare it only to a tall column of snow upon the blackened rock. Part of the live stock of the miller once came down with the rushing stream, when a fashionable group in quest of the picturesque were looking out for "effect." Imagine the horror of the ladies, and consternation of the gentlemen at seeing six live pigs, with the old sow, come tumbling over the precipice.

"*Hwch goch a chwch, o berchyll bach !*"

What frightful sounds for refined ears! what a "sensation" such a catastrophe must have occasioned!

"Salvator Rosa's brush were faint,
In vivid hues of life to paint
The sudden flood, whose reckless sweep
Hurl'd *living* treasures down the steep.
With horrid din, and struggling breath,
The swine perform their dance of death.
Plunged in the heaving surge below,
They lay as in a bed of snow."

A luckless friend was placed in a similar, or even a worse predicament near this spot. Willing to trace the river Lyd to the chasm, by the bridge, a party under the guidance of our late worthy member of parliament, Mr. R. who has ever been first in discovering the picturesque, set out, after viewing the cascade, to wander through the adjoining woods. In their progress they came upon the mossy channel of a winter torrent, whose slimy course was smooth as ice. Mr. S. one of the wanderers, in an effort to spring across, slipped his foot, and was hurried down the descent with alarming velocity. The terrified group on the summit saw his danger with-

out any power of assisting him. The smooth pebbles rolled after him as he slid over them down the steep : nothing appeared to save him from encountering the perils of the river, which was foaming and raging over its rocky bed beneath, when a pointed stick in his hand luckily gave him aid. Preserving at the same time his balance and his presence of mind, he struck the cane violently into the receding bank, and clinging to its slender support, thus stopped his impetuous career. A shout to the anxious spectators above announced his safety, and gave new life to their fading hopes. When once again assembled, the party continued their expedition, and succeeded with difficulty, in reaching the place of destination. They were rewarded for their pains, by the most picturesque views of the vale of the Lyd in their onward progress. Having proceeded so far, they gained courage to continue their researches to Kilt's steps, whither the rest of their friends had gone to prepare tea.

One delightful afternoon was spent in a ramble to Brentor. This bold rock arises at about three miles from Tavistock, and three from what is called Lydford waterfall. The ascent on one side is very precipitous ; there is no regular pathway to the churchyard gate ; and the surprise is how the clergyman and his flock contrive in winter to ascend to the small church, reared on the summit. It is said that this edifice was erected by the captain of a vessel, whose ship was steered into Plymouth harbour by the sight of the guiding rock.

“ Impressive spot
For fair Religion’s dome ! Devotion breathes
Oft in the region of the cloud, her hymn
Of touching melody.”

We remained until evening in this elevated spot, and could readily have joined the note of praise as we watched one of those glorious sunsets, with which our summer evenings often close. Masses of cloud, which we so

often thoughtlessly regret, are peculiarly favorable for reflecting brilliant hues of the departing luminary. On the particular evening to which I refer, the whole heaven seemed illuminated with these gorgeous rays. There was the deep ruby, and the glowing orange, and the rich purple, melting at length into one shade of violet, which colored hill and dale, sending them out into bold relief. We did not stop for twilight grey, but hastened to our home, dwelling with ever renewed pleasure on the scene of magnificence which Nature had spread before us.

With general consent we paid a second visit to the Tor; and after admiring the extensive prospect which stretches over upland and vale until it reaches the ocean, which again is lost in the overarching sky, we turned towards the little lowly edifice, and wandering around, our attention was fixed by the simple words "On this rock will I build my church," engraved in large characters on the wall. We could not but admire the humility of the founder, whoever he might be, who had left no proud memorial of himself, but had rather ascribed the honor to the Almighty, of exciting the devotion of man, by erecting an altar in this remarkable spot. We observed very few graves in the little churchyard: indeed, the earth is barely sufficient to cover the remains of those buried there; and stray colts or sheep frequently tear up the slight turf which grows over those interred beneath. At least it was the case when we were there. A spring of water also causes the ground to be very damp. The rock beneath is not of granite, like those of the other Dartmoor tors. It is supposed to be an extinct volcano; its conical shape, soil, and strata, go far to support this opinion: the color of the rock is a deep rusty blue, inclining to black, and very porous; it is supposed to be a variety of tophus.

Descending the hill we found ourselves again on Heathfield, and near a part of it once famous as being the

habitation of a race of people, known by the lugubrious title of Gubbins. Mrs. Bray has made them formidable in her tale of Warleigh. A friend of mine thus writes to me respecting them—

“I enclose an extract from a curious book, published about the time of Charles the Second, entitled, “Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in which many facts, both local and historical are recorded. Until I read the account of the Gubbins’ in this book, I had supposed them to belong to the family of the Fairies and Pixies, having been told they had teeth two inches long; danced round burning furze bushes all night, &c. Now I think there was some foundation for the stories related of them, though we must suppose their beauties, virtues, and accomplishments, have been exaggerated. The little volume from which I made the extract, is embellished with wood cuts, containing such grotesque representations of human beings, that if they at all resembled individuals then in existence, mankind must have vastly improved in beauty since the time of Charles the Second.” The account to which I have alluded is as follows :

“We may add to these wonders the Gubbins, which is a sort of Scythia in England, and the pure Heathen within. They are a people by themselves, exempt from all authority, ecclesiastical and civil; they dwell in cottages like swine, being rather holes than houses, having all in common, and are multiplied without marriage into many hundreds; their language is the *dross of the dregs of Devonshire speech*; and the more learned a man is, the less they understand him.—During our civil wars no soldiers quartered among them for fear of being quartered by them; their wealth consists of other men’s goods, for they live by stealing sheep on the moor; ‘tis in vain to search their houses, being a work beneath a sheriff, and above the power of a constable; their swiftness is

such as they'll outrun horses ; so healthful, they outlive most men ; ignorant of luxury, *the extinguisher of life* ; they hold together like burrs ; and if you offend one, all revenge his quarrel. This place lieth near Brentor, on the edge of Dartmoor."

We quitted Brentor with regret, and were still more unwilling to leave the vicinity of Lydford. But this was in the summer season ; a winter sojourn would appear somewhat formidable.

I am sorry my limits prevent my describing a delightful excursion to the romantic ruin of Okehampton Castle, which is only eight miles from Lydford ; but a stranger would be well repaid for pursuing his researches so far. He will remark as he proceeds the ancient village of Bridestow, with the neighboring residence of Miltion, belonging to John Newton, Esq. ; and Leawoods, the property of C. P. Hamlyn, Esq. He may also notice an ancient cross, on which are the remains of sculpture near a spot where two roads meet. On approaching Okehampton, the few remains of the proud seat of the Fitz Baldwins and Courtenays meet his view,

" Around the mould'ring tower pale ivy creeps."

giving life to the decaying work of art. The castle was dismantled in the time of Henry the Eighth, and the noble park adjoining it was disforested. A few trees still remain in the immediate vicinity of the ruin, and near the stream of the east octment which flows through the valley below.

At the death of Lord Edward Courtenay, whose romantic adventures have made him the hero of Ainsworth's romance of "The Tower of London," the title was extinct, and the property was divided amongst his four aunts, one of whom married John Fitz, and thus a portion of the lands came to her daughter, our Tavistock heroine Lady Howard. The Rev. —— Thomas in his interesting account of the Antiquities of Okehampton, mentions "a

small spring, nearly on the ridge of the park, having a cross of rude sculpture lying in its ooze, which bears the name of Fyce's or Fitz's well." Superstition seems to be connected with this family in every quarter.

EXCURSION THE NINTH.

BICKLEIGH.

"Tis a scene
Might plant delight upon the brow of care,
And make e'en melancholy wear a smile
From luxury of feeling!"

CARRINGTON.

HE summer of 1841 was even more wet and gloomy than that of its predecessor, 1840. Our Devonshire sky was continually overcast with clouds from the Atlantic; our towns were constantly enveloped in fog and vapor; their streets were thoroughly disagreeable from mud; and the whole aspect of the country was watery and unpromising. People almost doubted the time of the year, and were inclined to write November instead of July. However, as Autumn advanced, the state of things improved; a gleam of sunshine now and then stole through the vapor in the morning, and the afternoons were about as bright and beautiful as any reasonable person could desire. So we contrived to take our usual walks and excursions, nothing daunted by the threatening appearance of the early part of the day. A proposal to visit Bickleigh vale was not to be resisted; all were prepared with warm clothing to resist the Dartmoor mist, which looked much more like drizzling rain; and we started in various conveyances to proceed in quest of the picturesque.



Small house on a cliff

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ALLEN, TENCH AND
WILSON FOUNDATIONS

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Bickleigh is, at least, nine miles from Tavistock ; but we proposed first to visit Shaugh Bridge : so two of our charioteers determined to cut across the country, and to find a shorter way over Roborough Down. The rest went round by the usual road, which turns off beyond Jump. Notwithstanding the unevenness of the road, I enjoyed the drive over the turf exceedingly.

An open carriage gave us full liberty to admire the prospects, and my companion kindly indulged my love of seeing everything, by driving here, there, and everywhere, without much regard to the difficulties of the way. Sometimes a level bit of ground enabled us to get on smoothly, but generally there were sufficient obstacles to be overcome ; we drove twice through the Plymouth leat ; and the very best road was a narrow cart track full of deep ruts. A steady horse, and a tight rein, were quite in requisition : and however much *we* were pleased with the success of our experiment, I would advise no traveller to undertake the same route, unless he should happen to be on foot, or on horseback.

We proceeded in a direction across the Down, and descended a steep hill towards the bridge. Here some of the party were in anxious expectation of our arrival. A wagon-load of gay people from Plymouth assisted in giving animation to the scene. The confluence of two rivers, the Mew and the Cad, takes place just by Shaugh Bridge ; they proceed thence under the name of the Plym. The promontory of land rising between these winding streams is to be gained only by stepping stones, which are crossed with the greatest ease when the water is low.

I was soon landed on the opposite side, and seated in a quiet nook to attempt a sketch of the bridge ; but I found this to be the least interesting object in the surrounding scene. The twisted trunks of the fine old trees, which fling their branches across the water ; and

the bold form of the granite rocks, which present their rough sides to the brawling rivers, pleased me far more than this tame specimen of hewn masonry ; and I left my sketch unfinished, to wander at will amongst the beauties around. Above arose the broad outline of Dowerstone, from whose summit the clouds had just rolled away. Broken ridges of stones presented tempting opportunities of climbing the eminence ; at the foot of the hill were groups of young saplings, towering above the decrepid figures of their parent oaks. The tall grass was still damp to the feet, and time would not allow my proceeding far ; but I had already traversed the same ground, and may here give the result of my observations on a former excursion. Dowerstone rock may be ascended by a winding path on the western side from the base. We chose a shorter mode of gaining the summit, and clambered up by the jutting stones in a strait direction. By this means we gained more time to enjoy the extensive prospect around. The eye wandered over hill and dale, diversified by corn fields and pasture land, woods and streams, scattered cottages, and clustering villages with church towers rising from the midst, until it rested on the expanse of the ocean rolling its glittering waves into the Plymouth Sound. By the aid of a telescope we could discern the vessels as they rode at anchor in their secure haven. The towns of Plymouth and Devonport also appeared, like small spots in the broad map spread before us. The view is really magnificent, but we were still more pleased with a river scene which awaited us below. Descending the declivity on the eastern side, we came suddenly upon some rocks which rise almost perpendicularly from the banks beneath. A general exclamation of surprise and delight broke forth as we gazed on the noble defile, through which the river pours its waters with even impetuous violence. The valley on a smaller scale resembles Tavy Cleaves,

but the rocks bear a different character, being here and there clothed with tall grass and brushwood. If we might note the distinction we should say, that the view from the heights above Tavy Cleaves is wilder, but that from Dowerstone more beautiful. No visitor to Shaugh should neglect this lovely valley, which is about a mile above the bridge, if the path be followed through the woods by the stream.

The companions of my second excursion to this favored spot were anxious to proceed on towards Bickleigh vale, partly because it was the place of rendezvous, and partly (or mainly) because we were to take our dinner there. So we lost no time in re-ascending our vehicles, and preparing once more to traverse the rugged roads ; the cart with a bountiful supply of provisions in front, and our hungry selves following close behind. Many a lingering look was cast at the scenes we left, but we paused only once, wheeling round on the side of a steep hill to gaze on the old manor house of Ley, (formally belonging to the family of Slanning,) which appeared by the river, rising above the trees. The rest of the way was merrily pursued through narrow lanes, above which the woodbine and hazel formed a continued bower, while the wild rose lent its fragrance as we passed.

Our generous caterer had prepared a sumptuous feast by the time we were all assembled ; it was served on the ground, in primitive fashion, beneath a spreading oak near the entrance of the vale. The carriages were arranged in the back ground ; their cushions raised upon some hay formed handsome seats. Our steeds allowed to range at pleasure, pastured on the green sward near. How much delight we find in recalling the happy scenes, and imagining the groups which have shared in our various pleasures ! Reason as we may, there is no amusement in a town life to be compared to these simple enjoyments.

After dinner we rambled through the wood to a considerable distance, but found no scene so lovely as that above Shaugh Bridge. The character of the vale is altogether different, being much tamer, but still very interesting.

On our return, most of the party chose to walk up the steep hill which leads to Bickleigh village. A handsome Inn first attracted our notice, built with good taste in the gothic style of architecture, and affording every accommodation for the numerous parties who visit the romantic vicinity.

Curiosity next led us to the village Church, which by its late alterations has been made one of the most *graceful* little edifices that can be seen. I know no term so appropriate to be applied as the epithet we have chosen. Truly graceful is the pure white stone forming the interior. There are but two aisles, and these are supported by slender lancet-shaped arches. The pulpit is at one end of the church, from its size and form, being hexagonal on a single shaft, it might almost be taken for the baptismal font. But the font is elsewhere, of very ancient date, placed, if we remember rightly, in a pew near the door. A large recess with raised seats, terminating the centre aisle is, we suppose, for the singers; immediately before it is the clerk's desk, who acts, we should imagine, as a precentor. There was only one thing to regret in the alteration of this church. An old monument to the famous Sir Nicholas Slanning, on which was made mention of his fatal duel with John Fitz, is gone. Being constructed only of gypsum or plaster of Paris, it broke in the act of removal, and was found too much disfigured to be replaced.

On leaving the church, we sought our various conveyances, and travelled by a winding and rugged road to Jump, passing in our way Roborough House, at present the residence of Mrs. Walker.

A stranger remaining in the neighbourhood of Bickleigh would do well to extend his rambles to the romantic little village of Tamerton, not more than three miles, supposed to be the ancient Tamare of the Romans; and with great appearance of notability. It stands upon a small creek formed by the river Tavy. There are deep woods and rising hills around; and above all is seen the bold outline of Warleigh Tor. Tradition still points to "the fatal Oak" on the village green, known by the name of the Copplestone Oak, as the living witness of a dark murder: pity it is that so fair a tree should bear so foul a stigma; blasted in appearance as in fame, it stands the warfare of time, a sad emblem of the undying records of crime. The legend of the oak forms the ground work of Mrs. Bray's novel of Warleigh; it has been ingeniously woven into a tale of fiction, on the authority of some papers said to have been found at the family mansion, as well as on that of old John Prince, who states that it "cost Copplestone thirteen good manors in Cornwall, to buy out his pardon for the murder of his godson." Whether or not Sir John Copplestone committed the fearful deed ascribed to him, his memory is sufficiently branded with the supposition, and we pass on to the simply recorded virtues of the lowly dead in the neighboring churchyard. Should the door of the venerable gothic Church be open, we may look in upon the tombs of the Copplestones, and Foliots, and Georges; but the spirit longs to be again abroad, and ranges through the fair domain of Warleigh, which stretches far out by the Tavy's side, resting at length upon the noble structure of the family mansion itself, which rises with stately grandeur amidst its noble trees. The house was erected in the time of Stephen; but it also bears evidence of the Tudor style of architecture, and is said to have been altered in the reigns of Henry the seventh and Henry the eighth. It

has been possessed severally by the Georges, barons of Foliot, from whom it passed by inter-marriage to the Copplestones ; by marriage also, it became the property of the Radcliffes, to whose descendant it now belongs.

We have extended our travels somewhat beyond the scenes of interest properly belonging to Tavistock, and must once more retrace our steps to our native town.

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Endleigh Cottage

EXCURSION THE TENTH.

MILTON-ABBOT, ENDSLEIGH, CARTHAMARTHA, &c.

"Upon the eye
Arise the village, and the village spire,—
The clustering hamlet, and the peaceful cot,
Clasp'd by the woodbine;—and the lordly home
Proud peering 'mid the stately oak and elm
Leaf loving."

CARRINGTON.

UR most attractive excursion we have reserved for the last in the immediate neighborhood of Tavistock. The name of Endsleigh suggests so many pleasant reminiscences, so many *home* beauties, that we have willingly hastened over our ground, to dwell once more in its sequestered retreats. An easy access is gained to this favored spot, by turning near Milton-Abbot from the high road to Launceston.

A stranger will pause, where the roads meet, to observe the neat and appropriate structure erected by the munificence of the late John Duke of Bedford, for the purpose of a free school for the children of the poor in the neighboring village. The village itself is also to be admired. A superior taste has evidently directed the construction of the pretty rustic cottages, which beautify the place. The love of flowers seems also to have been

cultivated ; honeysuckles and roses contend for mastery in the cottage fronts, and even fling their blossoms into the very latticed windows. Every garden displays a neat border of gay flowers.

"With marigolds and gilliflowers
And pinks of richest beauty."

That of the school is the admiration of all beholders. The Church is a simple edifice, kept in nice repair, and altogether presenting just the aspect a country church should wear. A barrel organ is used to conduct the vocal choir of the village worshipers. The parsonage house, near the church, has been recently built in the Tudor style of Architecture of solid granite, much after the manner of the Grammar School in Tavistock. The interior corresponds in every respect with its external appearance, and does equal credit to the taste and ability of the Architect. A foot-path through the fields near the parsonage, conducts to a gate near the lodge, which opens to the fairy precincts of Endsleigh. Carriage passengers must of course pursue the road which turns near the school. It is necessary to exhibit a ticket at the lodge, which is obtained at the Bedford office in Tavistock, to admit as many as six persons to view the place. A drive of a mile and a half in length, through beautiful shrubberies, leads to the Cottage. But those who wish to save themselves much additional labor, in climbing the ascent near the Swiss Cottage, will dismount by Mr. Forrester's pretty dwelling, and send on their vehicles with a message to the gardener, desiring him to meet them at the gate *by the grotto*. Having thus secured ingress to the properly guarded domain, the ramblers must follow a green path through the shrubbery, and across a field towards a rustic porch, where the sound of a bell will announce their approach to the inhabitants of the Swiss Cottage. This pretty edifice is a perfect model of one of the Swiss Chalets,

and its situation on the brow of a rocky eminence well corresponds with the character of alpine scenery. From an opening tastefully cut in the trees, a sweet view is obtained of Endsleigh Cottage, with the sloping lawn and a romantic wood, through whose verdant glades commodious roads have been formed. On the opposite side another opening displays the windings of the Tamar between its leafy banks. The furniture and decorations of the Swiss Cottage, are suited to its simplicity of construction. Colored drawings of the costumes of various Swiss Cantons, and some sweet sea-side sketches, ornament the small sitting apartment. In a room at the back are a dinner set and kitchen utensils, made like similar articles in the primitive times of our own country, entirely of wood; probably of beech, which was so used by our forefathers. In the small plot belonging to the Swiss cottage, the garden and field flowers florish together in "gay companie," yet not without regard to their proper disposal. A well-directed taste has so arrived at the perfection of art, that the scattered seeds appear only to have been flung by the hand of nature. Leaving this fairy spot by a small wicket, we descend a winding path by above a hundred steps, and passing a rustic seat beneath the projecting rock, take the road on the right through the wood, to the "garden gate." Beneath a "living gallery" of forest trees are planted American shrubs; the rhododendron, azalea, and gum cistus intermingle with our own dog-rose and sweet briar. The hawthorn also grows here in profusion, and if we prefer Endsleigh at one time more than another, it is in the month of May, when the snowy blossoms of the thorn are diversified by the rhododendron and yellow furze.

In autumn the varied hues of the trees win our admiration. Occasionally a hare or rabbit scuds across our path, and the pheasant and partridge rise from the

preserves, and wheel their rapid flight across the valley. As we proceed, the hand of cultivation is more apparent; arches of twisted osier entwined with the wild clematis and woodbine, shade the walk; wooden bridges cross small rivulets, and at length the garden gate opens upon the desired paradise of sweets. A grotto on the left is the first object to be seen. This, perfect in its kind, is ornamented with beautiful specimens procured from the various mines in the neighborhood, as well as other more distant regions; while shells and corallines help to fill up the interstices. Seats of polished marble from Plymouth, are placed in the recesses; a gurgling stream swelling from a small fountain in the centre, enlivens the place with its ever chiming music. If we *may* find fault with this pleasant retreat, it is in observing a *glass door* at the entrance, which to a certain degree destroys the natural effect of the whole. A noble terrace near the grotto winds before the house; some bold rocks at one end are covered with trailing vines, interspersed with graceful wreaths of the wild hop and other creeping plants. The sloping nature of the ground has admitted the formation of a double terrace; on the upper is a long alcove of bent wire, over which sweet peas, clematis, and creepers of every description are trained. In the wall which supports this terrace, are recesses for geraniums, which flower with much beauty in the open air. There is indescribable pleasure in treading the elastic turf on the lower terrace, and gazing on the wilderness of beauties around. It has been justly remarked that the perfect solitude and retirement of Endsleigh forms its principal charm. It offers a delightful and soothing retreat from the busy world, presenting such an enticing *home scene* as England alone can boast; and gladly must the wearied statesman and active noble retire to this spot to enjoy the quiet of such undisturbed seclusion. The house (designed by Wyatt,) possesses every comfort

which its dimensions will allow. Strangers who expect to find the magnificence and grandeur of Woburn Abbey, or of any other seat of a British nobleman, will necessarily be disappointed. The good taste of the proprietors has retained throughout a perfect accordance with its rural style of architecture.

The contour of the building is irregular, gradually receding from the front towards the wings. Rustic verandahs adorn the front, containing odoriferous plants and flowering shrubs, and supported by trunks of oak trees as columns, around which cling the clustering scotch rose, the ivy, and the honeysuckle, forming natural festoons above the windows. One portion of the wall (which is of wrought stone,) is covered with a far-spreading magnolia; every year this plant unfolds its rich blossoms, and sends a delicious fragrance through the air. By its side blooms the flowering myrtle and scarlet geranium, while the flaunting passion flower, sends down its brilliant petals to meet them from above.

A granite porch at the rear of the house conducts into a neat entrance hall, whose wainscoted sides have appropriate ornaments of various implements of industry used in primitive times. A handsome bracket supports the bust of Francis Duke of Bedford, the eminent patron of agriculture, whose early demise was deeply lamented by all who were sensible of his worth. A circular oak table, of extraordinary dimensions, and exquisite polish, stands in the centre of the hall. The chimney-piece is of polished granite of a handsome dark grain.

The anti-chamber to the dining and drawing rooms contain some fine water-colored paintings of Cintra. Around the dining room, are the arms of the Russell family with their various inter-marriages, beautifully painted on a miniature scale. The panels and furniture of this room are entirely of oak. The window is

decorated with the armorial bearings of different Earls of Bedford, with those of their respective ladies ; in the fourth division are the arms of William Lord Russell, with those of the Lady Rachel Russell, who was daughter of the virtuous Earl of Southampton. Lord William was son of the fifth Earl, and first Duke of Bedford. In the sixth number are the arms of Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, grandfather to the present Duke of Bedford, with those of his lady, Elizabeth, daughter of William, second Earl of Albemarle. In the drawing room the decorations are more elaborate, but still a regard is had to the simplicity of the whole. This apartment which is hung with some more paintings is connected to the library by folding doors. From the windows of all these rooms which open on the terrace, many lovely peeps of the woods and river are gained, but the most beautiful view is from a tiny cabinet adjoining the library, where are hung miniatures of the unfortunate Lord William Russell and his estimable lady.

The large pane of glass enables us to discern, without interruption, the verdant lawn stretching far away, with the winding Tamar foaming over its rocky bed, until lost to sight amidst the depths of wormwood. We regret leaving this small recess, but must proceed onwards to the private apartments of the Duke and Duchess. In that of the former are some fine drawings of Venice by Prout. The dormitories are distinguished for their neatness and comfort. Many views from their windows are to be admired. From the balcony of the "Chinese room" the Swiss cottage is seen with a bold sweep of the river rounding a fine promontory of hanging woods. One suite of apartments has been devoted to the use of the younger branches of the family. It looks out upon a raised parterre of flowers, with a marble fountain in the centre. Beneath a verandah commanding some of the sweetest

scenery of the distant vale, is a black marble pedestal, which in summer supports a small, but beautifully sculptured figure of Lord Grey. In a niche in the wall of the western front is the mitred form of the last Abbot of Tavistock. At the back of the cottage is a range of offices and stables, and out-houses disposed around the court-yard.

Near the offices a flight of steps conducts to the rock garden, where a number of stones are arranged so as to mingle with the natural rock, and form supporters for the plants which spring up between. In the centre are mimic ponds whose waters slip away unseen, and again ooze out at some little distance, forming so many dropping wells from the overhanging rocks. Leaving the green-houses on our right, we are conducted by a subterranean alcove and a flight of steps cut in the rock, to the "dairy dell," a fairy-like place which realizes all the beauty of the poet's imaginings.

"So sweet a spot of earth, you might, (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves
To sport by summer moons, had shap'd it for themselves."

CAMPBELL.

This dell, though comparatively small, is yet disposed with so much art, that we forget the size of the close and overshadowed valley; and looking at its sides clothed with the most luxuriant flowering shrubs, presenting so many pyramids of sylvan loveliness, we lose its concealed height, and, without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. Mr. Hazlitt who accompanied the Rev. W. Evans in a visit to this place, thought it far superior to any thing he had ever seen elsewhere, "so formed by nature's self," said he, with characteristic energy.

Rising slopes with turf as soft as velvet, are watered by a rushing mountain stream, winding sometimes amongst the gigantic spikes of the flag lily, at others

beneath a group of alders or branching oak, while again it emerges into broad day-light, and discharges itself into a spacious pond.

(“A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves : ”)

Crossing a rustic bridge, we follow a path which leads to the dairy ;—a simple building, containing one room and a small vestibule, paved with marble. The milk is received in marble basins, around which are small canals of water, and an ever-bubbling fountain in the centre assists in keeping the place cool. The walls are lined with tiles of white porcelain edged with a wreath of green vine leaves ; china vases are disposed around, ornamented with a corresponding pattern. The place, we believe, is more for show than use, but it is a pretty toy for the world’s favorites. Returning to the pond, we follow a winding path which leads to the children’s garden, admiring in our way the gardener’s cottage, reflected in the clear waters, and a *holy* well, whose arched entrance was brought from the neighboring estate of Leigh, where was a hunting seat of the richly-portioned Abbots of Tavistock. The “children’s garden” is neither more nor less than a wilderness of flowers, disposed, sometimes in rustic baskets, sometimes over moss grown stones ; at others around the roots of an aged tree. Wild flowers predominate, and the foxglove and bindweed, often triumph in beauty and luxuriance over their more presuming neighbors of the parterre. A bath of the simplest formation, merely the deepened channel of the brook, has often served to refresh the honored guests of the cottage. We cannot sufficiently admire the good taste which designed and carried into effect such means of displaying the simple beauties of nature by the aid of unobtrusive art. A rustic gate leads from the children’s garden into the lawn, along which we pass to gain the banks of the Tamar. The

river which “erst has been a precipice of foam from mountains tower,” here assumes a milder character.

“As softning in approach, he leaves his gloom,
And murmur’ing pleasantly, now lays him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lends the windward air an exquisite perfume.”

CAMPBELL.

A shallow boat or floating bridge conducts to the opposite woods, whose greenwood paths wind from the dell, around the declivities. The Woodman’s rustic cottage first attracts our notice; its curling smoke is often seen rising above the encircling trees; hence we may wander for miles through the woodland glades. The Fisherman’s hut forms an appropriate object in one of the most sequestered “cumbes.” Its porch is made to resemble a boat. A small stream murmurs near. In such a quiet haunt would old Izaak Walton have loved to linger; the modern angler may enjoy it to his heart’s content, I could almost envy his privilege of loitering at his ease on the shelving bank, “all in the coolness of the humid air;” in waiting for the expected “bite.” But other inducements tempt us forward. Crossing the stream, we gain a path gradually rising to the summit of a hill, on which a pretty “sylvan hedge” is tastefully planted. From this eminence is a commanding view of the river, flowing in a graceful curve by the wild cliffs on the right hand, and Dunterton woods on the left. The choice of this romantic solitude, as a sweet summer residence, where the native charms of river scenery have suffered no damage from the intrusion of art, reflects credit on its proprietor —. Gould, Esq.

The rocks at Carthamartha are very similar to those on the Tamar, by the Weir-head. The former, though on a smaller scale, are more wooded, and have the advantage of an active mountain-stream; which is generally the character of the Tamar in this place. The best

mode of access to Carthamartha, is by following a circuitous road over Greystone Bridge.

Although I have spoken thus far favorably of the route through the woods from Endsleigh, I must in justice to those who attempt following it confess, that many were the difficulties to which a certain party of explorers exposed themselves by attempting it. The Tamar was crossed in a boat at the Woodman's Cottage with ease ; the shady woods were traversed with pleasure; our pic-nic dinner was enjoyed with full zest in a rustic tower on a far away eminence ; but alas ! when we came to the Fisherman's hut, how was the rushing streamlet to be crossed ? there was nothing in the world to assist us but an unsteady plank ; however, we accomplished it; passed through sundry meadows and more woods, and scrambled up to the object of our search—our satisfaction was complete, until we chanced to look down upon the rolling river at our feet. To pass this ? it was impossible ! So thought our honest serving man who had foreseen the predicament, and brought his horse to a neighboring ford, to help the ladies across, and the gentlemen also, if they would accept of his assistance." Peals of merry laughter rang through the valley, as we in turns mounted behind our faithful squire, and rode through the stream ; all except one doughty wight, who chose rather to brave the torrent and get wet clothes, than avail himself of the attention of worthy John. One damsel in the height of her merriment slipped into the river just on gaining the bank ; with those exceptions we all got over safely ; but the experiment was hazardous and I would not advise the timid or fastidious so attempt it.

On the Endsleigh side of the Tamar is the deep recess of Dunterton wood. About half a century since, it was the haunt of a daring robber. Who has not heard of the exploits of Nicky Mason ? A kind of "ne'er do weel" was he from his youth, growing up the

plague of his father and the terror of all the neighbourhood. If the cats were worried, it was sure to be Nicky ; if the eggs were stolen from the hen-roost, it was Nicky too. He was, in fact, the scape-goat of the place, and all the sins of the community were fastened upon him. He never had any visible employment, but sauntered about with his hands in his pockets, and a slouch in his gait, which indicated an admirable nonchalance in the affairs of every-day life. In fact, Nicky was one of those gentlemen who are perfectly independent of their own exertions, taking the world as they find it, and living upon the gains of others.

In process of time, Nicky was missing from his usual places of resort. He was no longer seen, seated on the style which led into the small church yard, or swinging on his father's gate, or basking at full length beneath the gossiping tree. Nicky was gone : no one knew whither : not even his father ; but the fact was certain—Nicky was gone—and the cats came from their hiding places, and the dogs marched about securely, and the hens cackled over their new laid eggs in quiet, for the general tormenter had left the place.

Small reason however had the inhabitants to congratulate themselves on this short respite from trouble. Fresh disasters accumulated fast upon them ; the eggs were again missing, and with them things of far greater importance : fat sheep from the fold, and linen from the garden hedge ; meat from the larder, and savory pasties from the cupboard—all disappeared like magic, before the wondering senses of the terrified owners. What could have become of the property ? What could they do ? Truly idle questions were these, for they led to nothing but surmises. In vain man and maid were set on the watch ; in vain the master sat up himself till dead of night to catch the thief.

No thief was forthcoming, and yet the articles dis-

appeared. The man and maid averred that the things went without hand, and the master only thrust a pike through his own coat suspended at the front door, imagining it to be the thief's.

However fast the houses were made at night; by morning the usual depredations had been committed. At length a vague terror seized "the folks." Gossips talked of evil eyes and witchcraft, until they shivered over their blazing fires; little children crept closer to their mothers' sides as they listened with wide-mouthed wonder to the ghostly tales. The panic spread from cottage to farm, and from farm to manor house, until the landlord himself was cognizant of the matter. Now a stout-hearted man was he; one who neither cared for things visible or invisible in this world; so he set to flight all the hobgoblin stories in a trice, and laid the misdemeanors on the only probable delinquent—one whom no one had thought on before—Nicky Mason. "Sure enough the Squire had spoken the truth; all the mischief must have been done by Nicky: it could be no other than he." Alas for poor Nicholas! and alas for poor Nicholas's father, who was beset by a host of ceaseless interrogators, and even by the lord himself, who insisted on knowing where his son was, on pain of his being removed from the estate. At length the tears of the old man softened the hearts of his tormenters; the squire was easily moved, and he left the father to his grief and his solitude, without putting his threat into execution, for he thought "it was sorrow enough already to have such a worthless son." Still where was Nicky? and where, even in this hungry world, could he bestow all the victuals which he carried away in his nightly visits? "He must have grown wonderfully 'cute in handy work," observed one neighbour; and "wonderfully quick in dispatch," said another; and while they smoked their pipes with greater vigor after these sage

observations, Nicky's laugh would be heard at the open door. The farmer who had picked a hole in his own coat, instead of that of the thief, heard Nicky's voice beside him, saying, that a "miss was as good as a mile, and that he should take better care of his own." The housewife was reminded that "houses had chimneys as well as doors;" but although acting on this hint, she stuffed old sacks and bundles of hay up the large old-fashioned chimneys at night, by the morning all was down again; Nicky had been there. Hunger and thirst are more than a match for housewives.

So the summer passed: but when autumn came, chance favored the sufferers, and the wicked author of all this terror and dismay was caught. A certain fox had assisted Nicky in committing thefts on the hen roosts. The second interloper had been seen several times, and once was well nigh caught in a gin, but he escaped with the loss of part of his brush, and scampered away to the wood. So the Squire summoned his huntsman and dogs, and went forth to catch the fox. But as if aware of his intentions, the cunning animal was nowhere to be found: however the scent was hot, and the hounds went on in full cry, "through bush and briar o'er stock and stone" with the huntsman and squire at their heels. Suddenly there was a dead stop: and the yelping of the dogs became furious as they seized upon a large heap of bones which lay in their track.

In vain the huntsman cracked his whip: in vain the squire hallooed to send them away; there the animals staid, feasting on their bones of contention, and snuffing the air even after every bone was picked. There's something in this maister," said the huntsman sagaciously, beating the bushes with his whip; "these bones never came to be here without hands, I never seed such a pile in my life; as sure as possible Nicky's been here." "Probable, very probable," returned the squire senten-

tiously; then in an impressive whisper: "Ride to the farmhouses Dick: call out the lads for the hunt; make them bring pitchforks,—anything to beat up the woods for the daring thief." "And you maister?" "Oh I'm safe enough, I shall hunt in a round circle, and come back again to the lair." So Richard went off at full speed, and the squire hunted with seeming diligence, whistling to his dogs with double vigor, and pursuing his way to deceive the thief. In a wonderfully short time came the farmers and their sons, pouring along, strong in the might of companionship, and all on the alert to catch their foe. Then the wood resounded with the cry of dogs, and the shouts of men, as they sought here and there for their wily prey. And where in the meanwhile was Nicky? Seated securely aloft in an ivy bush; he thought for a time that it was fine amusement to watch the proceedings of his neighbours. He had a gun in his hand as he said "to shoot crows," and he felt once or twice a strong desire to level it at the head of those who passed so close beneath him. But Nicky's better wisdom restrained him; or perhaps some latent sense of humanity induced him to forego shedding another's blood. Be that as it may, there sat Nicky, laughing to himself at the various mishaps of his pursuers. When he saw one old farmer slip into a shaking bog, and another fall flat in a furze brake, Nicky pronounced it *fine work*, and thought no one at fault but themselves. When he heard the various consultations and conjectures carried on, as to where in the world he might be; he chuckled again and said, "Nicky is wiser than they after all, for *he knoweth*." There was a proud feeling of superior sagacity which supported Nicky through all his deeds of prowess. Had he known the poet he might have exclaimed with Alexander Selkirk "I am monarch of all I survey;" for such was exactly his feeling as he kept his elevated situation. But alas! the proudest of

the earth must be brought low ; and discontent is sure to be felt even in the highest station. Nicky began to be tired of his ivy bush, and as the pursuit was slackening he thought he might creep without danger to another spot, so he slid down from the tree, and crawled with stealthy pace to the top of the wood. When the dogs were near, he climbed a tree again, and when the men passed, he crept into the brake. At length he reached the desired nook, where the briars and hazels were thickly set, and he laid himself comfortably down on a bed of dry leaves. There lay Nicky as snug as a squirrel in his nest, hugging himself once more on his supposed safety. "I may as well sleep," said Nicholas, turning himself round to take the desired repose ; when lo ! as if by magic, there appeared close at his head, and peering through the hedge, the round jolly face of Farmer Pike. Farmer Pike looked at Nicky, and Nicky looked at Farmer Pike, until the broad fat face of the latter grew broader and fatter with surprise and delight. "Hollo, hollo," shouted he to his companions, as he pinioned Nicholas to the ground with a pitchfork. "Hollo, hollo, was ever the like?" and a shout of laughter from all the crew soon announced their hearty participation in his obstreperous joy. Then commenced their triumphant march, as Nicholas was hoisted on the broad shoulders of his foe, and transported with all due deliberation, to the court-yard of the Squire's house. "There ye are, my man," said Farmer Pike, setting the crestfallen hero upright on the epping stock. "Now speak out will ye, and let us hear what you have to say for yourself." But Nicky said nothing, for obstinate as wicked was Nicky Mason. Only once, when the Squire asked him if he saw him alone in the wood, did Nicky deign a reply ; then the spirit of malice shone out from his eye as he said, "Yes maister, that I did ; but you did'nt see me, for I was up in the ivy bush, but

if you had caught my eye, I would have done for you, that I would." Truly wicked as obstinate was Nicky Mason, and it only remained for the good Squire to do for him according to the law. Nicky was conveyed to Exeter, tried for stealing linen which was found on his back, and condemned to undergo the sentence of death.

And what became of the old Father we know not; but all the country round, even to the present day, can point out the cave in the wood in which Nicky lived, and where were found the unfortunate bones—those inglorious spoils from the exploits of Nicky Mason.

The manor of Dunterton, and great part of the parish, belongs to Arthur Kelly, Esq., whose residence is in the neighboring parish of Kelly. This property seems to have been possessed by the family of Kelly from the reign of Henry the Second to the present day. In the windows of the church at Kelly are some painted glass, placed there, as we have before remarked, by an ancestor of the Tremaynes.

In this neighborhood also is Bradstone, "where tradition tells us that a stone of extraordinary breadth was once to be seen." In Doomsday book it is mentioned as the king's demesne, but it afterwards passed through the families of Ernis and Gatcombe; and in Edward the Third's reign into that of Cloberry: it has latterly belonged to William Arundell Harris Arundell, Esq., who resides on his beautiful estate of Lifton Park, in the vicinity, and who is Lord of the Hundred of Lifton.

The ancient residence of the Cloberys still remains, with the arms of the family above the entrance: the house contains an old wainscotted hall, decorated with a number of stag horns, spoils of the chase in former times, when the Cloberys hunted the red deer over their paternal estate.

Returning to Milton-Abbot we observe, on our right, the manor of Edgecumbe, where still resides a lineal

descendant of that noble line whose younger branch is represented by the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. The elder line has lived at Edgcumbe for above seven hundred years. The present proprietor is Richard Edgcumbe, Esq. There are two other manors in this parish, Ford and Chillaton, both the property of the late John Carpenter, Esq., of Mount Tavy.

The traveller may return well satisfied with his excursion from Milton Abbot to Tavistock, but if he be inclined to pursue his researches farther, he will be well repaid by proceeding to Launceston, which is but twelve miles from Tavistock, and withal a pleasant drive. My first visit to this ancient town was paid in company with a party amounting almost to fifty, who were on their route to make an excursion to Werrington Park, a seat of the Duke of Northumberland, at about a mile from Launceston. It was the 29th of May, and consequently a general holiday in this neighborhood: those who are accustomed to the occasionally irksome monotony and continually harassing cares of school life, will appreciate the happiness with which both teachers and children hailed the approach of "the holiday."

Vehicles of all description were in requisition, and we sallied forth at an early hour to enjoy to their full extent our moments of "sylvan liberty." At that period the road between Tavistock and Launceston was not so much traversed as it is now, and the unusual appearance of our cavalcade made it the wonder of every hamlet through which we passed. I believe the good folks of Launceston thought we were about to take them by storm, as our wagons rumbled under the fine old archway which forms an entrance to the town. We had all alighted at the head of the precipitous hill by which the Tavistock road was then terminated, and being arranged in marching order we took our course through the place. There were many more old-fashioned dwellings than now

ornament the town, and from these we observed the antiquated forms of the male and female gossips, who all exclaimed, "In the name of wonder what can have arrived here?" It was "a wedding,"—"a merry making,"—"a funeral,"—(which was corroborated by the carriage-box, borne by two of the servants, and supposed to be a coffin,) anything but the simple notion that we were going to spend the day in Werrington woods. These conjectures followed us as we wound along through the greater part of the town, and ascended the hill which leads to the separated village of Newport. Then the wonder ceased, for we soon lost sight of Launceston, and in a short time reached our place of destination.* What a happy day we spent in those magnificent woods! rambling at will through the extensive park, and enjoying our feast by the side of the brook, which flows into a spacious pond. We were amused by watching the various manœuvres of a squirrel: the happy little creature bounded from branch to branch, setting up its bushy tail, and eyeing us with almost as much astonishment as the Launceston people themselves.

The house at Werrington we found to be a modern structure, little worthy of the proud name of its owner, or of the beautiful park in which it is situated. It is said to contain a gallery of statues, which some of the party visited; but these beauties of art were lost upon the rest, who chose rather to ramble to an eminence on which is a triumphal arch, and whence is gained an extensive view of the scenery around. It was most

* Werrington is supposed by some to have been the residence of Ordulph, whose armour it is said was formerly shown in the neighboring village church: but the fact is doubted, and the place is now more celebrated for its leafy glades.

beautiful to look down upon the mass of foliage which waved below. The various spring greens were just in their freshness; the noble oaks and sycamores which shaded the river were finely contrasted with the few evergreens which started up here and there. Near the house were some very grand mulberry trees, under which a herd of deer were grazing and reposing at their leisure. The groves were musical with the voice of birds, vying in their notes of welcome to the returning spring. I have a distinct recollection of the pleasure we felt, as children, in chasing each other down the slope beneath the umbrageous woods, whilst the dried leaves of former winters crackled beneath our feet. Another diversion consisted in standing on the Chinese bridge which crosses (or crossed) the rivulet, to watch the fish leap from the clear waters of the pond below. It was a happy holiday; and fully satisfied with the beauties of Werrington, we retraced our steps home-wards, without seeing much of Launceston; but I have often since visited the old town, and always with a feeling of pleasure, for the attractions are many both in the neighborhood and the place—they require a much fuller description than I now have leisure or opportunity to present. But of its castle I must take notice, possessing as it does the greatest interest as a place of strength and renown. The keep rises from an eminence of formidable height immediately above the town. From an old print of the castle, shown me some time since, I should imagine it to have been just such a fortress as is described by Mathew Paris, “situated near a river, a position, on several accounts, eligible.” The castle was surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, sometimes filled with water, and sometimes dry, called the “fosse.” On the inside of the ditch stood the wall of the castle, with a parapet and kind of embrasures called crenels, on the top. On this wall, at proper distances,

square towers, of two or three stories high, were built, which served for lodging some of the principal officers of the proprietor of the castle, and for other purposes ; and on the inside were erected lodgings for the common servants or retainers, granaries, storehouses, and other menial offices. On the top of this wall, and on the flat roofs of these buildings, stood the defenders of the castle when it was besieged, and thence discharged arrows, darts, and stones on the besiegers. The great gate of the castle stood in the course of this wall, which was strongly fortified with a tower, and closed with thick folding doors of oak, often plated with iron, and with an iron portcullis or grate let down from above. Within this outward wall was a large open space or court, called in the largest and most perfect castles the "outer vayle, or vallum," in which stood commonly a church or chapel. On the inside of this outer vayle was another ditch, wall, gate and towers, inclosing the inner vayle or court, within which, generally, on raised ground, the chief tower or keep, containing the dungeon, was built. This description presents a tolerably correct picture of what Launceston castle must have been in its perfect state, except with regard to its towers, which are round instead of square. The outer wall, with its fortified gateway, still remains, forming a beautiful object from the western road. The "outer vallum" is also to be seen, which once contained the chapel. The wall surrounding the inner court is almost destroyed, but some portions of a fortified passage leading to the keep remain. The keep itself, on a steep mound, difficult of access, is defended by two walls, of which the inner is twelve feet in thickness, and of great height. These walls, as well as the chief tower, are circular. This tower or keep contained but three rooms, and these were small, the diameter of the whole being only eighteen feet and a half. The lowest room appears to have served

as a dungeon, having no windows. The second was almost as dark, and was probably the treasury or store. The highest had two large windows (now broken down), also a fire-place, with a passage for the smoke carried up through the thickness of the wall ; all which indicate this room to have been intended as a sort of state apartment for the chieftain. The staircase was within the wall, ascending from one side of the passage of the doorway." Such is Launceston castle ; a structure, from every point of view, commanding our interest and admiration. It is generally considered to have been erected by William, Earl of Morton, being also Earl of Cornwall by descent from his father, Robert, who was half-brother to William the Conqueror : but by tradition Launceston castle has been, from still more remote antiquity, a seat of the Princes of Cornwall ; and various parts of the fortifications would impute its erection to the Romans. At any rate this "Castle Terrible," as it is termed by Carew, has always served as a place of great strength. During the period of the Civil wars, Launceston castle was considered as one of the greatest strongholds of the western royalists. It was defended at various times by Sir Ralph Hopton and others, and sustained its character as an almost impregnable fortress, through many a long siege. In the time of Charles the Second, we find that Sir Hugh Piper was made constable of the castle and keeper of the gaol, as a reward for his sufferings and bravery during the Civil wars. His monument, with that of his wife, is still to be seen in Launceston church. An interesting account of Sir Hugh Piper may be found in Mrs. Bray's novel of Warleigh. We have little space to refer to the antiquities of the town of Launceston. Its priory appears to have been of considerable magnitude ; but in the devastations of the sixteenth century almost all record concerning it was destroyed. The church is a noble edifice, erected in 1511

by Sir Henry Trecarrell, after the loss of his only son. It is of granite, finely carved, with figures both within and without. Below the church-yard, shaded by some fine trees, is a pleasant walk, which commands a beautiful view of the wide valley, on the side of which Launceston is built. We have referred to the fact of markets having been held on the Lord's-day in ancient times; it is recorded that in the reign of King John the men of Launceston paid five marks to have their market changed from Sunday to Thursday. It has since been altered to Saturday.

I cannot refrain from giving a description of one visit to Launceston, which possessed a very peculiar interest to me, as being the first time of my seeing an assize. My mind was filled with solemn impressions of the importance of the scene I was about to witness; and our drive to Launceston, on somewhat a gloomy morning, was not calculated to dispel the feeling of the hour; but I was cheered, notwithstanding, by the scenery through which we passed. The new line of road by Griesen or Greystone Bridge is particularly beautiful; it winds down the side of a hill to the river Tamar below, which steals through a deep valley, whose sides are clothed with hanging woods. The bridge, built of a fine grey stone, forms a pleasing object in the picture. At the time we passed the river was flooded, and the water was "still and deep," reflecting the landscape around as in the bosom of a lake. We found the entrance to the town wonderfully improved; the old archway could now be approached by a level piece of road, along whose sides many new buildings were being erected. The appearance of the shops and houses were also much altered for the better, and the whole aspect of the place seemed changed, by the bustle and importance which was given by the assize. We drove to the principal inn, which commands a view of the pretty garden formed beneath

the castle wall, as well as the gloomy building which was then used for the courts of justice. The inn was filled with attorneys and witnesses, so we were, by necessity, ushered into an apartment which properly belonged to another occupant. My friends had business to transact in the town, but I preferred remaining at the inn, observing from the window the various scenes which were taking place without. Every idea of gloom was lost by the hilarity and general animation of the crowd which continually increased around the door of the Town-hall. Gaily dressed rustics thronged the streets, escorting village *belles* in still more gaudy attire. Tempting stalls were erected as nearly as possible to the point of attraction, and in the distance a variety of caravans and shows displayed their wonders to the gaping populace. Many tempting little bits of drollery might have afforded subjects for the pencil of a Cruikshank. I was particularly amused by the solemn importance of the javelin men, who kept guard over the entrance to the court; they rebuked, with becoming dignity, the curiosity of the young urchins who, wishing to see all that could be seen, continually besieged the closed portals, which admitted only the myrmidons of justice. Occasionally an attorney jostled through the crowd, seizing on some unfortunate witness who had disappeared when most wanted, or holding an earnest conversation with a client of note. At other times a counsellor fluttered along in his wig and gown, as if life and death depended on his briefs. While engaged in watching the various groups before me, my attention was quite withdrawn from what was passing in the room in which I sat, until a loud patterning close behind, aroused me from my reverie. On turning, I beheld two antiquated beings, whom I had no great difficulty in discovering to be a mistress and her maid, although there was no very perceptible difference in their dress;

but the more delicate form of the lady could easily be distinguished from the robust proportions of the serving woman. They both wore small black bonnets, of a coal-scuttle fashion ; their sober colored shawls were equally well arranged ; and their feet were alike preserved in thick shoes and coarse woollen stockings : but the stuff of the lady's gown was finer than her handmaiden's, and the latter wore, moreover, an apron as white as snow, and upon her feet a pair of wooden clogs, which appendages had caused the clattering sound that first attracted my attention. These primitive beings replied to my apologies for intruding on their apartment in the kindest manner possible, both mistress and maid, assuring me, in the Cornish dialect, that I was "most kindly welcome." I found that they had come from "down west," travelling to *such a distance* for the first time in their lives, in order to appear as witnesses in some inconsiderable trial of a poor neighbor. They had arrived by van the day before, in order to "save expence" (to the county,) and were astonished at everything they beheld ; but were still quite at home at the inn, acting so as to give as little trouble as possible to any one, and dressing just as they did in their own little cottage at St. ——. They dined at twelve o'clock in the bar, to "save the trouble" of bringing the dinner to the parlour, and would scarcely allow the waiter, whom they addressed as "Sir," to do anything at all for them. Their remarks were most simple and amusing, and their manners quite delightful in the age of affectation and presumption. I left them looking from the window, and saw them constantly nodding and encouraging us to proceed, as we made our way through the crowd into the opposite hall of justice.

We entered first the *nisi prius* court, where a tiresome cause was pending, and heard Serjeant Bompas haranguing for above an hour, in reply to a clever

speech by Mr. Erle, while the little Judge moved his large head from this side to that, and nodded his assent, or uttered his objection, while he twitched his wig from very weariness. My thoughts wandered to the “la” courts of Edinburgh, where I had heard the Solicitor-General, Hope, talk of the course of the “la,” and the month of *Aggust*, and the famous city of *Glasgie*, until the Lord Advocate, Jeffery took up the word, and set the matter to rest in a trice by the all-commanding force of genius. The subject was of no note: our attraction had been to see Sir Walter Scott, who was not in the court, but who was afterwards pointed out to us in the street, as he walked heavily along by the help of a stick. This was just at the commencement of that severe illness which brought about the melancholy termination of his life—an end, of which no one can read in Mr. Lockhart’s interesting narrative, without being affected as for a near and dear friend. But to return to Launceston; after waiting for a considerable time we were admitted, through the kind interest of Sir W. T—, into the grand-jury box of the Crown court. The difficulty of admittance arose from the inconvenience and small dimensions of the hall, of which both judges and jury had just cause to complain. I was never more impressed than by the perfect silence which reigned as we entered; some delay had occurred when the prisoner was called, and in the meantime the court was at rest. Immediately opposite to us sat Lord Denman, like a statue, apparently without the movement of a muscle, so rigid was his whole form. There was great dignity and command in this perfect stillness: even the spectators were awed into silence, and the jury-men sat as fixed as the judge himself. We felt that we were in a solemn tribunal of life and death, and tacitly acknowledged the awful importance of the judicial office. It would be useless in this place to enter into any detail

of the proceedings ; suffice it to say that we heard a man sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, for an instance of daring burglary. The prisoner was middle-aged and heavy looking, one of whom nothing could be made, and who appeared as obstinate as he was criminal. Then came an old man, one on the very verge of the grave, charged with stealing wood : he seemed scarcely to understand why he was there, but wept piteously when discharged with a severe reprimand. It was his first offence, and he had been prosecuted by a rich neighbor with malicious intent, for taking that which appeared to him "to belong to nobody." The next cause referred to a dance at a village *feast* or revel, where one young man "for a *spree*," had carried off the coat and hat of his *friend*. The latter, who appeared a testy gentleman, resented the insult by bringing his comrade before the law. The case was made more ridiculous by the singing accent of "the friends," (both Cornishmen,) who unlike Damon and Pythias, could not remain constant to the end, but accused each other in most unamicable terms, of all kind of envy and uncharitableness. We left them in the heat of bitter recrimination to return to our inn, where we found our old friends and fellow lodgers in the midst of a four o'clock tea ; they would insist on my taking a cup with them, and seeing me fatigued, were as kind and attentive as if I had been their own daughter. Neither mistress nor maid had stirred from the room in which they were placed, but they had seen a "brave lot" of things from the window, and had, I doubt not, acquired knowledge enough of the world to last them as a theme of conversation for the rest of their lives. I should like to have heard their evidence, but we had not time to remain ; and after receiving an affectionate farewell from our simple friends, we took leave of Launceston and proceeded on our journey homewards. Our way was

beguiled by conversing on all we had seen ; my companions, as well as myself, had remarked Lord Denman's extraordinary power of memory in summing up the evidence, apparently without the least aid from notes. We considered him a fine example of a dignified and upright judge, and were not a little pleased to hear soon after of his being made Lord Chief Justice of our land. May every great office of State be as ably filled !

Reference was made to the days when the witty Jekyl was on the western circuit. My father remembered the time when the old hall of Launceston resounded with laughter, as every opponent hid his diminished head at the sharpness of Jekyl's repartee. He was often employed by the smugglers in defending them for having opposed revenue officers. One of these had the misfortune to be surnamed Crab, which gave the jocose barrister a fine opportunity of displaying his humor. Having discovered that his client had a wife and five children, he made a pathetic appeal to the court, earnestly and solemnly intreating that the old Crab might be allowed to *crawl backwards* in quiet to his dear Mrs. Crab, and the five young Crabs ! Two elegant young women, his nieces and housekeepers, were once brought before him as witnesses in court ; they were in rather gay attire, which Jekyl thus turned to account :— “Observe those damsels,” said he, “according to the law they are spinsters, albeit they neither toil nor spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” The abashed ladies dropped their veils : without doubt they chid him for his ill behavior when again at home.* Jekyl at one

* One of his nieces being requested to seal two letters which he had addressed, one to a solicitor and the other to an attorney-at-law, asked him the difference between the titles, when he replied, “ Why, my dear, pretty much the same difference as between an alligator and a crocodile ! ”

time rang changes on all the moods and tenses of verbs, and cases of nouns and pronouns, &c., in ridicule of an unfortunate domine, who had avowed himself of the “scholastic” line. The *scholastic* line! a fine theme for Jekyl.

But the town-hall of Launceston has lost its attractions: the assizes are now held entirely at the more central and commodious court of Bodmin; and Launceston has sunk into neglect and apathy. Except when the coaches make their short transit through the place, or the Saturday’s market arouses the attention of the inhabitants, both town and people are quiet enough: there is “nothing doing” as the saying is. But the time of the awaking may come; the deadening influence of a too favorable patronage may pass away, and Launceston again be aroused to vigor and independence. There is sterling worth in the character of the people; there are energies which display themselves in many amiable accomplishments; they possess a musical taste superior to what is met with in most country towns; a fund of intelligence and amiable feeling is evinced in all their social meetings. Why then is Launceston behind hand in most of the improvements of the day? It possesses every advantage of situation and climate, and we may add of society, for the sojourn of strangers. A variety of natural beauties are within its reach: there are the romantic shades of Trebartha—the architectural magnificence of Lifton park—the woods of Werrington—and (within a day’s drive) the time-honored ruins of Tintagel. Let us hope that Launceston may yet regain its former importance, and take a stand as one of the principal towns of the west.

And now our home Scenes are concluded. I have wandered far enough over hill and dale, and by wood and stream, to tire the most patient reader; yet one would fain linger in each well-known spot. So much

pleasure is afforded in tracing she steps of our youth ; in sounding the praises of our native place ; in dwelling on pleasures gone by ; that we resign with pain the character of an egotist, and return to the level of the world, above which, like a drop from the ocean, we are raised. Our way has been beguiled by the sweet melodies of Carrington, the Bard of Devon, whose muse has celebrated his favorite places of resort, in strains of never-dying poesy. Once more recalling his words, let me add—

“ Too soon we lose
“ Woods, rocks, and verdant hills, and smiling lawns.
“ Farewell, enjoyments of the fast-flown day !
“ Farewell ! a word best understood by him,
“ And felt, on whom the world has firmly fixed
“ A chain, but seldom loosened through the flight
“ Of the long toiling year ! * * * * *
“ Let not the Cynic look with jaundiced eye
“ On those enlivening hours, which, like the bursts
“ Of sunshine on the wayworn pilgrim's head
“ Dispel the mental gloom. They are the salt
“ Of this our short existence ; they oft brace
“ Anew the slackened nerves, refresh the brain,
“ Rouse up the spirits, and revive the heart.

The Author desires to express her grateful acknowledgements to the intelligent Correspondent who has so kindly furnished her with such valuable scientific information on the very interesting subjects treated of in the subjoined letter, and little doubts that every reader will feel an equal pleasure with herself in the perusal of it.

MY DEAR MISS EVANS,

IN compliance with your request, I hasten to forward my mite of contribution to your notices of "Tavistock and its vicinity;" and it will afford me great pleasure if my endeavors, in the few following pages, may be found answerable to your wishes in regard to such an account of Dartmoor, and its most remarkable objects, as so brief a sketch can convey. The subject, although seeming at first mention an unpromising one, does in reality furnish matter of considerable interest to the artist, the antiquarian, and the poet,—all of whom may discover that the wild regions of the moor, are the home of scenes, remains and productions, congenial to their research, and even to their enthusiasm; and I trust in the course of these selections from memoranda and observations made by my sisters and myself during our residence there, to convince many who are yet strangers to its romantic wilds, that they contain much to invite attention and speculation.

The aspect of Dartmoor differs nothing, I believe, from that of other hills whose structure is generally granitic: tall peaks, table land, principally bog, and valleys more or less abrupt, winding between the rugged acclivities, form the chief characteristics of the hill-country of western and central Devon. These appearances also vary much in different parts of the moor: in some districts extensive portions of plain, often covered with peat-moss, spread abroad, unbroken by the intervention of a single tor: in others the peaks rise thickly, and on the slopes lie vast beds of rocky fragments, tumbled into disordered masses, and clothed with moss and lichens that render their appearance yet more grey or hoary than if their natural hue were "their only wear."

The bog-land is sometimes merely the rough grassy sod, saturated by springs overgrown with rushes and water-plants;—but it oftener consists entirely of peat-moss, which has for ages been creating and accumulating the solid peat below it, formed out of its growth and decay, as regularly as any process can go on. This peat sometimes descends to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and furnishes an abundant supply of fuel, without which the moor would be uninhabitable, as it is without the smallest growth that could serve the purpose instead, to the few dwellers among its hills and villages. Over these bogs may often be seen in the summer season, about the month of July, that beautiful plant, the Cotton-grass or Canna (*Eriophorum*), of which two species are common, the *Eriophorum vaginatum* or single-headed, and *Eriophorum angustifolium*. Both florish in peat-bogs, and in some years so abundantly, that their heads, of lovely silk-like down of a delicate white, attract the eye as to vast beds of flowers waving gracefully in the mountain-breeze. So entirely is the plant confined to the morasses of the moor, that few

persons elsewhere, unless botanists, know it even by name. Both the bog-land and drier slopes of the hills produce rushes, though they will not root in the peat itself, but always, even in the midst of a bog, on some spot of earth which has escaped the infection of the peat—the foe of nearly all vegetation, save its own peculiar moss; and of this rushy tuft, a rock, or small detached stone, is generally the basis. Hence it becomes a rule on the moor, while crossing a bog, to trust the steps only, if the ground be precarious, upon the rushes, which will sustain the foot, when it would be sure to sink more or less deep into the watery soil, if placed on the patches of green moss, which are perilous in proportion to the brightness of their hue. Often, in favorable situations, may be found large spaces covered with these rushes; and through them, and the heath with which they are intermingled, the wind echoes with a low swelling reverberation, mixed at times with sounds like those of the base strings of a musical instrument, that startles the listener, because unlike the voice of the winds in most other situations; it seems a moan issuing out of the ground itself. At night, especially, this sound of the low sweeping gale, over an extensive waste, has a peculiarly striking and interesting effect upon the ear and the imagination. If the sounds of the moor, the voice of its gales, its torrents, its birds, and even of its rocks, for they have often noble powers of reverberation, are peculiar and delightful, the eye has not less cause for fascination, when on some bright sunny day we take our station on the summit of a tor, and cast our view over a vast extent, comprising peaks and valleys, interweaving a chain of prospect only found in this wild region. The endless variety of hues and colors formed by the dark heath, or its flowers of a lovely lilac-purple, the reddish bog, the green marsh, and grey rocks ascending to the frowning summits,—all

these, blending with the varying shadows of the clouds, or lights and gleams issuing from among them, render the scene one in which stern grandeur continually softens its features into gentle beauty.

Beheld from the surrounding country, the ancient tors uplift themselves with a solemn and mysterious aspect, when either partially enrobed in clouds, or in the soft, eye-attracting haze, which like a delicate bloom, overspreads them in the brightest days of summer. On the Tavistock side we descry, first, the Greater Cocks-tor, with White-tor to the north of it; beyond them are perceived the summits of Staple-tor, and Roultor, filling up the interval. Proceeding in this direction we pass in the valley, south of the road, the pile of rocks known as Vixen-tor, surrounded by several smaller heaps, on which are some imperfect specimens of rock-basins; but these, perhaps from the loosely compacted texture of the rock itself, are almost obliterated.

Crossing the Walkham—a narrow mountain-stream, we speedily enter within that portion of Dartmoor called the “Forest,”—Mystor or Mistor, amid whose crowning rocks the line of demarcation passes, rising above us to the north. That this tor was of yet more importance in ancient days, may be inferred from the fact of its possessing the most perfect rock-basin that I know of anywhere on the moor. It is nearly circular, three feet wide, and eight inches deep, perpendicular-sided, and evenly shaped, although no marks of a tool can be detected—a circumstance in which it agrees with all the other specimens of Druidical relics existing here, or, I believe, elsewhere. The usual form of the rock-basins is oval or circular, with a kind of lip or aperture at one end or side, and a small channel descending therefrom over the rock. When filled by the rain, the water flows out at this lip, showing the use for which it was probably designed. Their size varies, some being as large as

five feet in length, but the generality much smaller. The chief number are rudely shaped, and bear more the appearance of being *scooped* than *cut* out ; and in some places small natural hollows on the surface of the rocks, give the idea of such having been the origin of the more extensive rock-basins of art,—for the work of art they doubtless are, however it might be, since it is more difficult, and requires more credulity to assign them to any spontaneous natural effect.

Behind Mystor spreads an extensive tract of heath-land and peat-bog, where are large turbaries, and several ancient “stream-works,” together with some modern mining operations. This space, named Holming Beam, is comprehended between the channels of the Black-brook and Cowsie, streams which, if not often imposing, can become at times terrific torrents, and roll down, each wave

“Crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chesnut steed.”

This spot is noted for the abundance of the whortle or bilberry plant which it produces : in some seasons the crop of berries is so great as to tint the ground for miles with their purple hue. We have, at one time, counted here upwards of five hundred gatherers, who yet seemed scanty in proportion to the extent of space, and plentiful quantity of the mountain fruit around. In this secluded place is still to be found the black-cock—a bird indigenous to Dartmoor, but now become extremely rare and shy ; yet we have often heard here their shrill crow from among the heath, or startled them unawares out of their retreats. The moor-hen will, in winter, venture on the wing, nearer to habitations ; but as there is no forbearance in the pursuit of these interesting birds, by sportsmen of all grades, we may believe that their extirpation cannot be far from accomplished.

Among the objects of most interest to be found on Dartmoor, are its remains of Celtic antiquity—the dim and uncertain records of an extinct race, and their equally extinct customs, knowledge, and religion. These remains are here as numerous, entire, and conclusive, as in any of those widely diversified countries over which the Druid doctrine and institutions prevailed. They consist of unhewn stones, chosen with attention to their fitness for the purposes intended, but bearing not the least indication of any implement having been used to fashion them into that form. The relics preserved in this wild museum are—Druidical circles of upright stones; maeri or pillar-stones; avenues or double lines of upright stones, so placed as to leave an intervening space between them; cairns; kistvaens; rock-basins; trackways; pounds; and hut-circles.

In the vicinity of Mystor or Mistor, we find many of these, as a “location” of importance evidently existed here. The precise spot on which they appear may be indicated as the declivity southward of the road, and about midway between Merivale and Rundle-stone, just opposite to King-tor. It extends over a wide space of ground, comprehending within it the site of the road itself, as some hut-circles are found also on the Mystor side.

A remark may here be made, which it is needful to have frequently in mind while exploring the antiquities of Dartmoor, that wherever a road, or the wall of a “take” or inclosure passes near them, they are sure to have suffered considerably from the removal of the stones—a barbarous practice, worthy of those real Goths and Vandals, moor-men, and road-makers! by whom have been demolished, within half a century, precious remnants which had lasted else, uninjured, through a period of two or three thousand years.

The remains at this spot consist of a Druidical circle, pillar-stone, two long avenues, some fragments of

kistvaens or tombs, and a great number of hut-circles. The circle is composed of ten upright stones, unusually small for such purposes, none of them being above 18 inches in height. The diameter 67 feet. A pillar-stone or maen, 12 feet high, is situated at a little distance. The avenues are 78 feet asunder, each three feet wide, running due East and West. The longer is about 300 yards in length ; and the stones of which they are formed, are placed at irregular distances, which may average three feet and a half. At the mid-length is a small circle of ten upright stones. The eastern end of the avenue is pointed off by three stones, much higher than the others, and two such lie on the ground at the western termination.

Remains of kistvaens and small cairns are dispersed in various places, near the foregoing, but present no very remarkable specimens. On digging into one of them we procured a substance singularly interesting, as it was believed, by some scientific men who examined it, to closely resemble what might be supposed the remains of human, or at least animal ashes.

The hut-circles are numerous, formed of stones of all sizes laid together, and serving probably for the foundation and support of a superstructure of sod or wattles, as the case might prove—both perhaps being customary, according to convenience. Some of them are of large extent, and if really forming the inclosure of habitations, they must have been of commodious dimensions. The entrances nearly all face the south, and are denoted by two upright stones, higher than the adjacent layer. Some of these hut-circles have also an exterior inclosure, but less distinguishable, and often lost in the level of the surrounding sod.

At Stanlake, south of the prisons, are again found vestiges of the same description. The avenues here are forty feet apart ; the most perfect of them com-

mences in a cairn, surrounded by fifteen upright stones. On the side of a neighboring hill are two "pounds" or great inclosures, walled with heaped stones, and having regular entrances, placed nearly north and south in the one, and east and west in the other. The diameter of the larger "pound" is about 280 feet, and it contains fourteen habitation circles. The smaller is 240 feet in diameter, and has within its inclosure also fourteen hut-circles; but the lower part of this "pound," being perhaps a sixth part of the whole, is destroyed by an old "stream-work" which occupies the valley.

The dilapidation of these remains by mining operations is important, as serving to refute the notion prevalent with many persons of small information on the subject of Celtic antiquity, that its relics are connected with the later era of "streaming" and mining on the moor. No doubt exists that many of the "stream-works" themselves are of British origin; but the avenues, circles, &c. bear a distinct character, and belong, in all probability, to a much more ancient period.

Various other remains, but more dispersed in their localities, are found in the neighborhood of the prisons—as kistvaens near the Black-brook, towards its junction with the Dart; a cairn in the direction of Eylesbarrow; and others not easily indicated except by means of a map.

In the southern quarter of the moor are situated the largest cairns of which it can boast. They are placed on a height above the river Erme, known as Three-barrow tor, from the number of the heaps. These are composed entirely of loose small stones, thrown together in a vast pile; one of them is about three hundred yards in circuit. Two broad trackways, formed of flat stones, are connected with it. From the summits of these cairns is beheld one of the most extensive and magnificent prospects to be found on

Dartmoor; and the scenery in various spots in this portion of the hill-region, is of the grandest character.

Pursuing the subject of the principal Celtic remains, those in the northern and eastern quarters deserve to be particularized. The Druidical circles of "Grey Weathers" are situated on the northern side of Sittaford-tor, on an acclivity overlooking Lade-hill bottom, not far from the head-branches of the Teign. They are among the most noted of this kind of circles existing on the moor; their position adjoins, and the number of stones in each was originally twenty-five, from three to five feet high; but of these only nine remained upright in one circle, and seven in the other, when we visited it a few years since; the others having fallen in their places, while a few appear to have been removed to a "new-take" wall.

The other great circles in this direction are one near Venworthy, and another on Gidleigh Common, near the north bank of the Teign, and overlooking the stream. This latter consists of thirty-seven stones, of which ten are lying on the ground. Many of these reach from five to seven or eight feet high, and being nearly all of a pointed form, give the circle a very different appearance from the Grey Weathers, where the stones are rather square. The diameter of the circle is ninety feet.

On Teign-combe Down, south of the Teign, at some distance from the river itself, are several fine avenues, a pillar-stone, circles, &c.

One of the most celebrated of the Dartmoor relics, though in reality there are several of the same description existing in various spots throughout this mountainous district, but very little, if at all known beyond it, is an extensive "pound," situated on Hameldon-hill, north of Widdecombe, and distinguished by the name of Grimsound. It is 150 yards in diameter, and contains forty habitation circles. A stream, called

Grimslake, runs through the inclosed space, which thus seems provided for any contingency that might prevent egress to its inhabitants, as in the case of a warlike party defending their position on the hill. The wall, like that of all the other "pounds," is formed merely of rude blocks and smaller stones heaped together; but doubtless a large portion of them has, in the course of ages, been removed for buildings, walls, roads, &c. The breadth of the circular heap or wall is from fifteen to twenty feet: in some instances it is even wider.

Kistvaens, "the four grey stones where heroes rest," are in some places very numerous; at others a single one may be found standing on the wide heath, without any other relics near it, more ancient than the heath-plant which has rooted in and around it. Although certainly tombs, these kistvaens are of a size not calculated to hold a human body in its natural state. Their construction is by the connection of four thin stones set up in the form of a chest, from two to five feet long, and from one and a half to three feet wide; some are nearly square. Over these was placed a flat stone as a lid: these cover-stones have, in all instances, been removed, and the interior exposed to view, exactly as left by the intruders, the lid lying on the ground by the side, or else half covering the chest. Within is frequently found a small pit or hollow, in which might have stood the jar or "urn," of rude earthenware, containing the ashes after the destruction of the body by fire. This is, at least, a prevalent opinion, borne out by the discovery of such vessels in similar situations in Cornwall, Scotland, and as we have been informed, here also. These tombs often stand on the mere ground, without any particular attention to site or preservation; but in perhaps a greater number of instances, they are surrounded by a circle of stones; sometimes even by a double circle; or they are raised on a mound or cairn.

In a single instance we discovered one sunk into a very compact mound of earth, so that the cover-stone lay even with the ground around it.

Rock-basins are found mostly on the summits of the tors: those where they are best preserved, or of the largest size, are Mystor; Black-tor; Sheepstor; Littleford-tor, near the West Dart, above Two-Bridges; Castor-rock; High-tor or Hey-tor, &c.

The trackways of Dartmoor are of themselves a subject for investigation and speculation: they consist of lines of stones heaped together, crossing the moor in all directions, and seemingly meant for boundaries or way-marks. Some of them may be traced, with small interruptions, for several miles, until they disappear in a bog, or terminate at a tor or river; although they often resume their course on the other side, and proceed until meeting with some similar hinderance or destination. Others of these trackways appear to have had a more local design, and merely connect the sites of two villages, or other particular spots, with one another. As might be expected, they can now scarcely be found uninterruptedly continuous, so that their object can only be conjectured; but wherever avenues, cairns, rock-basins, &c. exist, trackways are generally observed tending, as to a common destination or focus.

In the parish of Drewsteignton is the only specimen of a perfect cromlech to be found in the district of the moor. It is now surrounded by cultivated land, and stands within a field; no other remains of the same period are discoverable in the immediate vicinity. The dimensions equal, I believe, those of the principal cromlechs of either Cornwall or Wales, being in length, 15 feet; breadth, 10 feet; height, 8 feet to the upper surface of the super-incumbent stone; to the lower surface the height is 6 feet. No instance of logan or rocking-stones occur, although many *suppositions* to

that effect are circulated by persons of little information on the subject.

The present is, perhaps, a fitting opportunity to speak of the local traditions, or rather notions of the moor-land inhabitants, respecting these antique remains, to them generally so inexplicable, but which even a mere keeper of sheep and oxen cannot behold without forming some conjecture. The hut-circles, by far the most numerous of any, they generally account for by the supposition of their having been places for the securing of cattle by night, at the time when the "forest" was infested with wolves, and other beasts of prey, to prevent their straying from their keepers. Before the division of the moor by inclosures, termed "takes," the stone walls of which often traverse it for miles, there must have been some care requisite to prevent this mischance, and boys and others were employed in the summer season to watch them while pasturing on the undivided hills; but that the "hut-circles" were constructed with any view to the impounding of cattle, is an idea quite at variance with the probabilities suggested by a real acquaintance with the subject.

The pillar-stones, still called by their Celtic name, *maen*, or *men*, here pronounced *man*, and plural *men*, afford by that means an equivocal interpretation. The appellation is considered by the inhabitants of the moor, as given to these tall obelisk-like stones, from their aptitude to be mistaken at a distance, in the twilight or through a mist, for a human being. Some old moor-men described them to us as places for execution in ancient times, for "those who broke the laws of the forest;" and they often name such high upright stones "the stone-gallows" or "gibbet." Others assert them to have been set up as boundary marks; the fact being that similar stones are frequently placed as indications of boundaries; and even the Druidical pillar *does* some-

times come to be included in the line of such boundary, but an experienced eye can discriminate between them, and in particular where the maen is connected with circles, avenues, &c.,—arrangements no way bearing upon the “boundary question.” Often too, those who assert them to be limitary stones, are quite unable to state of what they mark the limits.

The circles and avenues are, by the same explicators, assigned to a various origin. By many they are supposed to have marked the spots where public games, especially that of “hurling,” were practised. An idea prevalent in other parts of the country where Druidical remains are to be found, as testified by the appellation of the “hurlers,” applied to three adjoining circles of upright stones in the parish of St. Cleer, in Cornwall, together with their being a party of men thus transformed, for the offence of pursuing their sport on the sabbath-day. Perhaps, however, in comparatively modern times, these spots may really have served as the rendezvous of country people for the pursuit of their holiday diversions. Others imagine them to be places of interment, or where battles were fought; and one old man told us that “some folks would not like to visit them after dim, as *people* (meaning spirits,) walked there,—but for his part he thought nothing about such things.” Another, who seemed much more intelligent than his compeers, expressed an opinion, probably nearer the truth than most others, however he came by it, “that they were places where people used to go out to worship, and say their prayers, before any churches were built.” But the most remarkable declaration was that made, on one occasion, by a turf-cutter, who came up while we were closely examining a curious circle, situated near an avenue of upright stones. On our asking his opinion as to their purport, he at first hesitated, looking dubiously at us, and then with a very

significant tone and expression of countenance, replied, "that he was quite certain no man could find it out;" "nor" he added with yet greater emphasis, "no woman either!"

This was not the only occasion on which, during our various rambles over the moor, in exploration of its remains of old, that our researches were looked upon with suspicion, though this was the only instance, I believe, in which that suspicion seemed attached to a desire for the attainment of forbidden knowlege. The more general supposition seemed to be, that we were seeking among these moss-grown stones and mysterious relics for—what?—Gold! Yes! the traditions of the moor foster the dear conceit that hallows alike to men's apprehension, the magic caves of Istakhar, and the else unlegended kistvaens of Dartmoor! It is here fondly believed, and delightedly told (for who does not speak delightedly of Gold?) that in old days vast treasures were hoarded up in these places, for which they appear so convenient: that the kistvaens or tombs were set up to contain such deposits; and that the circles and other memorials of the kind, denote spots where the precious possessions lay, or may even still lie concealed! As all the kistvaens have long since been rifled of their contents, whatever those contents might be, and the cairns have evidently been subjected to a rigorous search, it is plain that the notion of their concealing something worth seeking after, is of old date. If you inquire of your informants, when and by whom the spoliation was effected, they reply variously,—many assigning the damage to the rapacity of the miners, who at one period were very numerous on the moor; while others allege that the mischief was perpetrated during the lawless ages of the "civil wars"—a great epoch with rustics generally; and when they are pressed about the *precise* era, usually give for answer—"back in the time of one

of the Henrys." A certain vague idea of a mystical or magical origin, seems connected with all these tales of treasure. In these days of incredulity, it is difficult to obtain, even from moorland hinds or dames, any *direct* explanation concerning the supernatural character of these valuables; but there secretly lingers both a tradition and a belief of it. They certainly think that no good fortune could possibly attend the possession of any portion of this earth-hidden gold, and as proof relate, among others, the legend of a Vicar of Widdecombe-in-the-moor, who in days of old, once set forth with certain of his companions, to make a general attack upon the old graves of Dartmoor, in search of their envied store. After a highly successful expedition, he returned laden with spoil; but the consequences were terrible. On entering his house a mighty explosion ensued,—to the offending priest the very "crack of doom," for his house "was blown to atoms, and he himself, with all his ill-gotten spoils, buried in the ruins!"

Besides the vestiges of Celtic antiquity, there exist on the moor several of a later date, and to which some interest may be attached, such as crosses placed as "forest" boundaries; or on the commons in the vicinity, near routes leading toward the former monastic establishments of the neighborhood. Of the first kind are Nun's Cross and Syward's Cross, a little to the south of Tor-Royal House; and near Fox-tor are the remains of a cross, and of the rude steps on which it stood. The spot is called, on the moor, "Deadman's Tomb," and tradition records it as the place where Child, of Plymstock, perished in a snow-storm, while hunting in the forest. This legend of Child is one of the most noted of those relating to Dartmoor,—it is celebrated by its legendists, and sung of by all its poets; and most of the dwellers of the hills, and their borders, may remember it as a tale, with which, from their in-

fancy, they had been familiar. The cross at Fox-tor is believed to have been set up as a memorial of the place on which his body was found,—perhaps through the gratitude of the monks, who, according to peculiar belief, obtained his wealthy possessions in reward for his interment within their holy precincts.

The spot itself is as wild and lonely as imagination can conceive; and it is a curious circumstance that exactly beside the fragments of the cross, are the remains of one or more kistvaens; thus associating together the funeral memorials of a widely separated and dissimilar age, race, and religion, side by side, in equal neglect and decay!

Another curiosity of Dartmoor is Wistman's Wood, situated by the side of the Dart, beneath Longford-tor; it is the remnant of an ancient and much more extensive growth of the same description of trees—stunted oaks, which once occupied the valley both above and below the present wood, as is shown by stumps and fragments yet to be found among the rocks. It seems almost as if nature designed to show by this specimen, in what unpropitious situations she can nourish vegetable existence. These trees, if *trees* they may properly be called, are very low, old, and moss-grown; their hoary trunks rising from between blocks of granite that barely yield them space to stand, or rather seem to support them in their places. The spot is, however, one of wild and romantic aspect, like Ossian's “joy of grief,” “pleasant though sorrowful.” “Age,” says the Bard of Morven, “is dark and unlovely,” but this is not altogether true of the oaks of Wistman's Wood; for in a summer-day, when all the moor beside is bare, and burning, and shadowless, beneath the noon-tide sun, there is here shade and song, the glancing flight of the butterfly, and hum of bees in myriads, allured by the abundance of honeysuckles and other flowers that fill

the nooks and crevices of the valley ; while the Dart winds murmuring beneath, and the craggy tors stand watching over it from above.

Although the moor now presents scarcely another specimen of a natural growth of trees of any sort, it is by many persons believed to have been, at one period, really a wooded "forest;" a belief which is strengthened by the discovery often made in its peat-bogs, of the fragments of trunks and boughs of trees ; though in fact such were principally a copse-like growth, of alders and hazel, which might have occupied the valleys now rendered unfertile by the intrusion of bog-water and peat-moss. The supposition of Dartmoor having ever sustained large or forest-trees, is rendered quite improbable by the fact of its being a granitic district, always unfavorable to the growth ; and also by the prevalence of the peat-moss, which, wherever it intrudes, allows scarcely anything to live or vegetate, save itself.

In the central portion of the moor is situated Cranmere, a kind of bog-land lake, placed on a high table-land, which contains within its morasses the head springs of the Taw, Dart, Teign, the Okements, Tavy, and many of their tributaries. This region is as dreary and uninteresting as can well be imagined. The Pool is evidently formed by the drainage of the surrounding bogs into an extensive hollow in their centre, perhaps originally created by the disruption of the bog itself, the edges having given way by the pressure of the fluid mass within, and thus spread the contents over the declivities towards which they had gradually been approaching. The absence from this part of peaks or tors, or anything above the level of the soil, occasions some difficulty if the explorer be unprovided with map and compass, in finding this little "mere." The very moor-men and turf-cutters never pretend to be able, unerringly, to direct their steps towards it, and many

mysterious circumstances are in consequence ascribed to it—such even as its entire disappearance at times ; its being a resort of spirits, and retreat for laid ghosts ; especially of one sometimes seen amidst it, in the shape of a white horse.

Another pretended peculiarity, which our own observation disproved, is that the water in it neither increases nor lessens in quantity ; on the contrary, when we saw it, which was of course in the midst of summer, for during winter it must be quite unapproachable, the water had descended about two feet below its usual level, marked by the soft mud left beneath the bog-moss which indicated the high-water level.

It is impossible to take a survey of this lonesome and rarely trodden region, without being struck by the idea of its perilous character to any chance-wanderer or over-adventurous visitor. Instances are not wanting of individuals having perished on Dartmoor by a sudden storm or mist, or simply from losing all knowledge of the direction in which they were proceeding, until betrayed to destruction. Stories are told of a boy, or girl, or woman, having sunk in a bog, whose fate was only ascertained by a hat which remained above the spot where the unfortunate person had disappeared. The scene of this accident is by most of its relaters referred to Fox-tor mire—one of the worst bogs on the moor. Some years ago, two boys, serving a farmer at Widdecombe, perished in a storm of snow, while seeking some sheep on a neighboring hill.* I can also well remember the interest with which, at an early age, and during my first excursion beyond the borders of the moor, I stood beside a large rock, near which our track lay, listening to the tale of an old turf-cutter, who was

* See a ballad on this incident among poems by Mr. Johns, in his "Dews of Castalie."

our guide, while he described the finding, immediately below it, the body of a young man of Plymouth, who had died on that spot in consequence of mistaking his way; the snow being on the ground at the time, and darkness coming on, rendered it impossible for him to retrace his steps,—when lying down at that spot he must have been frozen to death.

The latest instance of a similar unfortunate event, occurred, I think, about ten years since, when the remains of a man were discovered in a plot of rushes, near the little bridge over Walla-brook, where it meets the Teign, and not far from the Great Gidleigh Circle. These remains consisted only of bones, with some fragments of clothing; which last served, at the coroner's inquest, to establish his identity with a person of unsound mind, who had several months before wandered from his home and friends at Plymouth, and thus perished from hunger and exhaustion, in that lonely and desolate spot.

Of the scenery of the moor I have already briefly spoken; but it would, together with the atmospheric and other phenomena which accompany it, alone furnish matter for many more pages than the foregoing. It is always wild, and in some places, amid its rugged loneliness, even sublime. The extent of prospect from many of the summits, as the peak of High-tor, in the eastern end, and Three-barrow-tor, in the southern division, reaches as far as the chalk cliffs of the Dorsetshire coast, and includes altogether a noble extent of country. Of course it is only on the borders that these views can be obtained, as the central peaks command only the moor itself, all beyond being cut off by the height of the intervening mountains.

One of the most striking sights to be beheld on Dartmoor, or from its vicinity, is when early in the spring of the year the custom locally termed *swaling*,

or burning the moors, is put in practice. This is generally done about the month of March ; and if the weather be dry, the fire spreads among the withered heath and rushes with wonderful rapidity, till the summits and sides of the hills exhibit the aspect of an assemblage of volcanoes pouring out their fiery streams ; while the smoke, following the direction of the wind, rolls along in suffocating clouds. Altogether it forms a prospect, the grandeur of which only a resident on the moor, accustomed to equally behold by night as by day, can properly appreciate.

The streams of Dartmoor are the head branches of most of our Devonian rivers ; springing, as has been already observed, out of the central morasses, both of the northern and southern divisions, they gather up every little tributary as they proceed ; becoming every now and then by the effect of rain or snow, for a time, tremendous torrents. After a thunder-storm, nothing can be nobler than the scene presented ; but to be beheld it must be sought immediately, for the space of a few hours in this precipitous region, rolls away the sudden accession of waters. At such a time do the floods indeed "clap their hands and rejoice," as dashing over their rocky beds, they astonish the beholder with the contrast to their slumberous murmurs of yesterday. Thunder-storms are not particularly frequent on Dartmoor ; nor is there the opportunity, when they do occur, of their being as destructive as elsewhere ; but the phenomena they present are far more sublime. At the commencement there is an indescribable awfulness in "the melancholy thunder's moan" echoing from tor to tor, and ending in a long, low, indistinct roar, as if it proceeded out of the recesses of the hills themselves ; while on the extensive horizon, the direction and appearance of the lightning is much more easily followed by the eye than within a narrow

space. While residing on the moor, we have known instances when rocks were shattered, and cattle killed, during a thunder-storm; but where there are neither trees, nor churches, no lofty buildings indeed of any description, nor cultivated lands, the damage cannot at any time be considerable.

To visitors of the moor, a principal object is, generally, the inspection of the prisons, and their accompaniments, situated on a boggy declivity, at the foot of Hisworthy-tor; a bleak and miserable situation even for freemen,—how much worse, alas! for captives! When, on some lovely day, looking over the surrounding expanse of hill and valley, filling the mind with glad thoughts and adventurous wishes, nothing can appear more incongruous than the intrusion of a place of captivity;—it brings at once to our memory the skeleton which polluted with its presence an Egyptian banquet! Yet, as there are

“ Sermons in stones,
And good in everything,”

a great moral may be drawn, even from the inspecting of a prison. The buildings here consist of seven large erections, once used for places of confinement for ten or eleven thousand men. Their internal aspect and arrangements chill the heart with gloom; nor is the effect lessened by the recollection that these abodes, so dreary and comfortless, are superior to the generality of such places of misery. Near at hand are the hospital and the cooking-houses, also a “cachot,” or “prison within a prison,” for refractory inmates! Residences for officers of the establishment adjoin the inclosure; and at a short distance are the barracks and chapel, the latter being commonly known in the neighborhood as Prince-town church. The bog approaches close without the walls, and amidst it is the burial-ground, where, during the sojourn of the prisoners,

many bodies were deposited. Little concern appears to have attended the performance of this duty; some of the graves are yet indicated by low heaps of sod, and in one instance only, on a piece of slate stuck slightly into the earth, were rudely scratched the name and age of an American who slept below.

Many of the buildings adjacent to the prisons, have of late years been taken down, perhaps to prevent their fall, for every portion is in a very dilapidated state, and fast hastening to decay—the effect of damp, frost, and storms, to which they are in each succeeding autumn and winter, continually exposed.

I have thus, my dear Miss Evans, detailed, as far as the space prescribed will admit, the result of my own knowledge of the moor. Much might be added on many topics, here but slightly touched upon, or not even referred to. Should you desire any further information which I have it in my power to communicate, I shall be most happy to do so. With great esteem,

I remain,

Dear Madam,

Very truly yours,

S. DIXON.

Dated, Billacombe.

I offer no apology for introducing the following Letter, which, it is conceived, will be perused with high interest by such as make the delightfully fascinating study of Botany their pursuit.

MY DEAR MISS EVANS,

I am sorry my residence in the neighborhood of Tavistock has not been long enough to give you a complete sketch of its Flora: a whole season is required to recognise the early spring plants, those of summer-bloom, and the bright-rayed compound flowers of autumn. My observations have been made in July, and my impression is, that the Botany is as rich and various as are the other choice features of that justly celebrated district.

The Antiquary revels in the accessions of his lore which he gains on examining the ruined residences of departed worthies, for tradition is rife in this land of beauty. There are the imagined haunts of Druids and Romans, as well as those of persons whom history more definitely chronicles: but habitations grow old, structures raised by man are perishable; they decay, and become in their turn a soil for vegetation; the grey lichen grows on ruined walls,—ivy clings to the falling stones,—all nature, sweet and gay, blooms amidst the

wreck,—lowly herbs send up their rich perfume,—the wild flowers wreath their tracery to hide

“What ruthless time has wrought.”

The Artist is arrested at every step by his charitable desire to convey to others some notion of the scenes, so beautiful, that nature in her contrast of rich woodland and desolate moorland has combined to perfect the landscape.

The moor is desolate *only* in its expanse and immensity: viewed from a distance, we are struck with the diversity of lights and shadows which change with the passing clouds: but herbage contributes towards the rich coloring, and a closer inspection affords ample reward to the botanist. His feet sink deeply as he treads the tufted grass and moss, the whortleberry and gay florets that deck the wild heather. It *might* have been the fair Ellen’s “elastic tread” that prevented her crushing the “slight harebell;” but if Sir Walter had traversed Dartmoor he would have discovered that a heavier footstep failed to crush the firm though velvet-like vegetation that covers the hills. The tors, and the granite masses that crown them, present a sombre hue, derived from the grey and dark lichens growing over them. These tiny lichens and mosses form a humus for the roots of larger plants; and in a few years, stones that have been excavated in order to discover supposed Druidical relics, are filled with elegant grasses and sorrel. The mountain ash (*Pyrus aucuparia,*) grows in the fissures of these rocks,—the violet blooms feebly under their shade in July,—and a stray hawthorn may be seen at the same season expanding its pale blossoms.

The “lonely wood of Wistman,” consisting chiefly of oaks, dark in their sere antiquity, is supposed to have been the resort of Druids. The pigmy trees do not exceed from seven to ten feet in height: their branches are supported by huge blocks of granite, as they lean

tremblingly towards the hill, seeking shelter from the virulence of the tempest's wild blast. The most striking feature of this ancient forest is the luxuriant growth of moss : miniature branches, measuring an inch in diameter, are fringed with moss that expands them at least a foot : numbers of parasitical plants cling to the roots and branches, and grow over the granite which is thickly strewn in every direction. The effect of the whole, as it lies exposed to the bleak winds that howl through the valley of the West Dart, is most gloomy, most melancholy ! The time-worn and stunted trees seem like the embodied ghosts or the mummied remains of the proud monarchs of our forests.

This, however, is one of the most desolate parts of Dartmoor. The contrast is great indeed, as you leave a panorama of tors (Vixen for instance, whence not a tree relieves the wildness,) and approach the highly cultivated vale in which Tavistock is built. Some of the vallies are very rich, and especially those through which rivers flow and fertilise as they murmur on. I have noticed the remarkably fine ash trees that grow wherever they can gain any soil. River banks are thickly studded with alder ; there are also some holly trees, but not very large. I fear my experience as a botanist is not sufficient to say whether there are any plants *peculiar* to the neighborhood. The Digitalis florishes, and arrives at the height of six or seven feet on the hills ; its gay and numerous freckled bells justly entitling it to its cognomen—the monarch flower of our county. The genus Campanula is very rare throughout Devon, only the hederacea, and occasionally the glomerata are met with. The Narthecium (bog asphodel,) grows abundantly in the peat-bogs, and is a very elegant plant. The Gentiana has been found on Roborough Down, and the Exacum grows in the bogs, but I did not find it.

I inclose a list, first of the moor plants, and then those of woodland and general growth through the fields and hedge-rows, that have come under my observation. You must bear in mind they are only the plants of summer growth, and no doubt many more might be added. Carrington has given a list in his "Dartmoor," also one of the mosses and lichens: they are very numerous on the moor generally.

With kind regards believe me to be,

Dear Miss Evans,

Very sincerely yours,

S. BARON.

MOOR PLANTS.

<i>Anagallis tenella</i>	Bog pimpernel
<i>Corydalis claviculata</i>	White climbing corydalis
<i>Cuscuta epithymum</i>	Lesser dodder
<i>Erica tetralix</i>	Cross-leaved heath
— <i>cineræa</i>	Pine-leaved heath
— (or <i>Calluna</i> ,) <i>vulgaris</i>	Common ling
<i>Galium</i> —several species	Bedstraw
<i>Juncus squarrosus</i>	
— <i>maximus</i>	Rush
— <i>acutiflorus</i>	
— <i>sylvaticus</i>	
<i>Lonicera periclymenum</i>	Common woodbine
<i>Luzula</i> —several species	
<i>Narthecium ossifragum</i>	Beg asphodel
<i>Oxalis acetosella</i>	Wood sorrel
<i>Pedicularis sylvatica</i>	Pasture louse wort
<i>Pyrus aucuparia</i>	Mountain ash
<i>Rumex</i> —several species	Dock and sorrel

<i>Scabiosa succisa</i>	Devil's bit scabious
<i>Scirpus multicaulis</i>	
— <i>fuitans</i>	Club rush
— <i>sylvaticus</i>	
<i>Sedum</i> —several species	Stonecrop
<i>Thymus serpyllum</i>	Wild thyme
<i>Tormentilla officinalis</i>	Common tormentil
<i>Vaccinium myrtillus</i>	Bilberry or whortleberry

BOGS.

<i>Campanula hederacea</i>	Ivy-leaved bell-flower
<i>Digitalis purpurea</i>	Purple foxglove
<i>Genista scoparia</i>	Common broom
<i>Gentiana campestris</i>	Field Gentian
<i>Jasione montana</i>	Sheep's bit
<i>Lotus corniculatus</i>	Birds-foot trefoil
<i>Lychnis flos cuculi</i>	Meadow Lychnis
<i>Orchis pyramidalis</i>	Pyramidal orchis
<i>Polygala vulgaris</i>	Milk wort
<i>Prunella vulgaris</i>	Self heal
<i>Ranunculus aquatilis</i>	Water crowfoot
<i>Ulex Europeus</i>	Furze or gorse
<i>Veronica alpina</i> , or <i>serphyllifolia</i>	Alpine speedwell
<i>Viola lactea</i>	Cream-colored violet

LANES, WOODS, FIELDS, &c.

<i>Achillea millefolium</i>	Common yarrow
<i>Agrostemma gigatho</i>	Corn cockle
<i>Alnus glutinosa</i>	Alder
<i>Anemone nemorosa</i>	Wood anemone
<i>Anthemis nobilis</i>	Chamomile
— <i>arvensis</i>	
<i>Anthyllus vulneraria</i>	Kidney vetch
<i>Arctium lappa</i>	Burdock
<i>Bartsia odontites</i>	Red bartsia
— <i>viscosa</i>	Yellow viscid bartsia
<i>Calamintha officinalis</i>	Calamint
<i>Centaurea nigra</i>	Black knapweed
— <i>cyanus</i>	Corn blue-bottle
— <i>scabiosa</i>	Greater knapweed
<i>Cheledonium majus</i>	Celandine

<i>Circæa lutetiana</i>	Enchanter's night shade
<i>Comarum palustre</i>	Marsh cinque foil
<i>Cornus sanguinea</i>	Dogwood
<i>Corylus avellana</i>	Hazel
<i>Cotyledon umbilicus</i>	Navel wort
<i>Epilobium</i> —several species	Willow herb
<i>Erythraea centaurium</i>	Common centaury
<i>Eupatorium cannabinum</i>	Hemp agrimony
<i>Euphrasia officinalis</i>	Eyebright
<i>Fraxinus excelsis</i>	Ash
<i>Fumaria capreolata</i>	Ramping fumitory
<i>Galeopsis ladanum</i>	Hemp nettle
_____ <i>tetrahit</i> }	
<i>Geum rivale</i>	Water Avens
_____ <i>urbanum</i>	Herb bennet
<i>Habenaria bifolia</i>	Butterfly orchis
<i>Hieracum</i> —several species	Hawkweed
<i>Humulus lupulus</i>	Common hop
<i>Hypericum perforatum</i>	Perforated St. John's wort
_____ <i>pulchrum</i>	Upright St. John's wort
<i>Knautia arvensis</i>	Field scabious
<i>Lamium album</i>	Dead nettle
<i>Lathyrus pratensis</i>	Meadow vetchling
<i>Lepidium draba</i>	Whitlow pepper wort
<i>Ligustrum vulgare</i>	Common privet
<i>Linaria vulgaris</i>	Yellow toad flax
<i>Lychnis flos eculi</i>	Lychnis
_____ <i>diocia</i> }	
<i>Lysimachia nemorum</i>	Yellow pimpernel
<i>Lythrum salicaria</i>	Spiked purple loose-strife
<i>Malva moschata</i>	Musk mallow
_____ <i>sylvestris</i>	Common mallow
<i>Mentha piperita</i>	Pepper mint
<i>Melampyrum</i> { <i>pretense</i>	Cow wheat
_____ <i>sylvaticum</i> }	
<i>Myosotis palustris</i>	
_____ <i>arvensis</i> }	Mouse ear, or forget me not
_____ <i>sylvatica</i>	
<i>Ononis arvensis</i>	Common rest harrow
<i>Parietaria officinalis</i>	Pellitory of the wall
<i>Physospermum cornubiense</i>	Bladder seed
<i>Polygonum</i> —several species	Persicaria
<i>Polygonum Persicaria</i>	Spotted Persicaria

<i>Pulmonaria officinalis</i>	Lungwort
<i>Potentilla</i> —several species	Cinque foil
<i>Ranunculus sceleratus</i>	
— <i>repens</i>	Crowfoot
— <i>arvensis</i>	
<i>Rhinanthus crista galli</i>	Yellow rattle
<i>Rubus coesius</i>	Dewberry
— <i>idœus</i>	Raspberry
— <i>fructicosus</i>	Blackberry
<i>Sambucus nigra</i>	Common elder
<i>Sanguisorba officinalis</i>	Great burnet
<i>Scrophularia</i>	

ERRATA.

Viburnum opulus	Short-leaved water speedwell
Vicia cracca	Gelder rose
Wood betony	Tufted vetch
	Betonica officinalis

FINIS.

J. L. COMMINS, PRINTER, TAVISTOCK.

HOME SCENES, OR

<i>Pulmonaria officinalis</i>	Lungwort
<i>Potentilla</i> —several species	Cinque foil
<i>Ranunculus sceleratus</i>	
— <i>repens</i>	Crowfoot
— <i>arvensis</i>	
<i>Rhinanthus crista galli</i>	Yellow rattle
<i>Rubus coesius</i>	Dewberry
— <i>idæus</i>	Raspberry
— <i>fructicosus</i>	Blackberry
<i>Sambucus nigra</i>	Common elder
<i>Sanguisorba officinalis</i>	Great burnet
<i>Serophularia aquatica</i>	
— <i>nodosa</i>	Figwort

ERRATA.

- Page 31, line 4, for "received," read revived.
 — 71 — 29, — "Ferum," read Ferrum.
 — 116 — 7, — "1980," read 1680.
 — 189 — 17 — "Kilts," read Kitts.
 — 192 — 19 — "John Newton," read John Gibbins,
 [Newton.
 — 94, Plate, "Weir Head, &c.," read Morwell Rocks.
 — 194 — "Morwell Rocks," read Weir Head.

— *beccabunga*
Viburnum opulus
Vicia cracca
Wood betony

Short-leaved water speedwell
 Guelder rose
 Tufted vetch
Betonica officinalis

FINIS.

J. L. COMMINES, PRINTER, TAVISTOCK.

<i>Pulmonaria officinalis</i>	Lungwort
<i>Potentilla</i> —several species	Cinque foil
<i>Ranunculus sceteratus</i>	
— <i>repens</i>	Crowfoot
— <i>arvensis</i>	
<i>Rhinanthus crista galli</i>	Yellow rattle
<i>Rubus coesius</i>	Dewberry
— <i>idœus</i>	Raspberry
— <i>fructicosus</i>	Blackberry
<i>Sambucus nigra</i>	Common elder
<i>Sanguisorba officinalis</i>	Great burnet
<i>Serphularia aquatica</i>	Figwort
— <i>nodosa</i>	
<i>Sedum acre</i>	Wall pepper
<i>Senecio jacobæa</i>	Ragwort
<i>Sheradia peregrina</i>	Field madder
<i>Silene</i> —two or three species	Catchfly
<i>Solanum dulcamara</i>	Woody night-shade
<i>Solidago virgaurea</i>	Golden rod
<i>Sonchus arvensis</i>	Sow thistle
— <i>oleraceus</i>	Common sow thistle
<i>Spiraea ulmaria</i>	Meadow sweet
<i>Stachys sylvatica</i>	Wound wort
— <i>palustris</i>	
<i>Stellaria</i> —three or four species	Stitchwort
<i>Teucrium scorodonia</i>	Wood germander
<i>Trifolium pratense</i>	Purple clover
— <i>repens</i>	Dutch clover
<i>Valeriana officinalis</i>	Great wild valerian
<i>Verbascum blattaria</i>	Moth mullein
<i>Veronica officinalis</i>	
— <i>chamaedrys</i>	Speedwell
— <i>scutellata</i>	
— <i>montana</i>	
— <i>beccabunga</i>	Short-leaved water speedwell
<i>Viburnum opulus</i>	Gelder rose
<i>Vicia cracca</i>	Tufted vetch
<i>Wood betony</i>	<i>Betonica officinalis</i>

F I N I S.



<i>Pulmonaria officinalis</i>	Lungwort
<i>Potentilla</i> —several species	Cinque foil
<i>Ranunculus sceteratus</i>	
— <i>repens</i>	Crowfoot
— <i>arvensis</i>	
<i>Rhinanthus crista galli</i>	Yellow rattle
<i>Rubus coesius</i>	Dewberry
— <i>idœus</i>	Raspberry
— <i>fruticosus</i>	Blackberry
<i>Sambucus nigra</i>	Common elder
<i>Sanguisorba officinalis</i>	Great burnet
<i>Scrophularia aquatica</i>	
— <i>pedunculata</i>	Figwort

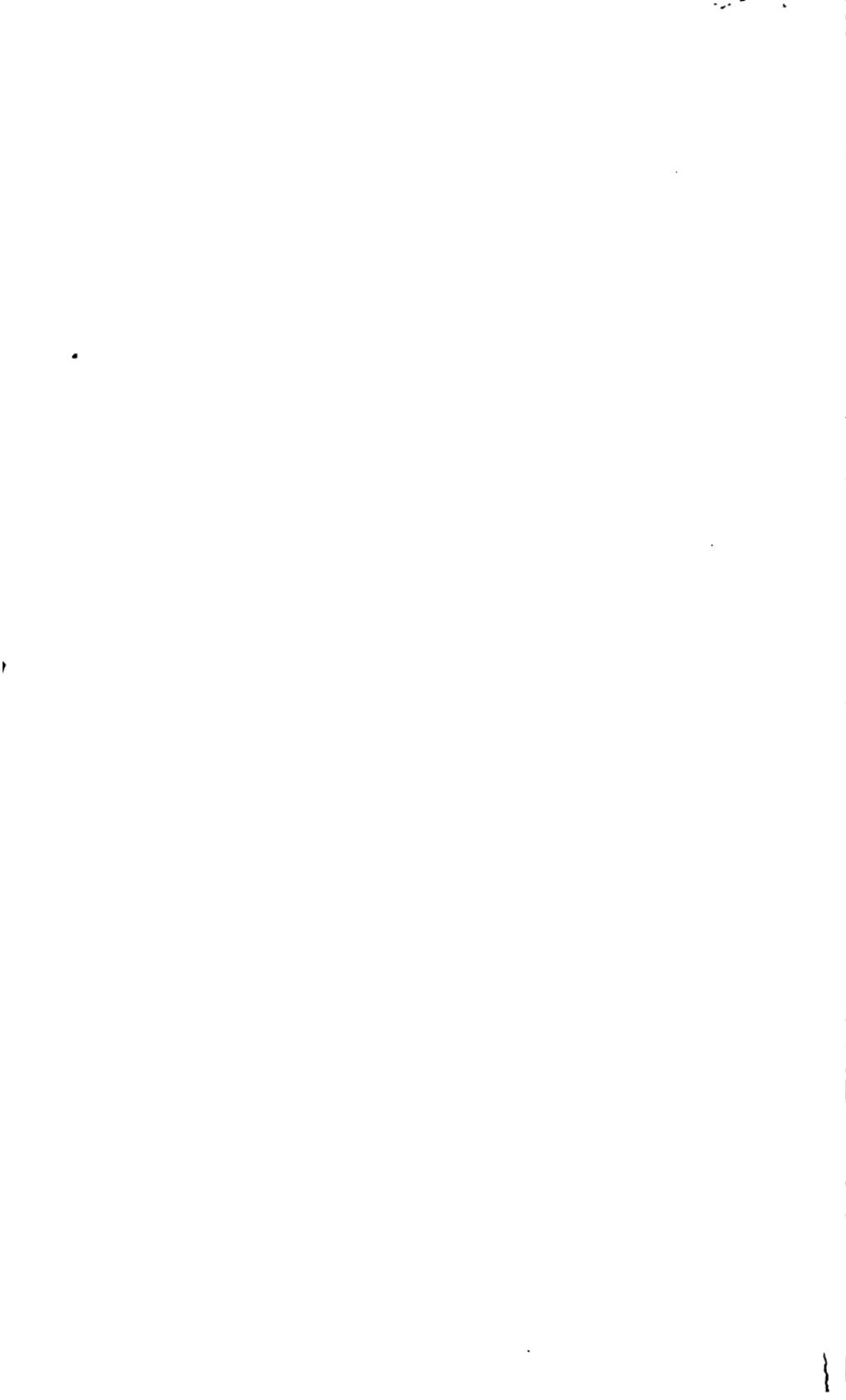
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— beccabunga	Short-leaved water speedwell
Viburnum opulus	Gelder rose
Vicia cracca	Tufted vetch
Wood betony	Betonica officinalis

FINIS.

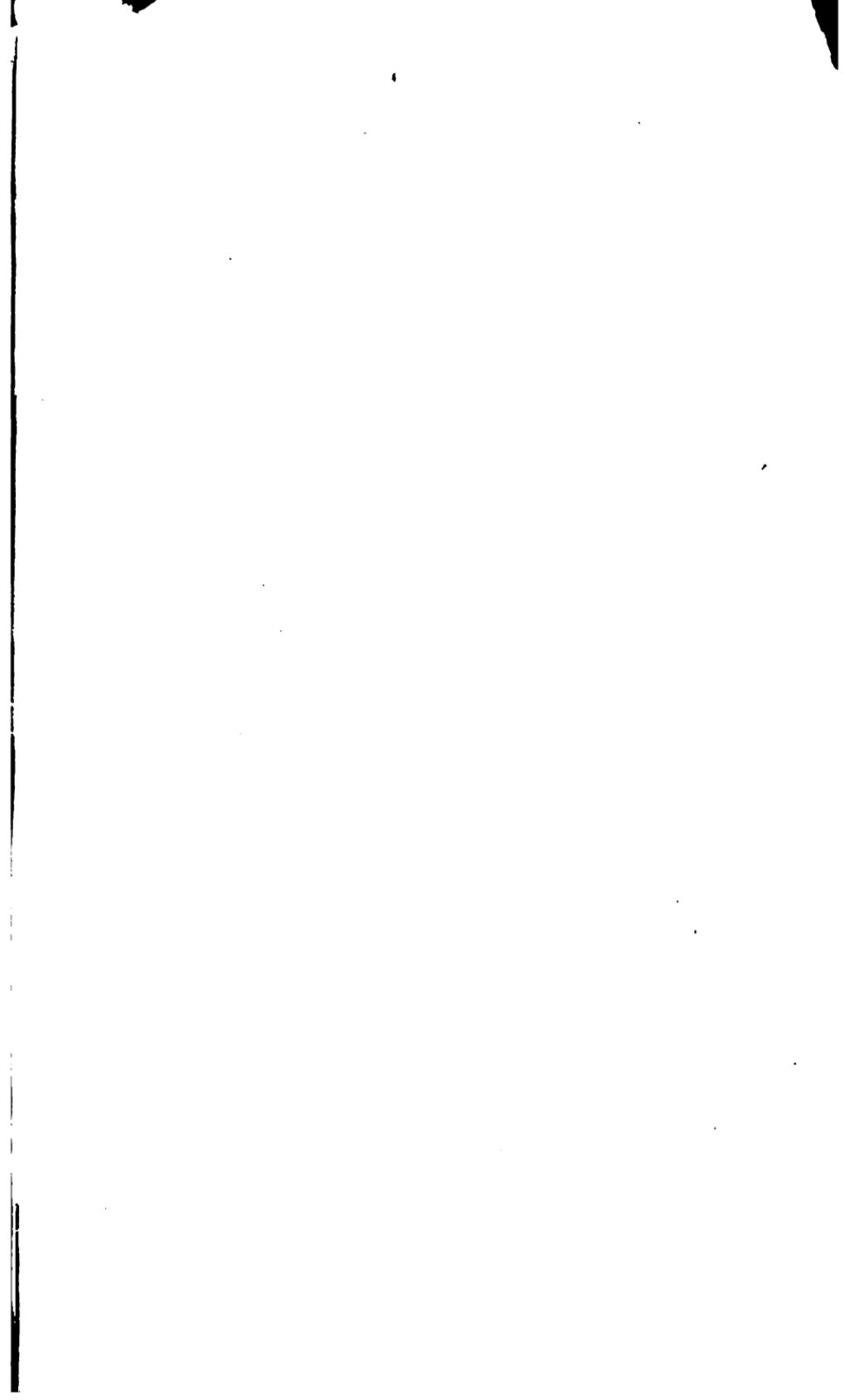
J. L. COMMINS, PRINTER, TAVISTOCK.

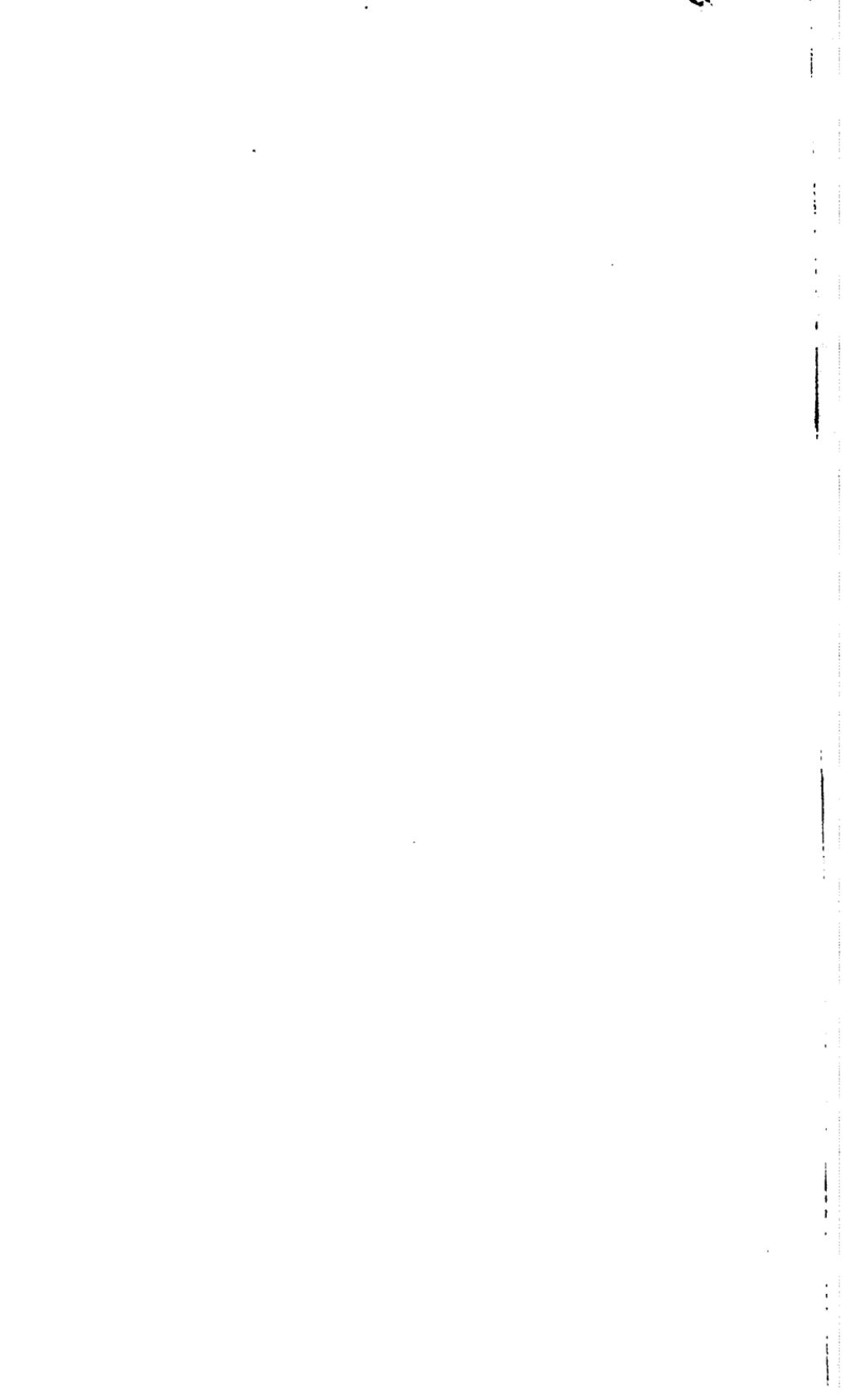


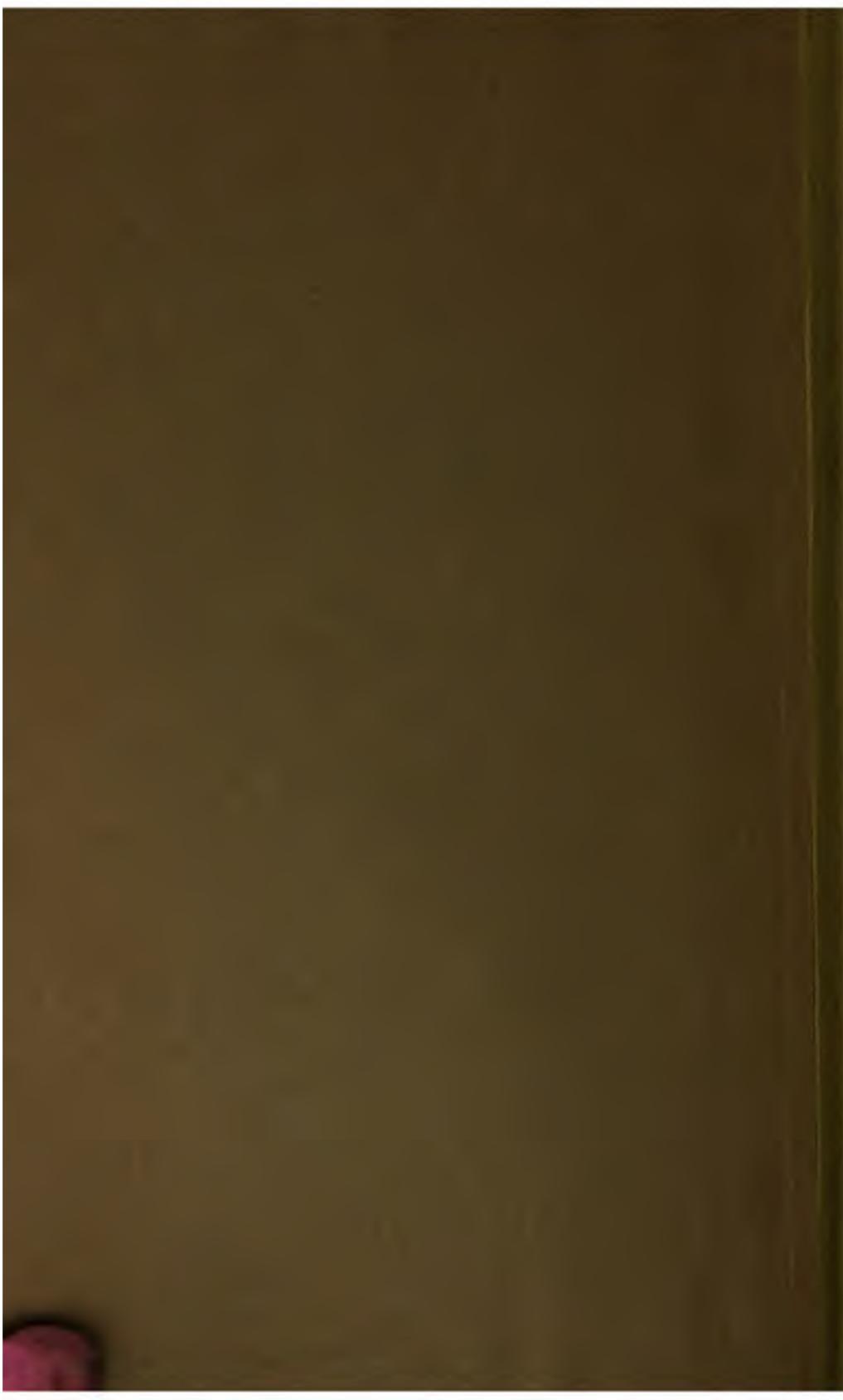
DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER FOR PLACING
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